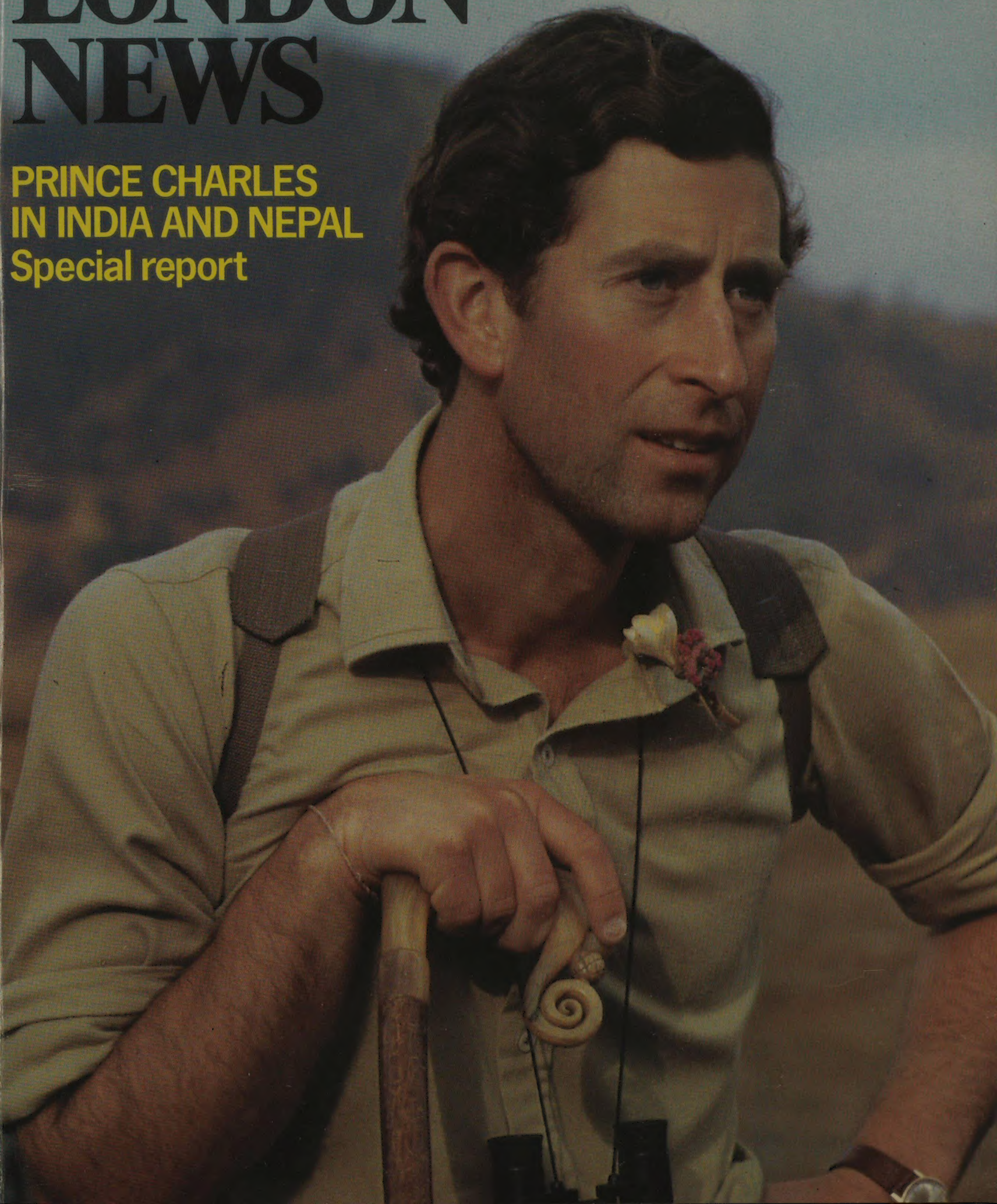


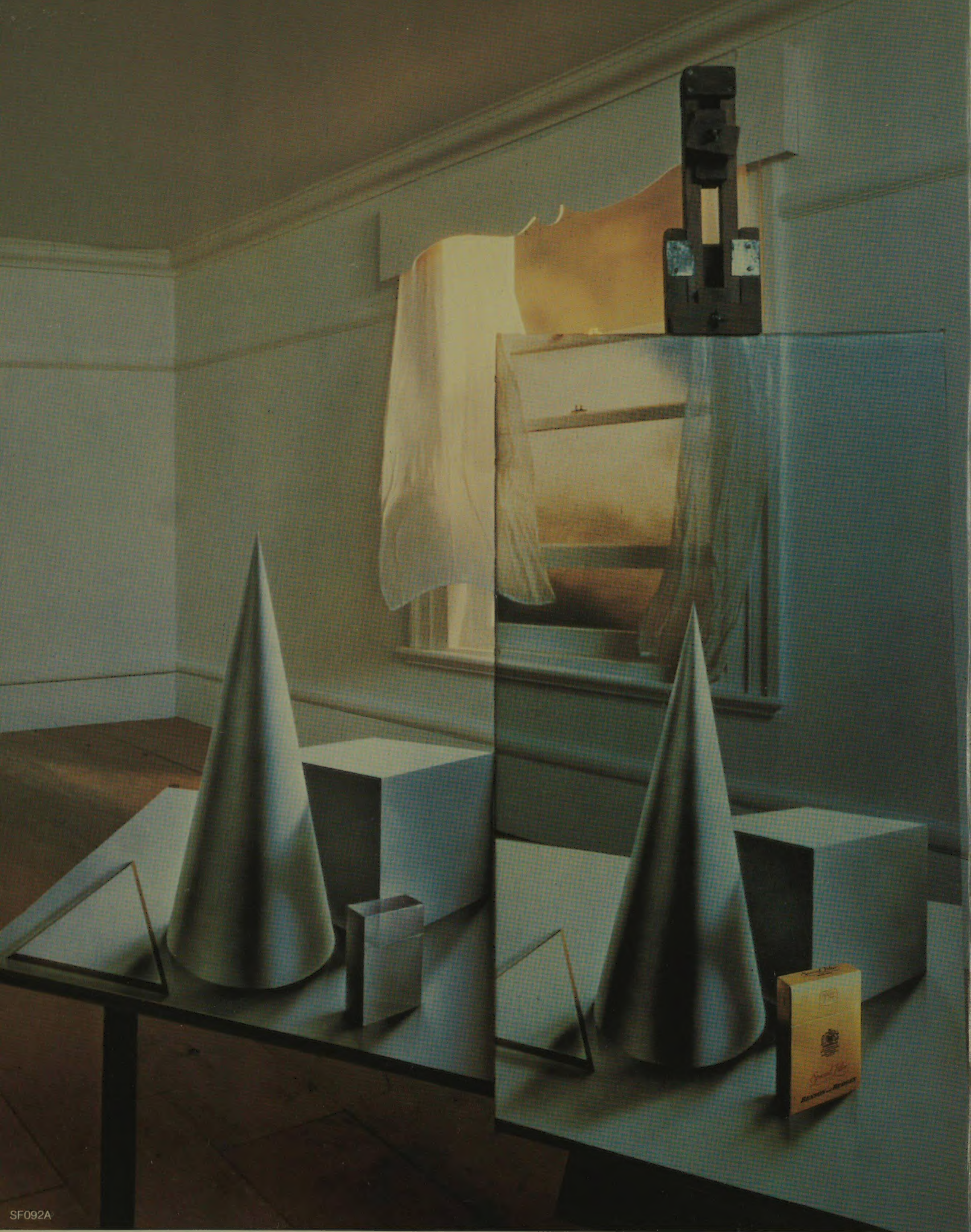
The Illustrated **LONDON NEWS**

February 1981 75p

BRITISH COUNTIES
Philip Purser's Northamptonshire
BEHIND THE SCENES AT CRUFTS

**PRINCE CHARLES
IN INDIA AND NEPAL**
Special report





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The Illustrated LONDON NEWS

Number 6991 Volume 269 February 1981

Cover: The Prince of Wales at the end
of his three-day trek in the Himalayas.
See page 31.
Photograph by Tim Graham.

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ILN'S GUIDE TO EVENTS

★ THEATRE ★

Accidental Death of an Anarchist. The Belt & Braces Company, from the "fringe", has its fun with a play by an Italian dramatist, Dario Fo. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Amadeus. Paul Scofield, as Mozart's enemy Salieri, in a richly theatrical play by Peter Shaffer, gives an award-winning performance. Peter Hall directs. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

Annie. The most enjoyable American musical for years, about the orphan of the famous comic strip. *Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1.*

The Browning Version. Terence Rattigan's story of a tragic schoolmaster is probably the best short play since the war; it is now strongly revived, with Alec McCowen and—as the dreadful wife—Geraldine McEwan. Followed by the romp of *Harlequinade*. *Lytelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.*

The Caretaker. Warren Mitchell, Kenneth Cranham & Jonathan Pryce are exactly cast as the tramp & the two brothers of Pinter's fine early play. *Lytelton.*

The Case of the Frightened Lady. Thriller by Edgar Wallace. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent.* Until Feb 14.

Dangerous Corner. J. B. Priestley's time play directed by Robert Gillespie with Anthony Daniels, Stacy Dornig & Clive Francis. *Ambassador's, West St, WC2.*

Deathtrap. A tightly filled box of tricks by the American dramatist, Ira Levin, with William Franklyn as an author who can use a cross-bow. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.*

Early Days. Ralph Richardson dominates David Storey's study of an old man near death, remembering his past. *Comedy, Panton St, SW1.* Until end Feb.

Educating Rita. Willy Russell's play transferred from The Warehouse. Directed by Mike Ockrent, with Julie Walters & Mark Kingston. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1.*

The Elephant Man. Bernard Pomerance's play, an affecting & ironical study of two men, physician & patient, is the tale of the grotesquely deformed "freak", redoubtably acted by David Schofield, whom Frederick Treves saved from a side-show in the 1880s. *Lytelton.*

Evita. Andrew Lloyd Webber & Tim Rice's emotional music drama, directed by Harold Prince. *Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1.*

Hinge & Bracket at the Globe. Dr Evadne & Dame Hilda continue to be primly & agreeably hospitable. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.* Until Feb 14.

The Irish Play by Ron Hutchinson. Barry Kyle directs this play about an Irish club in the Midlands who decide to stage a play about Irish history. *Warehouse, Donmar Theatre, Earlham St, WC2.*

Juno & the Paycock. Sean O'Casey's masterpiece of the Dublin tenements, revived by the RSC, with Judi Dench as the finest Juno of our time. *Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2.*

Knuckle. Comedy thriller by David Hare. *Thorndike, Leatherhead, Surrey.* Feb 10-28.

The Last of Mrs Cheyney. The artifice of Frederick Lonsdale's comedy has faded, but the night owes a good deal to Nigel Patrick's production, with such players as Joan Collins, Michael Aldridge & Simon Williams. *Cambridge, Earlham St, WC2.*

Four in a Million. Improvised play by Les Blair set in the working clubs of the north. *Royal Court Upstairs, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Until mid Feb.

The Life of Galileo. Brecht's long & determined biographical play is graced by a progressively complete performance by Michael Gambon & a full production by John Dexter. *Olivier.*

Man & Superman. Full version of Shaw's comedy about the pursuit of man by woman. Directed by Christopher Morahan with Michael Bryant, Stephen Moore & Penelope Wilton. *Olivier.*

Marika's Café Theatre. Return of last summer's show compiled & presented by Marika Rivera. *Lyric Studio, King St, W6.* Feb 4-14.

Middle-Age Spread. Extremely efficient modern comedy by Roger Hall, with Rodney Bewes & Francis Matthews. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

The Mousetrap. Agatha Christie's long-runner, now in its 29th year, kept alive with cast changes.

St Martin's, West St, WC2.

Moving. New play by Stanley Price about the comic & serious repercussions on a family of moving house. Directed by Robert Chetwyn, with Penelope Keith, Peter Jeffrey & Barbara Ferris. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

My Fair Lady. Shaw's Eliza in her Lerner-Loewe musical development is back again. Caroline Villiers as the transformed flower-girl & Tony Britton triumphantly in command as her professor. *Adelphi, Strand, WC2.*

Naked Robots. Comic & satirical exploration of five people's lives, by Jonathan Gems. Directed by John Caird, with Catherine Hall, Lynda Marchal & David Threlfall. *Warehouse.*

No Sex Please—We're British. London's longest-running comedy, directed by Allan Davis, has passed 3,500 performances & shows no sign of flagging. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2.*

Oklahoma! Though nothing can eclipse the memory of that Drury Lane opening night in 1947, time has not dulled the Richard Rodgers score—or, for that matter, the Hammerstein lyrics. *Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Othello. Paul Scofield's magnificent performance dominates the revival by Peter Hall. *Olivier.*

Pack Up All Your Cares & Woe. Bertice Reading is a singer entirely in command of the stage & her audience. *May Fair, Stratton St, W1.* Until Feb 28.

Pal Joey. Siân Phillips, superb as the wealthy Chicago woman, in an entirely new world for her—the revival of a musical, score by Richard Rodgers, that has become something of a classic. *Albery, St Martin's Lane, WC2.*

Passion Play. New play by Peter Nichols examines marriage in the 20th century. Directed by Mike Ockrent with Eileen Atkins, Louise Jameson, Billie Whitelaw, Priscilla Morgan, Anton Rodgers & Benjamin Whitrow. *Aldwych.*

Present Laughter. Noël Coward's classic comedy directed by Alan Strachan, with Donald Sinden, Dinah Sheridan, Gwen Watford & Polly Adams. *Greenwich, Croom's Hill, SE10.*

The Provok'd Wife. Carl Toms, who has set Vanbrugh's comedy in a winter-bound London by the Thames, takes the honours of a revival in which John Wood's boorish husband is as assured as anyone; Dorothy Tutin & Geraldine McEwan are the ladies in the matter. *Lytelton.*

Pygmalion. Shaw's comedy directed by Denise Coffey with Lesley-Anne Down as Eliza. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.*

Rattle of a Simple Man. By now Charles Dyer's comedy, a duet in loneliness, has frayed a little; but Pauline Collins & John Alderton are always in control. *Savoy, Strand, WC2.*

The Relapse. Vanbrugh's comedy about three pairs of lovers. Directed by Michael Simpson with John Nettles & Maureen O'Brien. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Until Feb 14.

The Romans in Britain. Cheap, raw & egregious, this historical speculation, written by Howard Brenton & directed by Michael Bogdanov, does no credit to the National Theatre. *Olivier.*

Rosencrantz & Guildenstern are Dead. Last year's production of Tom Stoppard's play, directed by Jeremy James Taylor. *Young Vic.* From Jan 24.

Sisterly Feelings. In this comedy, with a plot that can be varied according to the toss of a coin—there are four possibilities—Alan Ayckbourn continues to be an extraordinary craftsman. It should not be forgotten that he is also an acute observer of his chosen social scene. The National company, led by Anna Cartaret and Penelope Wilton, does him honour. *Olivier.*

Song of the Lion. David Williams directs C. S. Lewis's play. *Westminster, Palace St, SW1.* Until Feb 7.

Stevie. Hugh Whitmore's play about the poet Stevie Smith. *Casson Room, Thorndike, Leatherhead.* Feb 17-28.

The Streets of London. "For colour & stir give me Boucicault" said Sean O'Casey; & here is a gleefully heightened version, with music, of a famous Victorian melodrama. *Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1.*

The Suicide. Roger Rees plays the "man refused employment" who, in Nikolai Erdman's Russian comedy, is forever on the verge of shooting himself, but never does. *Aldwych.*

Taking Steps by Alan Ayckbourn, directed by Michael Rudman, with Dinsdale Landen & Nicola Pagett. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1.*

Television Times. An uncertain satirical piece by Peter Prince, better in its incidentals than its plot. *Warehouse.*

They're Playing Our Song. Tom Conti & Gemma Craven govern what is virtually a two-part

musical with a swift book by Neil Simon & some pleasant tunes by Marvin Hamlisch. *Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2.*

Tomfoolery. A group of Tom Lehrer's blisteringly amusing songs in a rich performance, revue-fashion, by Tricia George, Robin Ray, Martin Connor & Jonathan Adams; directed by Gillian Lynne. *Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1.*

Tons of Money. Aldwych farce by Will Evans & Valentine, directed by Richard Briers. *Thorndike, Leatherhead.* Until Feb 7.

Touched. New play by Stephen Lowe set in post-war Nottingham where a group of women await the return of their menfolk from the war. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Until mid Feb.

Virginia. Maggie Smith plays Virginia Woolf in Edna O'Brien's play from the Stratford Festival, Ontario. *Haymarket, Haymarket, SW1.*

Watch on the Rhine. Lillian Hellman's play, from 1941, has dated less than one would have imagined. With Peggy Ashcroft, Susan Engel & David Burke to lead the cast, its tale of European refugees in an America not yet at war remains cumulatively affecting. *Lytelton.*

The Workshop. New play by Jean-Claude Grumberg, directed by Nicolas Kent with Lee Montague as a tailor in post-war Paris. *Hampstead Theatre Club, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3.* Until Feb 14.

First nights

Hobson's Choice by Harold Brighouse. Directed by David Giles with Arthur Lowe, Julia McKenzie & Ronald Pickup. *Lyric, King St, W6.* Feb 2-Mar 7.

Say Your Prayers. Joint Stock present the premiere of a new musical play by Nick Darke. *Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6.* Feb 3-28.

Suburban Strains. Musical play written & directed by Alan Ayckbourn, music by Paul Todd. With Lavinia Bertram & members of the Stephen Joseph Theatre in the Round Company from Scarborough. *Round House, Chalk Farm Rd, NW1.* Feb 5-Mar 14.

The Ticket-of-Leave Man. 19th-century melodrama by Tom Taylor, with Michael Elphick, Paul Copley, Jack Shepherd, Patricia Heywood. Directed by Piers Haggard. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Feb 12-Mar 21.

Waiting for Godot. Beckett's dialogue between two tramps performed by the Baxter Theatre Company of Capetown. Directed by Donald Howarth with John Carney & Winston Ntshona. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1.* Feb 18-Mar 14.

Richard II. directed by Robin Lefevre, with Nicholas Grace. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1.* Feb 18.

A Month in the Country. New translation by Isaiah Berlin of Turgenev's play, directed by Peter Gill. With Francesca Annis & Michael Gough. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1.* Feb 19.

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas. Musical from Broadway about a campaign to close a bordello. Directed by Peter Masterson & Tommy Tune. *Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2.* Feb 26.

Faith Healer. British premiere of a new play by Brian Friel, directed by Christopher Pettes. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1.* Feb 28.

Christmas & children's shows

Holiday on Ice. Skating spectacular with Robin Cousins. *Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middx.* Until Feb 22.

Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat. Musical by Tim Rice & Andrew Lloyd Webber. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2.* Until Feb 28.

Dick Whittington, with Jim Davidson, Mollie Sugden, Windsor Davies, Melvyn Hayes & Clive Dunn. *London Palladium, Argyll St, W1.* Until Feb 28.

Hiawatha. Longfellow's poem adapted & directed by Michael Bogdanov. *Olivier.* Until Mar 9.

It's Magic. Paul Daniels is not only an unusually loquacious conjuror, he is also an exceedingly dextrous one. *Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1.*

★ CINEMA ★

The following is a selection of films currently showing in London or on general release.

All That Jazz. Ritzy, splashy, semi-autobiographical film by Bob Fosse about a hard-driving American stage & film director. It's like a stick of rock that says "Showbiz" all through. **Any Which Way You Can.** Sequel to "Every Which Way But Loose" with Clint Eastwood as a bare-fisted street fighter. Directed by Buddy Van

Horn, with Sonda Locke, Geoffrey Lewis & Ruth Gordon.

Atlantic City. American film directed by Louis Malle about two old people adjusting to present-day city life. With Burt Lancaster & Susan Sarandon.

The Awakening. Horror film based on a novel by Bram Stoker, directed by Mike Newell, with Charlton Heston, Susannah York & Jill Townsend.

Babylon. Entertaining, low-budget British movie about West Indian youth-culture south of the Thames. Lively direction by Franco Rosso.

Baltimore Bullet. Robert Ellis-Miller directs this comedy adventure about two arch-rivals at the gambling tables. With James Coburn & Omar Sharif.

Breaker Morant. Australian film based on a true incident during the Boer War about three Australian soldiers court-martialled by the British. Directed by Bruce Beresford, with Edward Woodward & Jack Thompson.

Buffet Froid. Tragi-comic gangster story set in Paris, directed by Bertrand Blier. With Gérard Depardieu, Bernard Blier, Jean Carmet & Geneviève Page.

The Chain Reaction. Australian film directed by Ian Barry about the consequences of an escape of nuclear waste.

Dance Craze. British film featuring concert performances of many top rock bands.

Diabolo Menthe. Award-winning French film directed by Diane Kurys about a year in the life of two teenage schoolgirls.

The Dogs of War. A capable but uninspired tale of mercenaries at work in West Africa based on a Frederick Forsyth best-seller & starring the doleful Christopher Walken.

Don Giovanni. Losey's splendid film version of Mozart's opera. It may appal the purists but it will delight those who want a genuine visual interpretation of the opera.

Dressed to Kill. A teasing, hugely enjoyable horror-suspense movie from Brian De Palma with Angie Dickinson as a mature beauty & Michael Caine as her questionable analyst.

The Elephant Man. The now familiar story of Victorian freak John Merrick, re-told by David Lynch with a mixture of horror & pity: the trouble is the emotions seem souped-up & the departures from fact needless.

The Exterminator. Thriller about a Vietnam war veteran forced to take the law into his own hands on his return to America. Written & directed by James Glickenhaus, with Robert Ginty, Christopher George & Samantha Eggar.

Flash Gordon. An expensive two-hour comic-strip in which our hero (Sam Jones) pits his tiny wits & large muscles against the mighty Ming (Max Von Sydow). A lot of effort for little reward.

Freedom Road. Historical story of racial strife after the American Civil War. Directed by Jan Kadar with Muhammad Ali & Kris Kristofferson.

Hawk the Slayer. Fantasy tale of good versus evil, directed by Terry Marcel. With Jack Palance & John Terry.

Hopscotch. Comedy-thriller about an ex-CIA agent threatening to reveal secrets in his forthcoming book. Directed by Ronald Neame with Walter Matthau & Glenda Jackson.

The Hunter. The late Steve McQueen plays a modern-day bounty hunter in pursuit of people who have jumped bail. Directed by Buzz Kulik, with Eli Wallach & LeVar Burton.

The Island. Risible Michael Ritchie film starring Michael Caine as a journalist stumbling across Caribbean buccaners who behave rather like the supporting cast of the Old Vic "Macbeth".

The Jazz singer. New version of the 1927 Al Jolson film about a singer/composer torn between religion and his desire to be a pop singer. Directed by Richard Fleischer with Neil Diamond.

Kagemusha. Impressive, 16th-century Japanese epic about a thief who takes over from a warlord whose physical double he is. Directed by 70-year-old Akira Kurosawa.

The Marriage of Maria Braun. Interesting Fassbinder film about Germany in the last days of the war & during the economic miracle, with a good performance from Hanna Schygulla.

My American Uncle. A great, rich Alain Resnais film about the intertwined lives of an industrialist, an actress & a politician. It combines the density of a novel with an absolute command of film & is finely acted by Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia & Roger-Pierre.

My Bodyguard. A Chicago teenager tries to hire a bodyguard to protect him against school bullies. Directed by Tony Bill with Chris Makepeace, Adam Baldwin & Matt Dillon.

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Raise The Titanic. On second thoughts, why bother?

Seems Like Old Times. Comedy thriller directed by Jay Sandrich, with Goldie Hawn, Chevy Chase, Charles Grodin & Robert Guillaume.

The Shining. A laborious piece of Gothic from the once spontaneous Stanley Kubrick whose films have latterly become heavyweight artifacts. Jack Nicholson does his crazy-man number.

Sir Henry at Rawlinson End. Trevor Howard plays an eccentric aristocrat in this comedy set in the 1950s. Directed by Steve Roberts, with Patrick Magee, Denise Coffey & Suzanne Danielle.

Smokey & the Bandit Ride Again. Comedy directed by Hal Needham involving Burt Reynolds & Sally Field in a car chase across America.

Somewhere in Time. Romance set in America, directed by Jeannot Szwarc. With Christopher Reeve & Jane Seymour.

Stardust Memories. Woody Allen's least attractive picture to date: a bilious swipe at fans & admirers riddled with self-importance.

The Stunt Man. A fugitive turns stunt man to evade the police. Directed by Richard Rush with Steve Railsback, Peter O'Toole & Barbara Hershey.

Terror Train. Horror film set on an excursion train in which college friends are systematically murdered. Directed by Roger Spottiswoode.

Tribute. Jack Lemmon plays a man trying to mend his estranged relationships with his former wife & 21-year-old son. Directed by Bob Clark with Robby Benson & Lee Remick.

When a Stranger Calls. Thriller about a babysitter terrorized by strange telephone calls. Directed by Fred Walton.

Wildcats of St Trinian's. Searle's gymslip monsters once again on the rampage: it might be better if they had been left on the shelf.

Willie & Phil. Paul Mazursky directs this film about two friends who fall in love with the same woman. With Michael Ontkean, Margot Kidder & Ray Sharkey.

★ BALLET ★

ROYAL BALLET, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2:

Triple bill, Feb 2, 4, 10, 12: *Troy Game*,

choreography North, music Batucada, Downes; with Eagling, Coleman, Jefferies, Sleep, Feb 2, 12; with Wall, Coleman, Jefferies, Deane, Feb 4, 10; **A Month in the Country**, choreography Ashton, music Chopin; with Porter, Silver, Rencher, Fletcher, Feb 4, 12; with Seymour, Wall, Rencher, Sleep, Feb 2; with Park, Coleman, Rencher, Sleep, Feb 10; **Les Noces**, choreography Nijinska, music Stravinsky; with Howe, Hosking, Feb 2, 10; with Derman, Hosking, Feb 4, 12.

La Fille Mal Gardée, choreography Ashton, music Hérold; with Jackson, Eagling, Feb 5; with Ellis, Jefferies, Feb 7; with Samsova, Wall, Feb 9; with Park, Coleman, Feb 13.

Giselle, choreography Coralli, Perrot, music Adam; with Collier, Jefferies, Wyld, Feb 14, 2pm; with Porter, Eagling, Derman, Feb 14; with Samsova, Wall, Mason, Feb 18; with Penney, Silver, Howe, Feb 19; with Collier, Jefferies, Conley, Feb 26; with Porter, Wall, Mason, Feb 28.

Mayerling, choreography MacMillan, music Liszt; with Wall, Seymour, Park, Mason, Somes, Ellis, Connor, Feb 21, 25; with Eagling, Collier, Conley, Derman, Somes, Ellis, Penney, Feb 23.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE on tour: **The Nutcracker** (new production, choreography Prokovsky, designs Farmer), Act II/Miss Carter *Wore Pink*.

Gaumont, Doncaster. Feb 3-7.

The Nutcracker.

Civic Theatre, Darlington. Feb 10-14.

Towngate Theatre, Poole. Feb 23-28.

ALEXANDER ROY LONDON BALLET THEATRE on tour:

A Smile at the Bottom of the Ladder/Nutcracker Divertissement/Soirée Musicale, A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Gordon Craig Theatre, Stevenage. Feb 26-28.

SADLER'S WELLS ROYAL BALLET on tour:

The Taming of the Shrew, Les Sylphides/Day into Night/Paquita, Papillon, new Corder work/Prodigal Son/Paquita.

Grand Theatre, Leeds. Jan 26-Feb 7.

The Taming of the Shrew, new Corder work/Prodigal Son/Paquita, Polonia/Giselle.

Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. Feb 9-14.

The Taming of the Shrew, Papillon, new Corder work/new Bintley work/Paquita.

Theatre Royal, Glasgow. Feb 23-28.

SCOTTISH BALLET on tour:

Ballet for Scotland 1981—In the Mist/The Water's Edge/Nutcracker Act II divertissements.

Concert Hall, Troon. Feb 10.

Greenock Arts Guild, Greenock. Feb 11.

Denny Civic Centre, Dumbarton. Feb 12.

Theatre Royal, Dumfries. Feb 13, 14.

Town Hall, Falkirk. Feb 16.

Park Mains Theatre, Erskine. Feb 17.

Carnegie Hall, Dunfermline. Feb 19.

Community Centre, Dalkeith. Feb 20.

Galashiels Academy, Galashiels. Feb 21.

Town Hall, Elgin. Feb 23.

High School, Brora. Feb 24.

Duthac Centre, Tain. Feb 25.

Assembly Rooms, Wick. Feb 26.

Mews Theatre, Livingston. Feb 28.

★ OPERA ★

ROYAL OPERA, Covent Garden, WC2:

Un ballo in maschera, conductor Haitink, with Luciano Pavarotti as Gustavus III, Montserrat Caballé as Amelia, Renato Bruson as Anckarstrom, Yvonne Kenny as Oscar, Patricia Payne as Arvidson. Feb 3, 6, 11.

Lulu, conductor C. Davis, with Karan Armstrong as Lulu, Glynnos Linos as Gräfin Geschwitz, Gunther Reich as Dr Schön, Ryszard Karczykowski as Alwa, Erik Saeden as Schigolch, Feb 16, 20, 24, 27.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA, London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Cinderella, conductor Barlow, with Della Jones as Angelina, Meryl Drower as Clorinda, Shelagh Squires as Thisbe, Graham Clark as Don Ramiro, Alan Opie as Dandini, Thomas Hemsley as Don Magnifico, Geoffrey Chard as Alidoro. Feb 4, 7, 12, 18, 21, 26, 28.

Romeo and Juliet, conductor Frémaux, with John Brecknock as Romeo, Valerie Masterson as Juliet, Stuart Harling as Mercutio, John Tomlinson as Friar Lawrence, Geoffrey Pogson as Tybalt. Feb 5, 10.

Tosca, conductor Elder, with Linda Esther Gray as Tosca, Charles Craig as Cavaradossi, Neil Howlett as Scarpia. Feb 6, 13, 19, 25.

Madam Butterfly, conductor Bedford, with Elizabeth Vaughan as Madam Butterfly, Henry Howell as Pinkerton, Patrick Wheatley as Sharp

less, Katherine Pring as Suzuki. Feb 11, 14, 17, 20, 24, 27.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA NORTH on tour:

The Tales of Hoffmann, The Merry Widow, La Bohème.

Coventry Theatre, Coventry. Feb 10-14.

The Merry Widow, La Bohème.

Theatre Royal, York. Feb 17-21.

OPERA 80:

The Barber of Seville, The Marriage of Figaro.

Queen's Hall, Barnstaple. Feb 2-3.

Theatre Royal, Bath. Feb 5-7.

Tameside Theatre, Ashton-under-Lyme. Feb 12-14.

SCOTTISH OPERA on tour:

Lucia di Lammermoor, The Barber of Seville.

Theatre Royal, Newcastle. Feb 3-7.

Lucia di Lammermoor, La Bohème, The Barber of Seville.

Playhouse, Edinburgh. Feb 10-14.

The Barber of Seville.

Adam Smith Centre, Kirkcaldy. Feb 18-19.

The Barber of Seville, Lucia di Lammermoor.

Eden Court Theatre, Inverness. Feb 25-28.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA, New Theatre, Cardiff:

Die Frau ohne Schatten, Rodelinda, The Marriage of Figaro, Tosca, The Trumpet Major. Feb 21-Mar 7.

★ MUSIC ★

ALBERT HALL, Kensington Gore, SW7:

New Symphony Orchestra, Band of the Welsh Guards, conductor del Mar; Howard Shelley, piano. Tchaikovsky evening. Feb 1, 7.30pm.

Massed Bands of the Royal Marines. Mountbatten series of concerts. Feb 4, 5, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor del Mar; Yehudi Menuhin, violin. Beethoven, Symphony No 8, Two Romances for violin & orchestra, Violin Concerto in D. Feb 8, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Conlon; Kun-Woo Paik, piano. Tchaikovsky, Francesca da Rimini; Rachmaninov, Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini; Franck, Symphony in D minor. Feb 20, 27, 7.45pm.

London Concert Orchestra, Johann Strauss Dancers; Jack Rothstein, director & violin;

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Lauren Livingstone, soprano. Johann Strauss Gala. Feb 21, 7.30pm.

LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2:

Helen Robertson-Barker, Tom Wade, pianos; **Agnes Kory**, cello; **Margaret Lamb**, viola; **Elizabeth Boorman**, Diane Walker, mezzo-sopranos. Debussy, Chanson de Bilitis; Bruch, Kol Nidrei for cello & piano; Wade, Two solo piano pieces; Norris, Alba for viola & piano; de Falla, Spanish songs. Feb 17, 1pm.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE CHAPEL, Greenwich, SE10:

Scottish Chamber Orchestra, conductor Brydon; **Teresa Berganza**, mezzo-soprano. Haydn, Symphony No 49 (La Passione); Arias from Cimarosa's operas; Handel, Arias from "Alcina"; Dvorak, Czech Suite Op 39. Feb 4, 8pm. Tickets from Greenwich Entertainment Service, 25 Woolwich New Rd, SE18.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Ave, EC1:

Robert Tear, tenor; **Benjamin Luxon**, baritone; **David Ward**, piano. Songs of adventure on land & sea, Feb 23; Sacred & sentimental songs, Feb 24; Songs of love & humour, Feb 25; 7.30pm.

Marilyn Hill-Smith, soprano; **David Ward**, piano. The life of Mozart in his own words & music. Feb 26, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S, Smith Sq, SW1:

Chiligran String Quartet. Beethoven, Quartets in B flat Op 18 No 6, in F Op 135, Feb 2, 1pm.

Wren Orchestra, conductor Snell; **Janis Kelly**, soprano. Ravel, Le tombeau de Couperin, Sheherazade; Mozart, Aria K528 (Bella mia fiamma); Debussy, Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune; Mendelssohn, Symphony No 4 (Italian). Feb 5, 7.30pm.

Lindsay String Quartet. Haydn, Quartet in G minor Op 31 No 1; Mendelssohn, Quartet in E flat Op 12, Feb 9, 1pm.

Salomon Orchestra, conductor Binney. Stravinsky, The Fairy's Kiss; Walton, Symphony No 1. Feb 10, 8pm.

John Bingham, piano. Beethoven, Sonata in G Op 31 No 1; Chopin, Polonaise: Fantasy in A flat Op 61, Ballade in F minor Op 52. Feb 16, 1pm.

Rafael Puyana, harpsichord. Bach, Partitas No 1 in B flat, No 2 in C minor, No 3 in A minor, Feb 16; Bach, Partitas No 4 in D, No 5 in G, No 6 in E minor, Feb 18; 7.30pm.

Nash Ensemble, BBC Singers, conductor Poole. Maconchy, The Leaden Echo & The Golden Echo; Cowie, Gesangbuch for 24 voices & 12 instruments. Feb 19, 7pm. A talk by Edward Cowie precedes the concert at 6.15pm.

Young Musicians' Symphony Orchestra, conductors Blair, Stephenson; Tomotadah Soh, violin. Nielsen, Violin Concerto; Beethoven, Symphony No 3 (Eroica). Feb 21, 7.30pm.

Eder String Quartet. Mozart, Quartet in D K575; Bartók, Quartet No 5. Feb 23, 1pm.

English Baroque Soloists, Monteverdi Choir, conductor Gardiner; Norma Burrowes, Semele; Patrizia Kwella, Iris; Della Jones, Juno; Catherine Denley, Ino; Timothy Penrose, Athamas; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Jupiter; Robert Lloyd, Cadmus; David Thomas, Somnus. Handel, Semele. Feb 23, 6.30pm.

Richard Deakin, violin; **Catherine Dubois**, piano. Bach, Sonata for solo violin; Chausson, Poème Op 25. Feb 26, 1.15pm.

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:

The Restoration Musick, director O'Reilly; David Timson, actor/narrator. Life & music in Restoration England: Purcell, Locke, Blow, Humfrey, Finger. Sacred & secular music for voices & consort of original instruments. Feb 4. Locke, Purcell, Anthems & songs; Locke, Cupid & Death, Feb 18; 8pm. Tickets from 101 Tansfeld Rd, SE26.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

(*FH*=Festival Hall, *EH*=Queen Elizabeth Hall, *PR*=Purcell Room)

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Hickox; Moura Lypany, piano; John Shirley-Quirk, bass. Wolf, Morgenhymnus; Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 2; Walton, Belshazzar's Feast. Feb 1, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Masur; Jessye Norman, soprano. Berg, Lulu's Suite; Strauss, Four Last Songs; Mozart Symphony No 41 (Jupiter). Feb 1, 7.30pm. *FH*.

City of London Sinfonia, conductor Hickox; Sally Burgess, soprano; Simon Standage, violin. Haydn, Symphony No 49; Britten, Les Illuminations; Henze, Il Vitalino Raddoppiato; Beethoven, Symphony No 1. Feb 2, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Sanderling; Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. Mozart,

Piano Concerto in F K459; Bruckner, Symphony No 3. Feb 3, 8pm. *FH*.

Bach organ festival: James Dalton, organ, Feb 4; Martin Neary, organ, Feb 11; Gillian Weir, organ, Feb 18; Stephen Ridgley-Whitehouse, organ, Feb 25; 5.55pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Leppard; Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano. Handel, Music for the Royal Fireworks, Two arias from Giulio Cesare; Berlioz, Les Nuits d'Été; Beethoven, Symphony No 4. Feb 4, 8pm. *FH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Dutoit; Daniel Barenboim, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in A K488; Brahms, Piano Concerto No 1, Feb 5; Mozart, Piano Concerto in C K503; Brahms, Piano Concerto No 2, Feb 9; 8pm. *FH*.

Hans Richter-Haaser, piano. Beethoven, Sonatas in G Op 31 No 1, in D minor Op 31 No 2, in E flat Op 31 No 3; Schumann, Symphonic Studies in G sharp minor Op 13 with the five variations. Feb 5, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado. Mahler, Symphony No 1. Feb 6, 8pm; Feb 8, 3.15pm. *FH*.

London Sinfonietta & Chorus, conductor Atherton; Felicity Palmer, soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor; John Constable, piano. Stravinsky, Three Tales for Children, Petit Ramusianum Harmonique, Storm Cloud, Berceuse, Four Russian Songs, Cantata, The Soldier's Tale. Feb 6, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Handel Opera Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Farncombe; Jane Manning, soprano; James Bowman, counter-tenor; Anthony Roden, tenor; Marilyn Bennett, contralto; Anthony Smith, bass. Handel, Belshazzar. Feb 7, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Haitink; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Philip Langridge, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass. Bruckner, Te Deum, Symphony No 9. Feb 8, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Nash Ensemble, conductor Parker; Alfred Marks, Richard Briers, Julie Walters, readers. Elgar, Wind Music; Mendelssohn, Piano Trio in D minor Op 49; Parker, Scenes from Victorian London, words by Cicely Herbert based on the text of Henry Mayhew. Feb 8, 7.15pm. *EH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Sanderling; John Lill, piano. Rachmaninov, Piano Concerto No 3, Symphony No 3. Feb 10, 8pm. *FH*.

Amadeus Quartet. Beethoven, Quartets in E flat Op 127, in F Op 59 No 1 (Rasumovsky). Feb 10, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Sidney Harrison, piano. Anglaise, Arne, Dowland, Bach, Franck, Schubert, Liszt, Saint-Saëns, Schönberg, Rachmaninov, Chopin. Feb 10, 7.30pm. *PR*.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC Singers, Southend Boys' Choir, conductor Dorati; Alec McCowen, speaker; Sheila Armstrong, soprano; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor. Gerhard, The Plague; Britten, Spring Symphony. Feb 11, 8pm. *FH*.

Geraint Jones Orchestra, Geraint Jones, conductor & harpsichord; Winifred Roberts, violin; Erica Simpson, Mark Stephenson, cellos; Virginia Black, harpsichord. Vivaldi, Concerto in A for strings, Violin Concerto in C minor, Concerto in G minor for two cellos & orchestra; Bach, Concerto in C for two harpsichords & orchestra; C.P.E. Bach, Harpsichord Concerto in D minor. Feb 11, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Sanderling; Mayumi Fujikawa, violin. Beethoven, Violin Concerto; Brahms, Symphony No 1. Feb 12, 8pm; Feb 15, 3.15pm. *FH*.

Tamás Ungár, piano. Bartók, 15 Hungarian Peasant Songs, Suite Out of Doors, Sonata, Dance Suite. Feb 12, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, conductor Abbado. Brahms, Serenade No 1 in D. Feb 13, 8pm. *FH*.

London Bach Orchestra, conductor Sidwell. Jürgen Hess, violin; David Butt, flute; Tess Miller, oboe; Ifor James, horn; Barbara Hill, harpsichord. Handel, Concerto Grosso in B minor Op 6 No 12; Bach, Oboe Concerto in A BWV 1053a, Brandenburg Concerto No 5; Mozart, Horn Concerto in E flat K417; Boyce, Symphony No 4. Feb 13, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Keffe. Mendelssohn, Symphony No 4 (Italian); Tchaikovsky, Capriccio Italien; Suppé, Overture Boccaccio; R. Strauss, By the Sea at Sorrento; Strauss, Thunder & Lightning Polka, Wine, Woman & Song, Bahnfrei, Roses from the South, Perpetuum Mobile. Feb 14, 8pm. *FH*.

Steinitz Bach Players, London Bach Society, conductor Steinitz; Shelagh Molyneux, soprano;

Christopher Robson, counter-tenor; Richard Morton, tenor; John Noble, bass; Tess Miller, oboe; Simon Standage, violin; John Constable, organ & harpsichord. Music for Epiphany III & St Valentine's Day. Bach, Cantatas No 73, No 90, No 178, Concerto in D minor for violin & oboe BWV 1060; Schütz, Stehe auf, meine Freundin. Feb 14, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, conductor Atherton; Ann Murray, mezzo-soprano; Robert Tear, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenors; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone; John Tomlinson, bass. Stravinsky, Le Faune et la Bergère, Le Roi des Etoiles, The Flood, Oedipus Rex. Feb 15, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Christoph Eschenbach, Justus Frantz, piano duet. Schubert, Lebensstürme, Variations in C, Rondo in A D951, Grand Duo in C D812. Feb 15, 3pm. *EH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra & Chorus, Southend Boys' Choir, conductor Haitink; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto. Mahler, Symphony No 3. Feb 16, 8pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, Maurizio Pollini, conductor & piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in E flat K449, Symphony No 34, Minuet in C K409, Piano Concerto in G K453. Feb 17, 8pm. *FH*.

Naomi Davidov, piano. Beethoven, 32 Variations in C minor, Sonata in F minor (Appassionata), Sonata in C sharp minor (Moonlight); Mussorgsky, Pictures from an Exhibition. Feb 17, 7.30pm. *PR*.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, conductor Gielen; Elisabeth Söderström, soprano; Thomas Allen, baritone. Zemlinsky, Lyric Symphony; Beethoven, Symphony No 7. Feb 18, 8pm. *FH*.

London Mozart Players, conductor Blech; Walter Klien, piano. Haydn, Symphony No 89; Mozart, Piano Concerto in B flat K456, Symphony No 29; Schubert, Overture in C minor. Feb 18, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, Christoph Eschenbach, conductor & piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in B flat K595; Beethoven, Symphony No 3 (Eroica). Feb 19, 8pm. *FH*.

Abbey Simon, piano. Franck, Prelude, Chorale & Fugue; Schumann, Arabesque in C Op 18; Beethoven, Sonata in A flat Op 110; Chopin, The Four Ballades. Feb 19, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Symphony Orchestra, Bach Choir, conductor Willcocks; Janet Baker, contralto; Philip Langridge, tenor. Finzi, Intimations of Immortality; Brahms, Alto Rhapsody; Elgar, The Music Makers. Feb 21, 8pm. *FH*.

City of London Choir, conductor Cashmore; John Birch, organ; Prudence Lloyd, soprano; Ashley Stafford, counter-tenor; Andrew King, tenor; Jonathan Roberts, bass. Bach, Motet: Singet dem Herrn; Vaughan Williams, Mass in G minor; Ligeti, Lux Aeterna; Messiaen, O Sacrum Convivium; Britten, Rejoice in the Lamb. Feb 21, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Eschenbach; Justus Frantz, piano. Beethoven, Piano Concerto No 4, Symphony No 3 (Eroica). Feb 22, 3.15pm. *FH*.

London Sinfonietta, London Symphony Chorus, Southend Boys' Choir, conductor Atherton; Elizabeth Gale, soprano; Robert Tear, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass-baritone. Stravinsky, Pulcinella, Two Poems of Balмонт, Three Japanese Lyrics, Two Poems of Verlaine, Abraham & Isaac, Symphony of Psalms. Feb 22, 7.30pm. *FH*.

Murray Perahia, piano. Mozart, Fantasy in D minor K397, Rondo in D K485; Schubert, Impromptus D899; Bartók, Improvisations on Hungarian Folksongs Op 20; Chopin, Waltz in A minor Op 34 No 2, Waltz in F Op 34 No 3, Ballade No 4 in F minor Op 52. Feb 22, 3pm. *EH*.

Erich Gruenberg, violin; **Bruno Giuranna**, viola; **Károly Botvay**, cello. Mozart, Duo in B flat for violin & viola K424; Beethoven, Duo in E flat for viola & cello (Augenläser); Bach, Partita in D minor for solo violin BWV 1004; Hindemith, Sonata for solo violin; Kodály, Duo for violin & cello. Feb 22, 7.15pm. *EH*.

Thames Chamber Orchestra, conductor Dobson. Bach, Suite No 2, Brandenburg Concerto No 1, Harpsichord Concerto No 5 in F minor, Cantata No 52. Feb 23, 7.45pm. *EH*.

Yuriko Ota, harpsichord. Bach, Prelude in E; Handel, Suite No 5 in E minor; Bach, Partita in D; Scarlatti, Eight Sonatas. Feb 23, 8pm. *PR*.

BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus, BBC Singers, conductor Gielen; Margaret Price, soprano; Alfreda Hodgson, contralto; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Roland Hermann, speaker & baritone. Schönberg, A Survivor from Warsaw; Beethoven, Symphony No 9 (Choral). Feb 25, 8pm. *FH*.

English Chamber Orchestra, conductor Asensio; Sarah Walker, mezzo-soprano; Christina Ortiz, piano. Fauré, Masques et Bergamasques; Schumann, Piano Concerto; Wolf, Italian Serenade; Falla, El Amor Brujo. Feb 25, 7.45pm. *EH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra, conductor Conlon; Clifford Curzon, piano. Mozart, Piano Concerto in C minor K491; Mahler, Symphony No 5. Feb 26, 8pm. *FH*.

Philharmonia Orchestra, conductor Pope. Schubert, Symphony No 5; Brahms, Symphony No 4. Feb 27, 8pm. *FH*.

London Philharmonic Orchestra & Choir, conductor Rostropovich; Galina Vishnevskaya, soprano; Alicia Nafe, mezzo-soprano; Nicolai Gedda, tenor; Aage Haugland, bass. Verdi, Requiem Mass. Feb 28, 8pm. *FH*.

English Baroque Orchestra, London Oriana Choir, conductor Lovett; Janet Price, soprano; Penelope Walker, contralto; William Kendall, tenor; William Shimell, bass. Beethoven, Christ on the Mount of Olives, Mass in C. Feb 28, 7.45pm. *EH*.

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore St, W1:

Smetana Quartet. Schubert, Quartet in E flat Op 125; Novak, Quartet in D Op 35; Dvorak, Quartet No 12 in F (American). Feb 2, 7.30pm.

Kathron Sturrock, piano. Mozart, Sonata in D K576; Chopin, Fantasia in F minor Op 49; Schumann, Davidsbündlertänze Op 6; Debussy, L'isle joyeuse. Feb 3, 7.30pm.

Bartók centenary series: Ralph Holmes, violin; Jack Brymer, clarinet; David Wilde, piano. Enesco, Violin Sonata No 2; Bartók, Contrasts for violin, clarinet & piano, Violin Sonata No 2; Stravinsky, Suite from L'Histoire du Soldat for clarinet, violin & piano, Feb 4; **Lindsay String Quartet**. Bartók, Quartets Nos 1 & 4; Haydn, Quartet in D Op 20 No 4, Feb 11; **Medici String Quartet**; **András Schiff**, piano. Haydn, Quartet in G Op 64 No 4; Mozart, Quartet in D minor K421; Bartók, Piano Quintet, Feb 18; **Lindsay String Quartet**. Bartók, Quartets Nos 2 & 5; Haydn, Quartet in F minor Op 20 No 5, Feb 25; **Lindsay String Quartet**. Bartók, Quartets Nos 3 & 6; Haydn, Quartet in A Op 20 No 6, Feb 28; 7.30pm.

Gabrieli String Quartet. Mozart, Quartet in C K465 (Dissonance); Janacek, Quartet No 1 (Kreutzer); Dvorak, Quartet No 13 in G Op 106. Feb 7, 7.30pm.

David Roblou, harpsichord; **David Mason**, piano. Attainant, D'Anglebert, Chambonnières, Daquin, D'Agincourt, Rameau, Poulenc. Feb 8, 3.30pm.

Miriam Ramos, piano. Fernandez, Brazilian Suite No 3; Nobre, Tocatina; Villa-Lobos, Cielo Brasileiro; Chopin, Polonaise Op 44, Scherzo in B flat minor Op 31; Schumann, Faschingsschwank aus Wien. Feb 13, 7.30pm.

The ParLOUR Quartet. Children's concert of Victorian songs & duets with audience participation. Feb 14, 3.30pm.

The ParLOUR Quartet; Maureen Keetch, soprano; Angela Vernon Bates, mezzo-soprano; Robert Carpenter Turner, baritone; Kenneth Barclay, piano. Victorian St Valentine's Day entertainment. Feb 14, 7.30pm.

Songmakers' Almanac; Felicity Palmer, soprano; Julian Pike, tenor; Richard Jackson, baritone; Graham Johnson, piano. Madame von Meck & her composers: Tchaikovsky, Debussy, Songs. Feb 17, 7.30pm.

Clifford Benson, piano. Mozart, Sonata in C K330; Schumann, Fantasiestücke Op 12; Beethoven, Sonata in D minor Op 31 No 2; Debussy, L'isle joyeuse. Feb 19, 7.30pm.

Christine Raphael, violin; **Rainer Gepp**, piano. Tartini, Sonata in G minor (Devil's Trill); Schubert, Sonata in A D574; Debussy, Sonata; Raphael, Jabonah; Suk, Four Pieces Op 17. Feb 21, 3.30pm.

Beethoven's contemporaries VII: **Nash Ensemble**; Anthony Rolfe Johnson, tenor. Beethoven, Septet in E flat Op 20; Schubert, Songs with piano; Spohr, Nonet in F Op 31 for wind quintet, string trio & double bass. Feb 21, 7.30pm.

Emma Kirkby, soprano; **Anthony Rooley**, lute; **Trevor Jones**, bass viol; **Alan Wilson**, organ. Monteverdi, Lawes, Purcell, Songs. Feb 22, 7.30pm.

Klára Baranyi, piano. Haydn, Sonata in E Hob XVI: 31; Schumann, Humoreske Op 20; Blaim-schein, Sonata 1975; Franck, Prelude, Choral & Fugue. Feb 23, 7.30pm.

Kristi Bjarnason, cello; **Geoffrey Parsons**, piano. Bach, Solo Suite No 5 in C minor; Debussy, Sonata; Beethoven, Sonata in D Op 102 No 2; Schumann, Fantasiestücke Op 73. Feb 27, 7.30pm.

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★ EXHIBITIONS ★

Carl André, new sculpture. *Anthony d'Offay*, 23 Dering St, W1. Until Mar 5, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm.

Michael Andrews 1980. Arts Council retrospective of paintings, drawings & watercolours by this figurative artist. *Fruit Market Gallery*, 29 Market St, Edinburgh. Jan 24-Feb 21, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

Art from Africa. Major exhibition of over 300 works of contemporary African art. *Commonwealth Institute, Kensington High St, W8*. Until Apr 5, Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Thurs until 8pm, Sun 2-5pm. £1.

The Art of the Felt-Maker. Major travelling exhibition of over 100 examples of traditional felt-making from Iran, Afghanistan, Iraq, India, Africa, Russia & Scandinavia. *Horniman Museum, London Rd, SE23*. Until Feb 14, Mon-Sat 10.30am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

C. R. Ashbee & the Guild of Handicraft. Architectural designs, silverwork, jewelry, furniture, leatherwork, printed books & bookbindings. *Art Gallery & Museum, Cheltenham, Glos*. Until Feb 28, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

Asian Art: new acquisitions 1970-80. MSS, miniatures, scrolls & paintings from India, China & Japan. *British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Apr 12, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Boat & Leisure Show. *National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham*. Feb 14-22, Mon-Sat 11am-9pm, Sun until 7pm. £1.40.

Britain at Bay, the home front 1939-45. *Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Rd, SE1*. Until Apr 26, Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. 60p.

British stamp design & its development since 1839. *Design Centre, Haymarket, SW1*. Jan 26-Feb 28, Mon-Sat 9.30am-5.30pm, Weds, Thurs until 9pm.

British Watercolours 1760-1930. Arts Council exhibition of works from the Birmingham City Museum & Art Gallery including paintings by Sandby, Rowlandson, Turner, Palmer & Ravilious. *Royal Museum, Canterbury, Kent*. Feb 7-Mar 7, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

A. W. Callcott RA, 1779-1844. Landscapes & marine paintings by Turner's associate. *Tate Gal-*

lery, Millbank, SW1. Feb 11-Mar 29, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Canaletto, paintings, drawings & etchings from the Royal Collection. *Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace Rd, SW1*. Until mid 1981. Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. 75p.

Penny Carey, paintings. *Woodlands Gallery, 90 Mycenae Rd, SE3*. Jan 24-Feb 24, Thurs-Tues 10am-7.30pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Chad Valley Board Games 1887-1935. Children's Christmas exhibition. *Bethnal Green Museum of Childhood, Cambridge Heath Rd, E2*. Until Mar 1, Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Challenge of the Chip: how will microelectronics affect your future? *Science Museum, Exhibition Rd, SW7*. Until Apr. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Sir Francis Chantrey, sculptor of the great, 1781-1841. Busts & statues of great figures of the early 19th century. *National Portrait Gallery, St Martin's Pl, WC2*. Until Mar 15, Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Peter Collingwood, rugs & wall-hangings. *Crafts Council Gallery, 12 Waterloo Pl, SW1*. Feb 6-Mar 14, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm.

Comic Mart, old comics. *Central Hall, Westminster, SW1*. Feb 7, noon-5pm.

Crafts Dog Show. *Earls Court, SW5*. Feb 13, 14, daily 8.30am-8pm. £3.

Honoré Daumier 1808-79. The Armand Hammer collection of lithographs, bronzes, drawings, watercolours & oils depicting 19th-century Parisian life. *Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1*. Jan 31-Mar 15, daily 10am-6pm. £1.40.

Jasmina Draskovic-Johnson, icon paintings. *Woodlands Gallery*. Jan 24-Feb 24.

Drawing: technique & purpose. Work of artists & designers from the tenth century to recent times, including drawings by Tintoretto, Rembrandt & Gainsborough. *Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Jan 28-Apr 26, Sat-Thurs 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm.

Drawings from the British Architectural Library. *The Minories, High St, Colchester*. Until Feb 15, Tues-Sat 11am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm. 20p.

George Eliot. Exhibition of books & MSS in commemoration of the centenary of her death. *British Library, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1*. Until Apr 26, Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

Five contemporary etchers. Works by Norman Ackroyd, Frank Connolly, John Mackechnie, Frank Tinsley & Donald Wilkinson. *Thumb Gallery, 20/21 D'Arbury St, W1*. Feb 3-27, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-4pm.

Charlotte Forman, paintings & drawings. *Woodlands Gallery*. Jan 24-Feb 24.

The Gentle Eye, 30 years of Press photographs by Jane Bown of "The Observer". *National Portrait Gallery*. Until Mar 29.

Ruth Harris, tapestries. *British Crafts Centre, 43 Earlham St, WC2*. Feb 6-Mar 14, Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 4pm.

Edward Hopper, the art & the artist. Paintings, drawings & watercolours by America's realist painter. *Hayward Gallery, South Bank, SE1*. Feb 11-Mar 29, Mon-Thurs 10am-8pm, Fri, Sat until 6pm, Sun noon-6pm. £1.50 (also admits to William Johnstone exhibition).

International Canoe Exhibition. *Crystal Palace, SE19*. Feb 21, 22, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 9.30am-5.30pm. £1.50.

Jasper Johns, working proofs of graphic work. *Tate Gallery*. Feb 4-Mar 22. 60p.

William Johnstone, Arts Council retrospective containing paintings, plasters, sculptures & lithographs. *Hayward Gallery*. Feb 11-Mar 29. £1.50 (also admits to Edward Hopper exhibition).

Kacho-ga, bird & flower prints & paintings, including works by Hiroshige. *Japanese Gallery, 66D Kensington Church St, W8*. Until Feb 28, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm.

Kelpra Editions, artists' books. *The Minories, Colchester*. Jan 24-Mar 1. 20p.

Sue Lamb, sculpture including dog portraits & human heads & figures. *Woodlands Gallery*. Jan 24-Feb 24.

Eva Locke, sculpture. *Whitechapel Gallery foyer, Whitechapel High St, E1*. Until Feb 15, Sun-Fri 11am-6pm.

More than a Glance. Arts Council touring exhibition, the personal selection of Andrew Walton & Michael Harrison, comprising works by many different artists. *Southampton Art Gallery, Southampton*. Feb 7-Mar 8, Tues-Sat 11am-5.45pm, Sun 2-5pm.

Nature Stored, Nature Studied: collection, curation & research. Centenary exhibition showing the growth of the Museum's collections. *Natural History Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7*. Until end

1981, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

The New Look in British Portraiture. 45 paintings selected from entries for the Imperial Tobacco Portrait Award. *National Portrait Gallery*. Until Feb 28.

The New Spirit in Painting. Major exhibition of international contemporary painting by 39 artists, including Warhol, Stella, Freud, Kitaj & Hockney. *Royal Academy*. Until Mar 18. £2.

Denis O'Sullivan "Interiors", drawings. *Riverside Studios foyer, Crisp Rd, W6*. Feb 3-Mar 1, Mon-Sat 11am-6pm, Tues-Sat until 11pm, Sun noon-10.30pm.

Painting from Nature, the tradition of open-air oil sketching from 17th to 19th centuries. *Royal Academy*. Jan 31-Mar 15. £1.

Pavlova, small exhibition of photographs & costumes marking the centenary of the Russian ballerina's birth & 50th anniversary of her death. *Museum of London, London Wall, EC2*. Jan 27-Mar 22, Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Persian painting in the 15th century, the classical period of Persian book-painting. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Mar 2.

Christopher Saxton & Tudor map-making. Major exhibition of the work of the Yorkshire surveyor who produced the first atlas of England & Wales in 1579, contrasted with work of earlier & contemporary surveyors. *British Library, British Museum*. Until Dec.

Hans Schwarz, paintings. *Camden Arts Centre, Arkwright Rd, NW3*. Until Feb 16, Mon-Sat 11am-6pm, Fri until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Second Sight: Rubens's "The Watering Place" ("A Shepherd with his Flock in a Woody Landscape") & Gainsborough's "The Watering Place" compared & contrasted. *National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2*. Feb 18-Apr 12, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

Recent acquisitions since 1976. *British Museum*. Feb 5-Apr.

Stampex '81, national stamp exhibition. *Royal Horticultural Halls, Vincent Sq & Greycoat St, SW1*. Feb 24-28, Tues 1-8pm, Weds-Fri 10am-8pm, Sat until 6pm. Tues £1.75, Weds-Sat £1 (50p after 5pm).

Tapestries for the Nation: acquisitions 1970-80, including one made for Charles I & works from designs by contemporary artists. *Victoria & Albert Museum*. Until end 1981.



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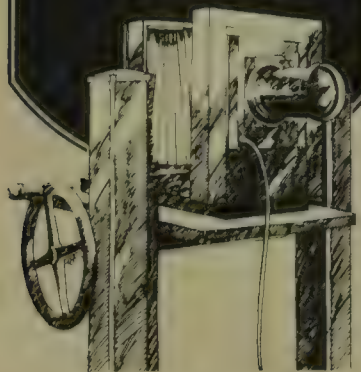
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Theatre designs & other drawings from the Drummond-Stewart collection. **Heinz Gallery**, 21 Portman Sq, W1. Until Feb 14, Mon-Fri 11am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.
Terry Why, "Regency Reflections", colour photographs. **Hove Museum of Art**, New Church Rd, Hove, E Sussex. Until Feb 28, Mon-Fri 11am-4.30pm, Sat until 5pm, closed 1-2pm.
Textiles Today. Tapestries, embroideries, rugs & fabrics by 16 craftspeople. **Kettle's Yard**, Northampton St, Cambridge. Jan 31-Feb 22, Mon-Sat 12.30-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm.
Yugoslav Prints by 11 leading Yugoslav artists. **Tate Gallery**. Feb 25-Apr 20.

Antiques fairs

Antiques Fair. *The Bull, Olney, Bucks*. Feb 1.
Antiques Fair. *Kensington Hilton, Holland Pk Ave, W11*. Feb 1.
Antiques Fair. *Café Royal, Regent St, W1*. Feb 8.
Shropshire Antiques Fair. *Lion Hotel, Shrewsbury, Salop*. Feb 10-12.
Bloomsbury Antiques Fair. *Hotel Russell, Russell Sq, WC1*. Feb 15.
St James's Antiques Fair. *Piccadilly Hotel, Piccadilly, W1*. Feb 16-19.
Antiques Fair. *Kensington Palace Hotel, De Vere Gdns, W8*. Feb 22.
Leicester Antiques Fair. *Wigston Stage Motel, Welford Rd, Leicester*. Feb 26-28.

★ SALEROOMS ★

The following is a selection of sales taking place in London this month:

BONHAM'S, Montpelier St, SW7:
Silver & plate. Feb 3, 17, 11am.
Watercolours & drawings. Feb 4, 11am.
European paintings. Feb 5, 12, 19, 26, 11am.
English & Continental furniture. Feb 5, 12, 19, 26, 2.30pm.
Porcelain. Feb 6, 20, 11am.
Jewels & objects of vertu. Feb 6, 11am.
Staffordshire blue & white pottery, stone china & related wares. Feb 13, 11am.
Furs. Feb 18, 10.30am.
Claret, Burgundy & vintage port. Feb 24, 11am.
Prints. Feb 25, 11am.
Printed books. Feb 25, 2pm.
English & Continental porcelain & decorative arts 1870-1940. Feb 27, 11am.
At the Royal Commonwealth Society Hall, 18 Northumberland Ave, SW1:
Stamps. Feb 20, 11am.
CHRISTIE'S, 8 King St, SW1:
Continental porcelain. Feb 2, 11am.
English & Continental oak furniture. Feb 5, 11am.
Pewter & metalwork. Feb 5, 11am.
English porcelain. Feb 9, 11am.
English drawings & watercolours. Feb 10, 11am.
Clocks, watches, barometers & horological books. Feb 11, 10.30am.
Wines. Feb 12, 11am.
Eastern textiles, rugs & carpets. Feb 12, 2.30pm.
English pictures. Feb 13, 11am.
CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7:
Staffordshire portrait figures, pot lids, fairings & Goss. Feb 3, 2pm.
Mechanical music. Feb 5, 2pm.
Dolls. Feb 6, 27, 2pm.
Oriental, Indian & Islamic paintings, prints & miniatures including a collection of Javanese & Balinese shadow puppets. Feb 9, 2pm.
Motoring art & literature. Feb 10, 2pm.
Modern British & Continental pictures. Feb 11, 10.30am.
Lead soldiers. Feb 12, 2pm.
Everyday wines. Feb 17, 11am.
Toys. Feb 19, 2pm.
Tools. Feb 26, 2pm.

STANLEY GIBBONS, Drury House, Russell St, WC2:
The John Griffiths collection of Great Britain stamps. Feb 12, 1.30pm.
All world stamps featuring Great Britain, the Indian Feudatory States & Ceylon. Feb 19, 20, 1.30pm.
PHILLIPS, 7 Blenheim St, W1:
Furniture, carpets & objects. Feb 2, 9, 16, 23, 11am.
Prints. Feb 2, 2pm.
Furniture, carpets & works of art. Feb 3, 10, 17, 24, 11am.
Clocks & watches. Feb 3, 2pm.
Oriental ceramics & works of art. Feb 4, 18, 11am.
Toys & models. Feb 4, noon.
Art Nouveau & decorative arts. Feb 5, 11am.

Postage stamps: Great Britain, Feb 5; Wholesale & trade, Feb 12; General, Feb 19; 11am.
Silver & plate. Feb 6, 20, 27, 11am.
Oil paintings. Feb 9, 2pm.
Jewelry. Feb 10, 1.30pm.
English & Continental porcelain & glass. Feb 11, 11am.
Dolls & dolls' houses. Feb 11, noon.
Furs. Feb 12, 10am.
Silver boxes & collectors' items. Feb 13, 11am.
Watercolours. Feb 16, 11am.
Pewter & metalware. Feb 17, noon.
Automobilia, aeronautica & nautica. Feb 18, noon.
Musical instruments. Feb 19, 11am.
Books, MSS & maps. Feb 19, 1.30pm.
Old Master paintings & drawings. Feb 23, 2pm.
Jewels. Feb 24, 1.30pm.
English & Continental ceramics & glass. Feb 25, 11am.
Baxter prints & Stevengraphs. Feb 25, noon.
Costumes, lace & textiles. Feb 26, 11am.
Scripophily & paper money. Feb 26, 2pm.
SOTHEBY'S, 34/35 New Bond St, W1:
Chinese snuffboxes. Feb 3, 10.30am.
Modern British pictures. Feb 4, 11am.
Silver. Feb 5, 26, 10.30am.
Carpets. Feb 6, 12, 27, 10am.
Furniture. Feb 6, 12, 27, 11am.
Objects of vertu, silhouettes & portrait miniatures. Feb 9, 11am.
Printed books. Feb 9, 10, 16, 17, 23, 24, 11am.
English porcelain. Feb 10, 11am.
Wines. Feb 11, 11am.
Watercolours. Feb 11, 11am; Feb 19, 2.30pm.
Gold boxes, silver & vertu. Feb 12, 11am.
Continental & English glass. Feb 16, 11am.
Antiquities. Feb 16, 11am & 2.30pm.
Chinese ceramics & works of art. Feb 17, 10.30am.
Islamic, Tibetan, Nepalese & Indian works of art. Feb 17, 11am.
Old Master pictures. Feb 18, 11am.
Coins. Feb 18, 10am & 2pm.
Jewels. Feb 19, 10.30am.
Musical instruments. Feb 20, 11am.
Icons. Feb 23, 2.30pm.
Continental porcelain. Feb 24, 11am.
Old Masters & modern prints. Feb 26, 11am & 2pm.

SOTHEBY'S BELGRAVIA, 19 Motcomb St, SW1:
Victorian paintings, drawings & watercolours. Feb 3, 17, 11am.
Oriental ceramics, works of art & furniture. Feb 5, 11am.
English furniture & works of art. Feb 11, 11am.
Silver & plate. Feb 19, 11am.
Domestic & office equipment, scientific instruments, postcards & cigarette cards. Feb 20, 11am & 2.30pm.
Sculpture. Feb 25, 11am.
European glass & Continental ceramics. Feb 26, 11am.
Art Nouveau & Art Deco. Feb 27, 11am.

★ LECTURES ★

BRITISH LIBRARY, British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1:
In connexion with the current exhibition: George Eliot, V. Lucas. Mon-Fri, 1.15pm.
IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, Lambeth Rd, SE1:
Film: The Great War, 6: "So sleep easy in your beds". Feb 1, 3pm.
LONDON COLISEUM, St Martin's Lane, WC2:
Gounod's "Romeo & Juliet", R. Milnes. Feb 3, 1pm. £1.
The turn of the century: The operatic life of the period, E. Padmore, Feb 10; Bartok's stage works, N. LeFanu, Feb 12; Richard Strauss & the stage, A. Jefferson, Feb 24; Breaking new ground, E. Padmore, Feb 26; 1pm. £1.
MUSEUM OF LONDON, London Wall, EC2:
London's river: Blackwall frigates, A. Pearsall, Feb 6; The 1889 dock strike, J. Lovell, Feb 13; Bridging the river, D. Smith, Feb 20; 1.10pm.
Museum workshops:
Archaeological photography, T. Hurst. Feb 5, 1.10pm.
Decorating a house in Mayfair 1830-50, V. Moger. Feb 12, 1.10pm.
Anglo-Saxon metalwork, J. Clark. Feb 19, 1.10pm.
NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar Sq, WC2:
Masterpieces of 16th-century painting in the National Gallery: Pieter Bruegel's "Adoration of the kings", Feb 6; Niccolò dell' Abate's "Story of

Aristaeus" (ascribed), Feb 13; Moretto's "Portrait of a man", Feb 20; Titian's "Vendramin family", Feb 27; 1pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, St Martin's Pl, WC2:

The martial portrait: 17th-century kings & generals, J. Reeve. Feb 3, 1pm; at the British Museum, Gt Russell St, WC1, Feb 5, 1.15pm.

The golden age: portraits in the 18th century, L. Fletcher. Feb 7, 3.30pm.

Napoleon, the portrait of genius, N. McGregor. Feb 10, 1pm; at the British Museum, Feb 12, 1.15pm.

Queen Victoria & the state portrait, R. Ormond. Feb 17, 1pm.

The public & private image in Chantrey's portrait busts, Dr A. Potts. Feb 21, 3.30pm.

The age of photography: heroes & villains, C. Ford. Feb 24, 1 pm; at the British Museum, Feb 26, 1.15pm.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1:

Flower arranging, M. Brett-Dodds. Feb 18, 2.30pm.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS, John Adam St, WC2:

Words & music—the songwriter as social historian, B. Green. Feb 4, 6pm.

British architecture in India 1857-1947, Dr G. Stamp. Feb 10, 6pm.

Modern seismic exploration for oil & gas, D. Northwood. Feb 11, 6pm.

The role of the clearing banks in the community today, S. Graham. Feb 18, 6pm.

Admission by ticket free in advance from the Secretary.

SCIENCE MUSEUM, Exhibition Rd, SW7:

Studying the weather, J. Stevenson. Feb 5, 1pm.

Power from the nucleus, A. Wilson. Feb 7, 3pm.

From amber to the atom, J. Stevenson. Feb 14, 3pm.

Railways, A. Tulley. Feb 17, 1pm.

The science of the concrete jungle, A. Tulley. Feb 21, 3pm.

Textile machinery, A. Wilson. Feb 24, 1pm.

Ships, J. Stevenson. Feb 26, 1pm.

From sundials to atomic clocks, J. Stevenson. Feb 28, 3pm.

Films:

Intercity 125. Feb 4, 6, 7, 1pm.

Along these lines (railways). Feb 11, 13, 14, 1pm.

Blue Pullman. Feb 18, 20, 21, 1pm.

100 years underground (London Transport). Feb 25, 27, 28, 1pm.

SOUTH BANK, SE1:

National Trust lectures: Country houses as patrons of the arts, A. Stirling. Feb 2; The battle for the coast—Neptune's first 15 years, M. Trinick. Feb 9; Roses in National Trust gardens, G. Thomas. Feb 16; Traditional crafts of Lakeland, Dr W. Rollinson. Feb 23; 6pm. Purcell Room. £1.30.

Concert platform: Mahler's Symphony No 3, D. Mitchell. Feb 16, 5.55pm. Waterloo Room, Festival Hall. 80p.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, Cromwell Rd, SW7:

House style—retail design in London now: Habitat, good design at good prices, V. Pepper. Feb 3; David Mellor, the proof of the Yorkshire pudding, G. Theaker. Feb 10; British Home Stores, by design rather than accident, M. Belsham. Feb 24; 1.15pm.

The art of conservation: The meaning of conservation, Dr J. Ashley-Smith. Feb 8; The role of conservation at the V & A, Dr J. Ashley-Smith. Feb 15; The restoration of Constable's "Salisbury Cathedral", P. Young. Feb 22; 3.30pm.

In connexion with the exhibition "Drawing: technique & purpose": The Art of Drawing: Why do people draw? S. Lambert. Feb 11; Techniques & materials, G. Opie. Feb 18; Style in drawing 1450-1750, R. Parkinson. Feb 25; 1.15pm.

Gallery talks:

The complete works: Continental 18th-century art: Room 5, J. Gardiner. Feb 1; Room 6, S. Bowles. Feb 8; Room 7, S. Bowles. Feb 15; European painting: Room 8, D. Froome. Feb 22; 3.30pm.

English table silver, M. Ellis. Feb 7, noon.

French furniture, F. Buckland. Feb 7, 3pm.

The life of the Virgin, P. Wallis. Feb 14, noon.

Rococo fantasies, S. Bowles. Feb 14, 3pm.

18th-century English painting, S. Jones. Feb 21, noon.

The family of della Robbia, S. Jones. Feb 21, 3pm.

Tudor & Jacobean dress in art, F. Musker. Feb 28, noon.

Embroidery for Tudor & Jacobean dress, I. Stewart. Feb 28, 3pm.

★ SPORT ★

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

London home matches:

Arsenal v Manchester City, Feb 14; v Middlesbrough, Feb 28.

Charlton Athletic v Millwall, Feb 14; v Exeter City, Feb 21.

Chelsea v Cambridge United, Feb 7; v Watford, Feb 21.

Crystal Palace v Coventry City, Feb 14; v Everton, Feb 28.

Fulham v Brentford, Feb 7; v Portsmouth, Feb 21.

Millwall v Colchester United, Feb 7; v Burnley, Feb 21.

Orient v Wrexham, Feb 7; v Luton Town, Feb 28.

Queen's Park Rangers v Notts County, Feb 14; v Sheffield Wednesday, Feb 28.

Tottenham Hotspur v Leeds United, Feb 7; v Leicester City, Feb 21.

West Ham United v Chelsea, Feb 14; v Cambridge United, Feb 21.

Wimbledon v Crewe Alexandra, Feb 7; v Halifax Town, Feb 21.

ATHLETICS

Great Britain & Northern Ireland v German Democratic Republic, track & field events, Cosford, Nr Wolverhampton, W. Midlands. Feb 11.

Great Britain & Northern Ireland v Czechoslovakia, track & field events, Cosford. Feb 14.

European Indoor Championships, track & field events, Grenoble, France. Feb 21, 22.

BADMINTON

England v India, Crawley Leisure Centre, W Sussex. Feb 10; Mayflower Centre, Plymouth, Devon. Feb 12; King's Hall, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs. Feb 17; Huddersfield Sports Centre, W Yorks. Feb 19; Gloucester Leisure Centre, Glos. Feb 22.

England v Sweden v India, Guildhall, Preston, Lancs. Feb 25, 26.

FENCING

At the de Beaumont Centre, 83 Perham Rd, W14: De Beaumont Cup, ladies' foil international. Feb 7, 8.

Under-20 Ladies' Foil Championships. Feb 14, 15.

HOCKEY

Territorials: West v Midlands, Newquay, Cornwall. Feb 3; East v South, Ipswich, Suffolk. Feb 5; North v West, York. Feb 7.

County Championship finals (women), Cheltenham, Glos. Feb 14, 15.

Rank Xerox Indoor International Tournament, Sabell Sports Centre, Hornsey Rd, N7. Feb 28.

HORSE RACING

Fresh Fields Holidays Chase, Sandown Park. Feb 7.

Whitbread Trial Chase, Ascot. Feb 11.

Schwepes Gold Trophy Handicap Hurdle, Newbury. Feb 14.

Tote Pattern Chase, Kempton Park. Feb 28.

ICE SKATING

European Championships, Innsbruck, Austria. Feb 3-8.

RUGBY UNION

Ireland v France, Dublin. Feb 7.

Scotland v Wales, Murrayfield. Feb 7.

England v Scotland, Twickenham. Feb 21.

Wales v Ireland, Cardiff. Feb 21.

SQUASH

Scottish Championships, Edinburgh Sports Club. Feb 6-8.

South of England Open, Horsham, W Sussex. Feb 6-9.

Prodorite Invitation, Edgbaston Priory, Birmingham. Feb 13-15.

Hampshire Open, Winchester, Hants. Feb 13-15.

Pretty Polly British Open Championships, Corals Leisure Centre, Brighton, E Sussex. Feb 20-26.

East of England Open, Norwich, Norfolk. Feb 27-Mar 1.

★ OTHER EVENTS ★

Annual Crown Service, Holy Trinity Church, Beechwood Rd, E8. Feb 1, 4pm.

Accession Day gun salutes: Hyde Pk, W1, noon; Tower of London, EC3, 1pm; Feb 6.

London Mime Festival, various venues. Until Feb 7.

Milton Keynes February Festival, Bucks. Feb 12-15.

Folk Festival '81, Albert Hall, Kensington Gore, SW7. Feb 13, 14.

RHS Flower Show, New Hall, Greycoat St, SW1. Feb 17, 18.

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Britain in Europe

Greece's formal entry into the European Economic Community at the beginning of this year brought the membership to ten. Spain and Portugal, assuming negotiations continue smoothly, will also soon be joining, and the original six (Belgium, France, Germany, Luxembourg, Italy and the Netherlands) of 1958, who became nine (with the addition of Denmark, Ireland and the UK) in 1973, will have doubled their number. The character of the Community will once again be changing, but though there will no doubt be difficulties in the process of absorbing these new territories, particularly on the economic side, their incorporation will expand the Community's boundaries in southern Europe and the eastern Mediterranean and provide a welcome extension of Europe's developing unit.

Though called an economic community the EEC is in fact an organization with political objectives. One is to get rid permanently of the disputes which divided and nearly destroyed Europe in two wars in the first half of this century. Another is to try to restore a measure of European influence in world affairs, which again had been eroded by the conflicts within Europe. These are being achieved. A common European foreign policy is being fashioned, partly in response to the pressure of world events and partly as a result of the faltering leadership from the United States of America; and though there are constant squabbles within the Community about details of budgets, agricultural policy and so on these are contained within the Community and have never got beyond the stage of resolution by negotiation and compromise.

The Community is making progress, and Britain is playing its part. But once again some doubt has been stirred in the rest of Europe about the reliability of Britain's commitment. This has arisen because of the Labour Party's decision, taken at its party conference last year, that it would pull Britain out of the Community at the first opportunity, and without submitting the proposal to a referendum. Mr Roy Jenkins, who retired from the presidency of the EEC Commission at the end of last year and who was formerly a member of the Cabinet in several Labour governments, has described this as both a frivolous and an undemocratic approach to policy-making, and to reverse the result of a referendum without re-applying this method of recording public opinion as "constitutional trickery".

The arguments for pulling Britain out are usually based on the EEC Commission's bureaucracy, its unaccountability, and its cost. It is a fact that, in economic terms, Britain could hardly have joined Europe at a more disadvantageous time. The years of prosperity which had substantially transformed the economies of



Former President of the EEC Commission, Roy Jenkins, with the new President Gaston Thorn.

the Six were over, and because Britain had not been involved in the original creation of the Community its system of financing was one which did not benefit Britain, and which was only adjusted after the British Government had adopted extremely aggressive policies. And there can be no doubting that the systems are imperfect. Such lunacies as the accumulation of butter and other food mountains, intricate but sweeping regulations that would prohibit the making of Devonshire clotted cream, and a budget of which more than 75 per cent is spent on agriculture suggest that a bureaucracy unrelated to reality is busily, perhaps uncontrollably, at work. But to argue that Britain should withdraw because the system is imperfect, or not wholly weighted in Britain's favour, is reckless when there remain many positive advantages in its continuing membership.

Not least of these is the fact that the entry of new members will force the Community to change. Such aggravations as the Common Agricultural Policy, the imbalance of the budget, the rapid increase in spending and the lack of power of the European Parliament should now be reviewed, and Britain will have an opportunity to rectify aspects of the Community which it finds currently unacceptable. A second advantage is economic. For Britain has not, in spite of some appearances to the contrary, been standing still since 1973. As a nation we now enjoy substantial trading benefits in Europe. Germany has become Britain's largest export market, and more than 40 per cent of all British exports go to countries within the Community. Now that the lines of trade and communication have been established there is clearly room for expansion. To close the lines, which is what a withdrawal from the EEC would mean, would be economic suicide.

There is a further, perhaps more fundamental, reason why Britain should remain a member of the Community, indeed should not even contem-

plate withdrawal. It is a question of national reliability, of commitment, of honour. Britain, it will be recalled, had to wait a good many years, because of the opposition of President de Gaulle, to join the Community. Having got in we renegotiated our terms of entry, and then, in June, 1975, put the matter to the test of a national referendum at which the question was asked "Do you think the UK should stay in the EEC?" On a turn-out of 64.5 per cent of voters there was a majority of more than two to one in favour of staying in. The verdict was clear, but it seems was not acceptable to some of those in the Labour Party who campaigned against it at the time, and who now find themselves in a more influential position in their party than they then were. A vote at the party conference is not a mandate of the people, and no doubt any future Labour government would act with the same responsibility as its predecessor, and submit any proposal for withdrawal to a specific vote of the people. It should not come to this. The balance of advantages rests with Britain in Europe, with Britain now having the opportunity to exert greater influence to improve the working methods of the Community. The remark of Dean Acheson, made at West Point in 1962, that Britain had lost an empire and not yet found a role, has been out of date for the last eight years. In 1973 Britain found a role, and it is in Europe.

The ILN in demand

We regret that a number of readers were unable easily to obtain copies of our January issue, which contained the first report of the discovery of representational Stone-Age engravings in Britain. To avoid future disappointment we strongly urge readers to place a regular order with their newsagent or to take out a postal subscription by filling in the tear-out card attached to this issue.

Monday, December 8

The Prime Minister, Margaret Thatcher, and the Prime Minister of the Irish Republic, Charles Haughey, met for five hours in Dublin and agreed to establish joint studies into a range of key issues, including Northern Ireland. Mrs Thatcher, on her return to London, ruled out the possibility of confederation between Ulster and the Republic of Ireland.

The Opposition Leader, Michael Foot, announced his Shadow Cabinet: Denis Healey, Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs; Peter Shore, Treasury; Roy Hattersley, Home Affairs; John Silkin, Leader of the House; Stanley Orme, Industry; Eric Varley, Employment; Gerald Kaufman, Environment; Merlyn Rees, Energy; John Smith, Trade; Albert Booth, Transport; Roy Mason, Agriculture; Neil Kinnock, Education; Brynmor John, Defence.

Edgar Tekere, the Zimbabwe Minister of Manpower, Planning and Development, and his seven bodyguards were acquitted in Salisbury of the murder of a white farmer and the attempted murder of five soldiers last August. The white presiding judge, Mr Justice John Pittman, said this verdict was on a majority decision with which he disagreed.

Tuesday, December 9

Money supply in the UK grew by 2 per cent, double what was expected, and government borrowing totalled £2,699 million, much higher than forecast, during November.

The Pentagon stated that four Airborne Warning and Control System aircraft (Awacs), used for surveillance, were to be dispatched by the United States to Europe.

The Government's grant to the Arts Council was to be increased by 14 per cent to £80 million, the Minister for the Arts, Norman St John-Stevens, announced in the House of Commons.

The Armitage report on lorries, people and the environment recommended a rise in Britain's maximum lorry weights from 32½ tonnes to 44 tonnes. This, it was claimed, would give substantial economic gains.

Former Beatle John Lennon, 40, was shot dead outside his New York home by Mark Chapman, an unemployed security guard from Hawaii.

Wednesday, December 10

The Soviet Union lifted restrictions on access to parts of the East German-Polish border placed on Western military missions in East Germany last month.

British Rail disclosed details of proposed cuts in morning and evening services and partial closure of stations on its London commuter services from June, 1981, as part of required economies. The Minister of Transport, Norman Fowler, announced an increased grant to BR: £678 million, which is £23 million above the level provided for in the March White Paper on public expenditure.



Ugandans went to the polls in their first elections for 18 years. Amid allegations of widespread electoral malpractices, and after a delay of several days, Dr Milton Obote's Ugandan People's Congress Party was declared to have gained the victory over the Democratic Party led by Paul Semogerere. Dr Obote, the former President of Uganda

who was supplanted by Idi Amin, was installed on December 15.

Three Soviet cosmonauts returned safely to Earth after a two-week mission in a Soyuz spacecraft during which they had carried out repairs on the Salyut 6 space station.

Ian MacGregor, chairman of British Steel Corporation, announced that further major cutbacks in steelmaking capacity would be needed; they would involve the loss of more than 20,000 jobs in an industry that was "bankrupt and should be liquidated".

Thursday, December 11

President-elect Ronald Reagan announced the first eight members of his Cabinet. They included Caspar Weinberger, Secretary of Defence; Donald Regan, Secretary of the Treasury; William Smith, Attorney General; Senator Richard Schweiker, Secretary of Health and Human Services. On December 16 Alexander Haig was nominated as Secretary of State.

Firemen's delegates voted by nearly three to one to accept a two-stage 18.8 per cent pay increase, but warned that any reduction in the number of jobs would provoke industrial action.

In Zimbabwe the Patriotic Front, led by Home Affairs Minister Joshua Nkomo, alleged a nationwide fraud to falsify the results of local government elections in favour of Prime Minister Mugabe's Zanu-PF candidates and demanded that the vote be annulled.

Home loan rates in the UK were cut by the building societies from 15 per cent to 14 per cent as from January 1.

Friday, December 12

Lord Kagan was jailed for ten months and ordered to pay £1.1 million in tax liabilities, fines and costs having been found guilty of charges of fraud and conspiracy at Leeds Crown Court.

Sunday, December 14

Ministers of the 13-member Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries met in Bali. Their agreement would result in a rise of about 10 per cent in oil prices.

Production of London editions of the *Financial Times* resumed after a week's break caused by a dispute with machine minders belonging to the National Graphical Association.

Señor Napoleon Duarte, 58, a Christian Democrat, was sworn in as President of El Salvador.

The British Transglobe Expedition, a three-man team, reached the South Pole well ahead of schedule. The 1,100 mile journey took 47 days.

Monday, December 15

Britain's overseas trade figures showed a £455 million surplus for November but the domestic manufacturing output had slumped to a 13-year low in October.

The Minister for the Environment, Michael Heseltine, announced cuts in the housing budget and rent rises of £3.25 a week for five million council house tenants in England and Wales in 1981. On December 17 he also announced a 1 per cent reduction in the government rate support grant, and set a 3.1 per cent reduction target. A new formula for distributing the grant was thought likely to hit metropolitan areas harder than the counties.

Water began to flow into western Europe's biggest man-made lake, Kielder Reservoir, Northumberland, as the North Tyne river was temporarily stopped and its flow diminished to provide, ultimately, 44,000 million gallons needed to fill the reservoir.

Sir Leslie Mavor was appointed co-ordinator of civilian civil defence volunteers.

After nine months of civil war Ndjamena, capital of Chad, fell to government forces and rebel Defence Minister

Hissene Habre fled into Cameroun.

Tuesday, December 16

Gerald Tuite, awaiting trial at the Old Bailey on charges of conspiracy to cause explosions and possessing firearms, together with two other prisoners awaiting trial on armed robbery charges, escaped from a maximum security wing at Brixton Prison. One of the two, who had been acquitted of his charge, gave himself up on December 19.

Switzerland signed an order worth nearly £250 million for British Aerospace Rapier anti-aircraft missiles.

The Indian Parliament passed the National Security Bill giving the authorities the power of detention without trial by 190 votes to 74.

Wednesday, December 17

The appointment was announced of Professor Alan Walters as Mrs Thatcher's personal economic adviser. His salary, paid from government and Conservative Party funds, was to be £50,000 a year.

Common Market talks on a common fisheries policy broke down in Brussels after five years of negotiations.

Thursday, December 18

The 53-day hunger strike by seven Republican prisoners in the Maze Prison, Belfast, ended; later the 36 other hunger strikers also abandoned their campaign.

Rolls-Royce lost a £258 million contract for aircraft engines for Delta Air Lines to Pratt & Whitney, an American firm.

Union leaders representing local authority manual workers agreed to recommend a settlement of just over 7.5 per cent.

British Leyland laid off more than 3,000 of its 15,000 workers after a strike protesting at the dismissal of eight men, six of them shop stewards, for alleged industrial misconduct on November 21. Production of the Metro and Mini cars was halted and on December 24, after the Transport and General Workers Union had made the strike official, BL sent out dismissal notices to the 1,500 men involved in the strike and warned the rest of its employees that if they did not report for work at the end of the holidays, on January 5, they would be deemed to have dismissed themselves. At a mass meeting on January 4 the strikers voted to return to work pending an independent inquiry.

Alexei Kosygin, the former Soviet Premier, died aged 76.

Playwright Ben Travers died in London aged 94.

Friday, December 19

Edward Gierke, the former Polish party secretary, and seven of his associates including two former Prime Ministers, resigned from Parliament. Foreign debts were announced as £11,000 million.

Anguilla became a separate dependent territory, following Royal Assent to the Anguilla Bill granting the Caribbean island separation from St Kitts.

Saturday, December 20

Six priests were among 20 people who walked out of a service to ordain a woman as deacon at Llandaff Cathedral, Cardiff.

Sunday, December 21

At least 20 people were killed and many wounded in southern Lebanon during artillery exchanges involving Israeli, Syrian, Palestinian and Lebanese militia forces.

A bomb exploded in a Colombian Caravelle jet airliner shortly after take-off from Riohacha. All 68 people aboard died when it crashed on the Guajira desert, about 500 miles north of Bogota.

Edmund Muskie, the US Secretary of State, rejected as unreasonable the

latest Iranian conditions for release of the American hostages held since November, 1979.

Tuesday, December 23

The South African government withdrew the registration certificates of four black newspapers on the grounds that, as their journalists had been on strike for eight weeks and publication had been stopped, the papers had not been published "on a regular basis". The journalists called off the strike and on December 26 decided to appeal to the Rand Supreme Court against the closure. Their appeal was dismissed on December 29.

Wednesday, December 24

Unemployment in the UK reached a new postwar record of 2,133,000 and the total was said to be growing at the rate of 25,000 a week.



Grand Admiral Karl Dönitz, former Commander in Chief of the German navy and Hitler's successor at the end of the war, died aged 89.

Friday, December 26

Terence Waite, personal envoy of the Archbishop of Canterbury, arrived in Teheran to visit four Britons held captive there; Mr Andrew Pike, Miss Jean Waddell, Dr John Coleman and his wife Audrey.

Saturday, December 27

Afghan refugees tried to occupy the Soviet and Afghan embassies in Teheran in protest at the Soviet occupation of their country a year ago.

Sunday, December 28

Southern and Westward lost their television franchises to two new companies, TVS (South and South East Communications) and TSW (Television South West), from 1982, it was announced by the Independent Broadcasting Authority; and breakfast television was to be launched in 1983 by TV-AM, a consortium headed by Peter Jay and David Frost.

Tuesday, December 30

Loyalist gunmen killed a prison officer and seriously wounded another in separate shootings in east Belfast.

Wednesday, December 31

Among recipients of New Year Honours were Sir Henry Benson, adviser to the Governor of the Bank of England, and Sir Michael Swann, lately chairman of the BBC, baronies; artist Victor Pasmore, Companion of Honour; Robin Day, TV and radio journalist, Anton Dolin, for services to ballet, Michael Levey, director of the National Gallery, knighthoods; Robin Cousins, ice skater and gold medallist in the Winter Olympics, MBE. None of the successful competitors in the Moscow Olympic Games was honoured.

Two bombs exploded at Bromley-by-Bow, east London, destroying two gas-holders and damaging a third.

A bomb exploded at the Norfolk Hotel, Nairobi, killing at least 15 people, including two British children, and injuring 85 others.

Thursday, January 1, 1981

Greece became the tenth member of the European Economic Community.

Saturday, January 3

The Zimbabwe government announced the formation of a trust to take over the country's five main newspapers, at present under South African control, in February. The take-over was

denounced by Joshua Nkomo, Minister of Home Affairs.

Princess Alice, last surviving grandchild of Queen Victoria, died at Kensington Palace. She was 97.

Sunday, January 4

Two American lawyers and the president of the Salvadorean Institute of Agrarian Reform were shot dead in San Salvador.

Monday, January 5

Peter William Sutcliffe, a lorry driver aged 35, was charged at Dewsbury with the murder last November of Jacqueline Hill.

Norman St John-Stevens and Angus Maude were removed from the Cabinet in Mrs Thatcher's first government reshuffle. Francis Pym took over as Leader of the House and Paymaster General—posts held by these two. John Nott replaced Mr Pym as Defence Minister, and John Biffen took over as Trade Secretary from Mr Nott. Paul Channon succeeded Mr St John-Stevens as Minister for the Arts. Leon Brittan and Norman Fowler joined the Cabinet.

Tuesday, January 6

Fisons the chemical manufacturers, announced the closure of four plants in their fertilizer division, with the loss of 1,100 jobs.

A. J. Cronin, the author, died in Montreux aged 84.

Wednesday, January 7

A bomb addressed to the Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street was intercepted by a Post Office worker at a sorting office.

The Polish independent trade union Solidarity voted to declare Saturdays free in defiance of government policy.

Appointments in the European Commission, working under its new President Gaston Thorn, former Prime Minister of Luxembourg, were announced. Britain's two Commissioners, Christopher Tugendhat and Ivor Richard, were to be in charge of the EEC budget and of social affairs respectively.

Thursday, January 8

A bomb wrecked part of a barracks at RAF Uxbridge. Two civilians outside the station were injured by flying glass. The Provisional IRA admitted responsibility.

The Royal Commission on Criminal Procedure published its report. Among recommendations were increased powers for the police to stop and search, to enter premises, to arrest without warrant under certain circumstances; a detailed code of practice to supersede the Judges' Rules; the use of tape recordings to summarize interrogations; and special rules for the questioning of juveniles and the mentally handicapped.

Saturday, January 10

Edgar Tekere was dismissed from his post as Minister of Manpower, and Joshua Nkomo replaced as Minister of Home Affairs by Zimbabwe Prime Minister Robert Mugabe.

Dr Francisco Pinto Balsemão, 43, was sworn in as Prime Minister of Portugal.

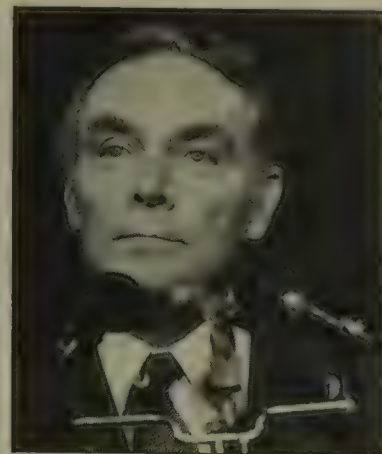
Oil pollution off southern Scandinavia during the previous week, thought to have been caused by at least three ships, had killed nearly 35,000 birds.

Sunday, January 11

Some cross-Channel and Irish ferries were halted as a strike by the National Union of Seamen in support of a pay claim began.

Israel's Finance Minister, Yigael Hurwitz, resigned, depriving Prime Minister Menachem Begin's government of its majority.

A curfew was imposed in El Salvador, where fighting between the military-civilian government troops and guerrillas had left 300 people dead.



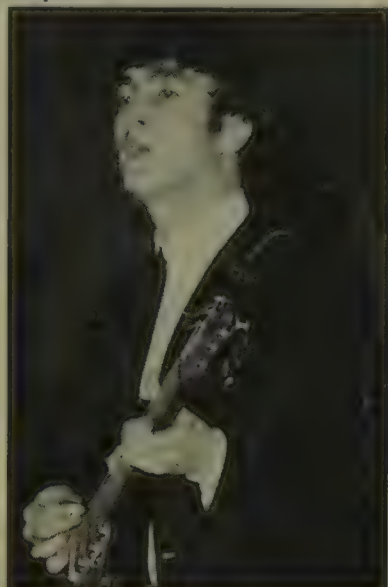
Interim activities: At his first meeting with a foreign head of state as president-elect, left, Ronald Reagan presented Mexican president José López Portillo with a rifle at their talks in Ciudad Juárez, Mexico. Above, Alexander Haig, former Commander-in-Chief of Nato forces in Europe and chief of staff to President Nixon, was nominated as Secretary of State by Reagan. Democratic senators voiced misgivings, citing his role in the Watergate affair.



Yorkshire murder charge: Peter Sutcliffe, a lorry driver, was charged in Dewsbury with the murder last November of Jacqueline Hill. The man had originally been arrested in connexion with the alleged theft of car number plates.



Financial guru: Professor Alan Walters took up his appointment as the Prime Minister's economic adviser. Formerly adviser to the World Bank and professor of economics at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, his salary is £50,000 a year, paid partly from government funds and partly from the Conservative Party's Centre for Political Studies. Professor Walters, a leading monetarist, was born in Leicester; he was earlier at the London School of Economics.



Beatle killed: John Lennon, who started the pop group the Beatles, died after being shot outside his New York home. From appearances at the Cavern club in Liverpool the Beatles went on to dominate the pop music world throughout the 1960s, before breaking up in 1971. As individuals their success variously continued, and Lennon's fans made a shrine at the scene of the shooting, far left.

GAMMA FRANK SPOONER

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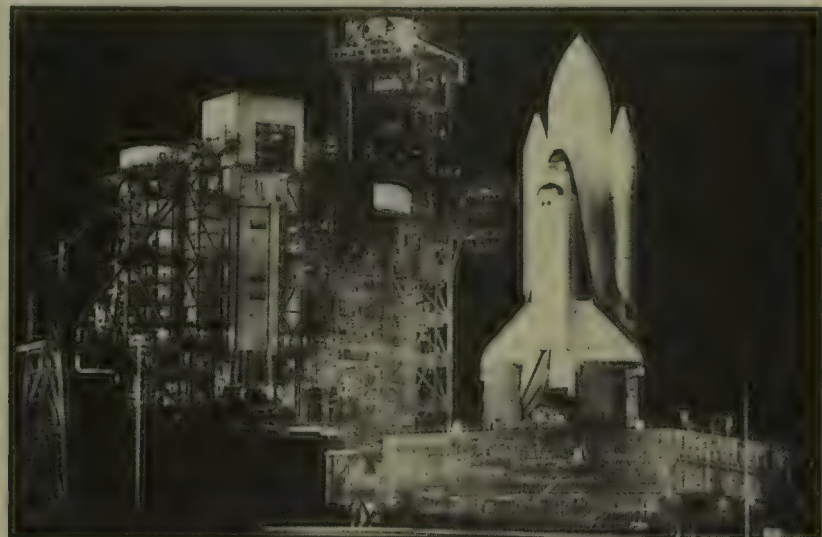


On tap: Water has begun to flow into the Kielder Reservoir in Northumberland, western Europe's largest man-made lake. When completed it will have cost £150 million and will safeguard water supplies for north-east England into the next

century. The flow of the North Tyne river has been cut at the Kielder Dam from 280 million to 16 million gallons a day to fill the 7½ mile-long lake with 44,000 million gallons of water by Summer 1982. It will then be used as a recreation area.



Polish unity: Three steel crosses outside the main gate of the Lenin shipyard in Gdansk were unveiled as a memorial to the people killed during Poland's food price riots of ten years ago. At least 200,000 people from all over the country were joined by Lech Walesa, leader of the independent trade union Solidarity, who made a strong plea for national unity; Henryk Jablonski, head of state; and church leaders.



Operation roll-out: It took eight hours to move the American space shuttle, Columbia, from its giant assembly hangar at Cape Canaveral to its launching pad 3 miles away. Its first flight is tentatively scheduled for March or April.



New Year's Eve atrocity: A bomb exploded in the Norfolk Hotel, Nairobi, on December 31, killing at least 15 people, including two British children, and injuring 85 others. The explosion, which blew off the roof of the main block of the hotel, was followed by a fierce fire. Later the Kenyan government said a Moroccan, Qaddura Muhammad Abdel Hamid, a Palestinian terrorist, was responsible.



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Christmas in captivity: The 52 American hostages, including the US diplomat Bruce Laingen, top, attended services on their second Christmas Day in captivity in Iran. The Algerian Ambassador to Iran, Abdelkarim Gheraieb, above, spent 12 hours with them explaining the state of the United States-Iranian negotiations. Fears for the safety of the four Anglican Britons held under arrest were allayed by the Archbishop of Canterbury's envoy, Terry Waite, who managed to visit them.



POPPER/OTO

Dogged as does it: A remarkable instance of canine survival occurred in Italy when a dog called Reno, buried for 48 days in the ruins of Avellino after the earthquake, was found alive by his owner, Anna Esposito. He had managed to survive by drinking rainwater. The quake is still causing casualties: nine people died when the three upper floors of the Albergo dei Poveri, a hospital for the elderly in Naples, collapsed after having been weakened by the tremors.



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Brezhnev in India: President Brezhnev of the Soviet Union made a three-day visit to India, where he had discussions with Prime Minister Indira Gandhi. Mr Brezhnev called on the Western powers and China to join the USSR in turning the Gulf and the Indian Ocean into "a zone of peace" and declared that his country had "no intention of encroaching upon either the Middle East oil or its transportation route".



GAMMA/FRANK SPOONER



GAMMA/FRANK SPOONER

State funeral in Moscow: Alexei Kosygin, Soviet Prime Minister for 16 years until his retirement last October, died on December 18 aged 76. The Soviet authorities kept silent about his death for 36 hours but he was given a state funeral, President Brezhnev being among officials to pay last respects in Moscow's Central Soviet Army Hall, top. His ashes were placed, in their urn, within the Kremlin walls.

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

Observatory closes: Kew Observatory has been closed as part of the Government's cutbacks after 70 years' administration by the Meteorological Office. The longest weather records for the London area were held there, though today its duties are shared by London Airport and the London Weather Centre. Built so that King George III could watch the transit of Venus in 1769, the Observatory was designed by William Chambers and stands in the Old Deer Park, Richmond, on the site of a former Carthusian monastery. It remains much as Chambers built it, though wings have been added and its once movable dome no longer rotates, and is a Grade 1 listed building. It was closed in 1841 and royal collections of instruments and natural history were dispersed, but in 1842 the Observatory was taken over by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It was subsequently administered by the Royal Society and the National Physical Laboratory. For many years accurate time was taken from the Kew Observatory, and since 1842 it has been a centre for scientific experiment in such areas as geomagnetism, rockets and satellites and verification of instruments.



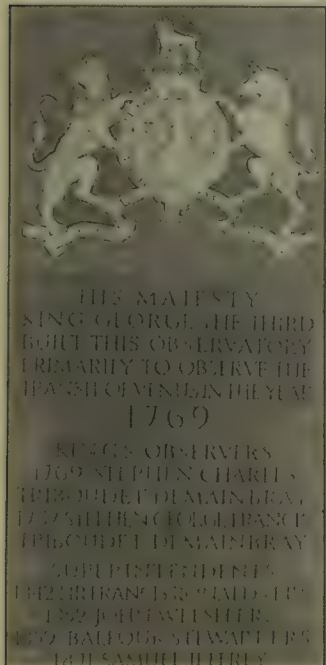
Kew Observatory in the Old Deer Park, Richmond remains much as it was designed in 1768-69 and is a Grade 1 listed building.



ANRONAN PICTURE LIBRARY



The Observatory's anemometer was illustrated in *The Strand Magazine* in 1892. Architect William Chambers built octagonal rooms whose walls were lined with cupboards.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY MASON

A commemorative stone, left, is in the office of the superintendent, William Richardson, right. Centre, the winding mechanism that once rotated the Observatory's dome.

Death of Princess Alice: Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, last survivor of Queen Victoria's 37 grandchildren, died on January 3 aged 97. She had lived longer than any member of the British royal family and had attended four British coronations, three jubilee celebrations, the funerals of five British monarchs and many royal weddings. She was the daughter of Queen Victoria's youngest son, Prince Leopold, and Princess Helena, a sister of Queen Emma of the Netherlands. In 1904 she married the Earl of Athlone, brother of Queen Mary, who in 1923 became Governor-General of South Africa; and, in 1940, Governor-General of Canada. Princess Alice proved a dedicated and sympathetic Governor's lady in both countries and in later life made nursing and the welfare of needy children her particular concern. She was the first member of the royal family openly to support birth control.



The infant Princess Alice with her parents, Prince Leopold and Princess Helena.



With the Earl of Athlone and their two children, Lady May Cambridge and Lord Trematon.



With the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of South Africa, in Pretoria in 1927.



At their Sussex home after the Earl's appointment as Governor-General of Canada in 1940.



With Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hawkins at the wedding of Prince Richard of Gloucester in 1972.



Buying flowers from a stall in Kensington Church Street in 1969.



A formal portrait by Lord Snowdon for her 96th birthday on February 25, 1979.

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Changes in the House

by William Rodgers

When I first entered the House of Commons almost 20 years ago I found that my new colleagues could be loosely divided into two categories. There were the talkers-and-doers who hurried about the place with bundles of papers and spoke frequently in the Chamber; and the quiet men, conscientious in their attendance but hard to identify in terms of a public face. With the arrogance of a young man, I dismissed the latter as having little to do with the real business of Parliament.

I was wrong. The big, red-faced men (or such they seemed) who ambled to and from the smoking room knew more about horses and winter-wheat than Order Papers and Early Day Motions. The smaller men with torn, knarled hands who met in the Strangers' Bar—then known as "the Kremlin"—had learnt about politics deep underground and far from a debating society. The Knights-of-the-Shire and the aging trade unionists were valuable ballast to the ship of state, shrewd in their advice and steady in their pronouncements.

The House of Commons has changed. It is a club no longer but a place of work. The facilities for Members, although inferior to most of those elsewhere, are vastly better than they were. As a new Member my sole possession was a locker too small to take my briefcase. Today no Member is without at least a desk and a telephone to call his own. The range of work has also changed. To the consternation of older, conservative Members on both sides of the House, and to the government of the day, we have an elaborate system of Select Committees which carry prestige and attract considerable back-bench talent. When Parliament is sitting the central lobby is crowded with men and women eager to see their Member of Parliament to air a personal or, more often, a collective grievance. Even in the recess there is a steady attendance of Members and their secretaries.

But Members have changed, too. There has been a long tradition of dissent on the Labour benches below the gangway. At least since 1945 the Labour left has been a thorn in the flesh of Labour's front bench, especially when in government. More lately it has been a

cause of some anxiety to the Speaker. At the same time its independence and vigour have often brought excitement to the Chamber. It has demonstrated that the party system—Whips and all—is not quite as rigid as outsiders believe.

The new phenomenon has been the Conservatives. Thirty years ago the "One Nation" group of Tory MPs was a refreshing experience for politics. But for the most part young Tory MPs were respectful towards their elders-and-betters and ready to believe that loyalty was the first and last of virtues. Not so, as we move through the 1980s. The young Tories, both the wets and the hard men, speak their mind and do so frequently. They, too, are independent-minded and articulate.

I come back to the Knights-of-the-Shire and the aging trade unionists in order to confess a certain ambivalence. I enjoy the independence shown by a new generation of younger Members as evidence that Parliament continues to attract ability. But I also value the less glamorous qualities of the old guard on either side. They are a declining breed but have brought to Parliament a maturity of judgment that both parties

sorely need. Governments, and the teams that shadow them, have grown too large. The right thing is to balance them inside and outside the Chamber.

The real heresy is to claim that Members of Parliament do not represent the country and should be disciplined and dragooned by their party activists. This is nonsense on every count. Most Members have served their time doing the routine drudgery of party work—collecting subscriptions, acting as party secretary, helping to organize the Christmas bazaar. In terms of hours given willingly to the cause they are activists themselves. More to the point, with a busy life in their constituencies, they are fully conscious of the needs and anxieties of those they seek to serve.

I have a profound regard for my colleagues, whether the older generation or the new. It will be a change for the worse, and the country will be the loser, if they are bound and gagged as a result of the phoney doctrine of "accountability". Members of Parliament answer to the millions of voters who elect them.

William Rodgers is Labour MP for Teesside, Stockton.

WASHINGTON

A turning point?

by Patrick Brogan

Ronald Reagan is the oldest man ever elected President of the United States. He is 69, and next May he will become the oldest to serve. And according to the most optimistic of his supporters his election marks a turning point (rightwards) as important as Roosevelt's election in 1932 marked a turning to the left.

The questions that will be answered in the next few months are whether Mr Reagan really wants to direct such a revolution; whether he has the strength and stamina to carry it out; and, if not, whether the officials he has appointed to help him could do it on their own.

My guess is that the answers to all these questions are "no". Mr Reagan often talked about change, the need "to get government off our backs", to free business and labour from the tentacles of the federal octopus in Washington, to balance the budget and so on. He did not seem to have much of a strategy for doing any of these things, any more than Jimmy Carter did.

There is also the observation that Mr Reagan as Governor of California was very pragmatic, not at all ideologically rigid. He did not behave in government like the pure reactionary many of his supporters think him.

Perhaps he has changed; perhaps he really wants to put the clock back to 1928. If he does, he will need immense toughness and will have to show powers

of persuasion and direction that can only come from endless application. He will have to be the Lyndon Johnson of the right, and nothing in his past or present performance suggests that he is capable of it.

He was elected on November 4 and promptly went into seclusion. He had one very public and active visit to Washington in November, and one very private one to New York and Washington in December. Otherwise he stayed on his ranch or in his house in Los Angeles, studied papers and saw his friends. While he was just President-elect, not President, he was the least active of any of his predecessors since Eisenhower.

The suggestion that he could hire active and imaginative cabinet secretaries and White House assistants to do his thinking for him and carry through the revolution, which he would then sell to the American people by television, is not really practicable. That is not the way the American system works. Secretaries of the Treasury, or Directors of the Office of Management and the Budget cannot make Congress cut spending or eliminate wasteful expenditure. The President has to do that. It took Carter three years to persuade a Congress of his own party to deregulate the price of oil and gas. He had very able Secretaries of the Treasury, Energy and OMB, but that was not enough. He solemnly proclaimed that the energy crisis in the spring of 1977 was the "moral equivalent of war", and expected that Con-

gress would see the rightness of his arguments, and act accordingly. It did nothing of the sort.

There are far more conservatives in Congress now than there used to be. They do not absolutely control either House but nothing can be done without them, and with a determined President a great deal of conservative legislation could certainly be pushed through the Senate, and stand a good chance of winning in the House. That body is still controlled by the Democrats, with a majority of 27: if the Republicans stay united they can always find 14 conservative Democrats to pass their bills.

The country is conservative, too. After all, it elected three conservative Presidents in a row (Nixon, Carter, Reagan). But it will expect Reagan to deliver the goods. Fortunately for the United States, the American constitution, with its system of checks and balances, will not permit an ideologically determined President to bankrupt the country in the name of some economic theory. They leave that to the British. Even if Mr Reagan wanted to follow in Mrs Thatcher's footsteps Congress would not permit it, however conservative it may be. The House of Representatives is re-elected *in toto* every two years, and if the country gets into the mess Britain is in 18 months after the new government takes over, Congress will make sure that the swiftest of U-turns is made immediately.

Recent Presidents have turned from

failure at home to the excitement of foreign affairs to show their mettle (Johnson went from success at home to failure abroad) and it happens that Mr Reagan is faced with severe problems, in Europe and the Middle East, that will not wait for the achievement of balanced budgets or increased oil production. There will be a great deal of jockeying for position in economic matters between the various cabinet officials, but in foreign affairs only one voice counts besides the President's, Al Haig's.

Mr Haig will not suffer the competition that made Cyrus Vance's life a misery. He will be as much master of American foreign policy as Dr Kissinger was after he supplanted William Rogers in 1973. He stands out already as the most interesting man in the Administration. If Mr Reagan has a clear idea of what American foreign policy should be, then Mr Haig will deliver it, or die in the attempt.

He cannot do it on his own, however. He needs support and guidance from the President. Even Kissinger could not have delivered the goods without Ford's support. A successful Secretary of State needs an active and thoughtful President behind him, one who knows or can learn about the problems of the world and decide how they can be dealt with, and how to relate such policies to domestic affairs. The most charitable thing one can say about Mr Reagan as he takes office is that he has a fine opportunity ahead of him.

Conflict over Canada

by Norman Moss

It came as a bit of a shock to most British Members of Parliament to find that they have the deciding voice in a constitutional crisis in Canada. They are aware that Britain still has a few bits and bobs of empire that require tidying up, like Belize and Antigua and the Falkland Islands. But *Canada*?

Yes, Canada. Due to a historical accident that is not easily corrected, Canada's constitution is an act of the British Parliament passed 114 years ago, and the British Parliament is the ultimate source of the legal authority of the Canadian government.

Now the British Parliament is being asked to do something about it and the Canadian government will ask Parliament to pass a piece of legislation on its behalf. But many groups of Canadians are saying it must not do so. These look to the British House of Commons as their last line of defence against the ambitions of their federal government.

The whole exercise is about ending the anomaly by which the British Parliament is involved in Canadian domestic affairs. The Canadians call it "patriating the constitution", which means bringing Canada's constitution to Canada, so that it is a Canadian document rather than a British one, and Canadians can amend it themselves. All Canadians support this, though not all support the present attempt to achieve it. Provincial governments oppose it vehemently.

MPs have to stretch their imaginations to appreciate the situation, for it involves two features which are alien to the British system of government: a written constitution, which sets limits on what laws can be enacted; and a federal system, in which provincial governments, like state governments in America and Australia, are sovereign, and have powers that the central government cannot touch. The most contentious issue is the division of powers between the central government and the provinces.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau, who as a university professor wrote a book on the Canadian constitution, is anxious to be the Prime Minister who did what others failed to do in the past and bring the constitution home to Canada. Having done this and made his place in Canadian history, it is thought he will retire from politics.

The present constitution of Canada is the British North America Act of 1867. This welded together four provinces—Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick—into one confederation, which other provinces joined later. The Act assigned some powers to the central government and some to the provinces. In 1931 the Statute of Westminster transformed the dominions of the British Empire into sovereign nations with the exception of Canada. Although the

Canadian government is sovereign in all substantive matters it did not acquire its own constitution, because the provinces could not agree about its contents.

If the Canadian government wants to amend its constitution it has to ask the British House of Commons to pass legislation amending the British North America Act, and it has done this 14 times. Every time the legislation, framed in Ottawa, has been passed by the Commons on the nod; this was regarded as merely a formality.

The procedure for amending the constitution has been the sticking point that prevented agreement among the provinces. The provinces have always feared that whatever entrenched rights they possessed under the constitution could be swept away by amending the constitution. On the other hand, if the procedure for amendment were made too difficult Canada would be stuck with a constitution that was rigid and unchangeable for all time.

The Bill that has been proposed by the Canadian government has a procedure for amending the constitution of labyrinthine complexity. Under it the federal government or the provincial governments could propose an amendment to the constitution. Ontario and Quebec, as the most populous provinces, could each exercise a veto power alone, an important point for Quebec, with its majority of French-speaking inhabitants, intent on preserving its ethnic identity. To guarantee the protection of the interests of each region any two eastern provinces or any two western provinces could veto it. If it were rejected the federal government could hold a referendum, but the same provinces would have a veto, only this time by a vote of their populations.

The proposed constitution will also contain a bill of rights for all Canadians and this also is contentious, because it will override some of the provinces. Language is a thorny and emotional issue in Canada, officially a bilingual country. The bill of rights gives all Canadians the right to be educated in the language of their choice. This would override some provincial legislation. In Quebec Province, at present, immigrants must send their children to French- rather than English-language state schools.

The bill of rights would also guarantee all Canadians the right to work anywhere in Canada. At present some provinces have legislation that gives job preference to residents of the province rather than outsiders. It contains guarantees of civil liberties which would make repressive anti-union legislation, enacted when Quebec was ruled by the authoritarian premier René Duplessis, impossible to pass today.

Indians and Inuits—as the Eskimos prefer to be called—complain that the proposed constitution does not guarantee them rights of land tenure and

self-government in their own areas, and that without these guarantees they would be at the mercy of the federal government. Indians claim that the treaties that Indian tribes signed with the representatives of the British Crown in the 18th and 19th centuries are still valid, and the British North America Act does not replace them.

Trudeau put this proposed constitution before the Canadian parliament as a Bill to send to the House of Commons in London. The Conservative opposition accused him of trying arrogantly to impose a constitution of his own devising on an unwilling nation. Under pressure, Mr Trudeau agreed to send the Bill before a parliamentary committee, which is still considering it and hearing testimony from many quarters.

Eight of the ten provincial governments oppose the Bill; they are asking the appeal court to declare it invalid. Opinion polls show that 58 per cent of all Canadians oppose it, even though a large majority support all its provisions separately.

The issue has accentuated the divisions that already exist in Canada. The west has always felt a sense of grievance against the east and the capital. Mr Trudeau's Liberal party has a majority in the House of Commons but not one member from west of the Rocky Mountains.

The constitutional issue has inflamed feelings further. Douglas Christie, a 34-year-old British Columbian, has formed a Western National Party with the aim of creating a separate nation out of the four western provinces. He says it would have a higher *per capita* income than Switzerland. Another party has been formed calling for the western provinces to join the USA. Polls show that 25 per cent of westerners have some sympathy with these aims.

Meanwhile, over to London. The Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs, Mark MacGuigan, and the Minister for Justice came to see Mrs Thatcher and told her about the proposed Bill. The opposition has also been making its view seen here. Agents-general of the dissenting provinces have been approaching MPs and telling them that they should reject the Canadian government's Bill when it comes to them.

Ironically, the leading voice in this campaign is coming from the Agent-General of Quebec, Gilles Loiseleur, a bouncy, effervescent man who is a fervent supporter of the *Parti Québécois*, which has the declared aim of taking Quebec out of Canada. He has circularized every MP with documentation stating the case against the proposed Bill, and has entertained groups of MPs to excellent lunches at which he has put this point of view. The Indians and Inuits have opened an office in London, the Office of the First Nations of Canada, to lobby MPs and the Press.

The federal government is hitting

back. The Canadian High Commissioner, Mrs Jean Wadds, addressed MPs at a meeting of the Commonwealth Parliamentary Association and told them firmly who they should and should not be listening to.

Both sides are pressing their case with MPs. The federal government says precedent dictates that the British Government should pass any constitutional amendment requested by the Canadian Parliament, and that to do otherwise would be to interfere in Canadian internal affairs. The dissenting provinces say that, on the contrary, the precedent is that whenever an amendment affected the authority of the provinces all the provinces agreed to it before it was sent to Parliament.

There are two separate issues. One is the amending formula. The opposition says that under this one the provinces' rights are in danger. Brian Beckford, the premier of Newfoundland, one of the smallest provinces, was sufficiently agitated to summon up the spectacle of the federal government and the other provinces taking Labrador away from Newfoundland and giving it to Quebec.

The other issue is the bill of rights. The opposition says Mr Trudeau should not use the British Parliament to foist his version of a bill of rights on Canada but should get it accepted by Canadians.

The opposition campaign in London has had some effect. A number of MPs in both parties are getting stirred up about the issue, and when the Canadian Bill does eventually come before Parliament it will not be passed without discussion. The Government gave the matter over to a select committee to consider. The committee is not looking at the contents of the proposed Bill, however, but only the forms: considering the legal position and the precedents, what can the British Government do?

Privately, the Government has indicated to Mr Trudeau that it is unhappy about being involved in a Canadian dispute, and it would like any Bill that is given to the British Parliament to have the approval of at least most Canadians. One way it has indicated this is by saying that as the matter will require discussion in the House there will not be time for it during the present session and it will have to wait until the autumn. Mr Trudeau wanted the constitution patriated by July, the 50th anniversary of the Statute of Westminster.

The Bill may well be amended by the Canadian Parliamentary committee to meet some of the objections, so that by the time it comes to London it is less disputed. The present view in Westminster is that in the last resort, whatever the Bill contains, the British Government cannot refuse a request by the Canadian parliament on a Canadian domestic matter, that it will ask the House of Commons to pass it, and that the House will do so.

The heart of a nation

by Sir Arthur Bryant

Born as I was in the last year of the 19th century and enjoying an Edwardian childhood at the close of the long *Pax Britannica* won for our country by Nelson and Wellington, and living, as I have done, into the age of the nuclear bomb, the Beatles, space travel and the silicon chip, I feel as though I have been a participant in two separate existences. Conscious that, in the hatless, one-class world of today, I am still much the same creature that I was in the days when mankind went abroad, according to class or calling, in topper, bowler or cloth cap, much—though not all—of the background of the world I grew up in remains to provide a background for the world in which I still survive.

In the West End of London many of the buildings in the streets, squares and terraces surrounding the royal parks of St James's, Knightsbridge, Kensington and Marylebone still remain to recall my childhood, despite the destruction wrought by wartime blitzes and the far greater ravages of the modern property developer, even if the architectural focus of them all, Nash's pre-Victorian Buckingham Palace, gave way to its more flamboyant modern successor when I was still in knickerbockers. And outside London and the ever-growing, noisy towns and motorways, most of the familiar rural landscape on which I first set eyes is still there. It has shrunk, but the beauty of grass and trees, river and hill, sky and sea mercifully still remains what it has always been, even if, as to A. E. Housman, it may seem to aging eyes the "land of lost content".

"The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again."

Yet the men and women, the actors in the human scene who passed before the backcloth of the Edwardian England from which I formed my earliest impressions, were almost totally different, at least in their appearance, to those of today—in their clothes, their habits, behaviour, above all in their attitudes towards life. In the country, on Sunday mornings—and sabbath keeping was, *par excellence*, an English speciality, almost as much as in Scotland—the lanes and fields surrounding every village were dotted with figures of all ages in their best clothes, all converging on one point, church or chapel. In this the English village of 1901 or 1911 was far closer to its counterpart of 1801 or even 1601 than its modern counterpart of 1981. There were no, or very few, cars on the roads; horses were still man's most important companion and friend from the animal world; and at night, with the absence of rural electricity, except for the dim home-made kind then installed in country houses, total darkness, only lit by the moon or stars, enveloped the countryside. And except for the occasional barking of dog or fox,

or the clip-clop of horse or pony on a distant road, it was by modern standards miraculously quiet.

The metropolitan sights, sound, traffic smells that I knew as a child were totally different to those of today. It was a London of horse traffic, of small open-top buses, gleaming carriages and broughams, drays drawn by enormous shire horses, slow, shabby and smelly four-wheelers, and dashing, high-swung hansom-cabs, whose services one summoned by blowing a whistle at one's front door. The smell of horse-dung and hot leather was as all-pervading as the petrol fumes of today, and in the busier thoroughfares the sound of clapping hooves, the jingle of bells and harness, the thunder of iron-wheels on wooden paving-blocks never ceased. There were "sandwich-men" carrying advertisement boards shuffling along the edge of the roadways, crossing-sweepers with brooms at every corner, wheeled Punch and Judy shows, German brass bands and tinkling hurdy-gurdies, and Italian organ-grinders with attendant monkeys. And in summer a minute coating of brown eddying horse-dung drifted across the pavements. London's West

End—in a small corner of which, against the Palace wall, I lived with my parents—was still unashamedly aristocratic, almost as much as it had been in the days of Regency buck and Carolean magnate. Against a background of sober-suited, top- or bowler-hatted, and, in summer, straw-hatted citizenry—the backbone of Edwardian England—there were dazzling summer afternoon and Sunday morning church parades in Hyde Park, of wonderful carriages and horses, gleaming and prancing with liveried, cockaded footmen riding high, and upholstered ladies in gigantic feathered hats, escorted by toffs in glossy tall hats, long, wasp-waisted, square-cut frock-coats and shiny, pointed boots.

Beyond the circumference of that inner microcosm of fashion with its gleaming, varnished shop-fronts and striped awnings, and surrounding the adjacent Cities of London and Westminster—the imperial, parliamentary and commercial capital of a world-wide libertarian empire—lay the vast cloth-capped metropolis, threaded by clanging trams, home of the cockney working-class, with its philosophic

humour, proud independence and unceasing battle for self-respect and respectability against the besieging nightmare of poverty. And though there was much squalor and tragedy in the drab dirt and sour stench of the East End and South Bank slums, in the destitution and degradation of those who had fallen by the way in the hard strenuous race of life—the pathetic beggars and ragged children, whose poverty wrenched at one's heart strings as one walked the thriving, confident streets of the world's greatest city—it was, for all that, a London with conviction, faith and the vitality which sprang from those things.

It is in this lies the real change—a change of thought and spiritual climate—between the world I lived in as a boy and continued to live during the two world wars, and the world in which I find myself in old age. There is much in which the Britain of the 1960s, 70s and early 80s has gained, compared with the very different world of Edward VII, George V and George VI. But there is one thing that our latter age lacks and that the earlier age possessed: a belief in what for want of a better word I can only call honour. Running through the Britain which went to war in 1914 and again in 1939, and for the same reason, was a general belief in standards of conduct and behaviour—a belief inherent in all classes and derived from our long history and Christian heritage. I am not suggesting that everyone lived up to those standards or that they were universally or even generally observed. But the belief in them was there and it gave the nation faith in itself.

The trouble of the present age is that there is no unifying faith to bind us together, and in its place is only an insubstantial and half-hearted adherence to many and conflicting and divisive forms of ideological or emotional nonsense or non-sense. For there was another attribute of that vanished age which distinguished it from ours—a reliance on reason: on the cumulative knowledge of the past among the educated, and common or horse sense, instead of hysterical "pop" or fashion or craze, among the less educated.

Despite the vast improvement in social conditions and the immense technical and scientific advances I have witnessed in my lifetime there is one thing I should like to see reborn in the hearts and minds of my countrymen which is missing in the materially improved Britain of today. It is a belief in the importance of honourable conduct and dealing, a confidence in men and women of all classes and callings in their own capacity for reason and good sense, and a pride in their country and its achievements, past, present and potential, which was formerly shared by aristocrat, bourgeois and artisan alike and which, for all the differences in their individual circumstances and ways of life, made us at heart one nation.

100 years ago



This engraving from the *ILN* of February 26, 1881, shows a government inspector visiting a North Country cotton mill in order to see that regulations, passed in the first half of the century, concerning "the proper continuous school-teaching" of girls and boys employed in such factories were being observed.

In the wake of Drake

When the brigantine *Eye of the Wind* was welcomed home at Tower Bridge at the end of an epic round-the-world adventure much of the real work of Operation Drake was just beginning. Lieutenant-Colonel John Blashford-Snell, the engaging enthusiast who emerged from some ripping yarn to lead the expedition, was in the vanguard to explain that follow-up studies arising from the voyagers' explorations and scientific work will occupy the experts for the next ten years.

Some of the young people who took part in the memorable voyage are already planning to return to far-flung corners where their appetites for adventure have been whetted. There they will be seeking the answers to such vexing questions as how did primitive war canoes paddle from New Guinea to the New Hebrides against the current?

The answer to a more immediate question is rather simpler. How did 404 young men and women from 27 nations sail the 150 ton *Eye of the Wind* 37,000 miles around the globe in two years? The answer is: with great pleasure. It also took four years' careful preparation, an international planning and logistics operation of heroic proportions (matching those of Blashford-Snell himself) and cost about £900,000. This sum was collected by a vast fund-raising exercise in the home countries of those taking part.

The voyage was organized to celebrate the 400th anniversary of Sir Francis Drake's circumnavigation in *Golden Hind* (which, incidentally, weighed about 140 tons). The idea was to follow in the wake of Drake and, as it happened, the *Eye of the Wind* arrived in London on the 403rd anniversary of Drake's departure, on December 13.

Operation Drake was a great adventure for the sponsored explorers, aged from 17 to 24, who joined the ship in relays, taking part in phases of roughly three months' duration. And, according to Blashford-Snell (known affectionately and universally as "Blashers"), the spirit of Drake was reawakened. "I don't say it has been completely dead but it does need a boost every so often," he said. It also showed just how far young people can go, given a strong constitution, leadership and, presumably, a following wind.

First the lucky ones had to be chosen. More than 60,000 volunteers from all over the world applied for places on the ship, a former Baltic trader built in 1911. They were submitted to arduous selection courses, held in Britain and nine other countries, to assess their character, stamina and ability to rub along under demanding conditions. Police-woman Christine McHugh, then aged 19, of Gravesend, Kent, took part in a weekend camp during which she was asked to help build a raft, construct a bridge, measure an 11 foot python, take part in swimming, map-reading and first

aid tests at all hours of day and night. Then she was given a plastic bag containing her dinner: a freshly shot pigeon, which she had to pluck, dress and cook. Breakfast was a raw mackerel.

After that, getting lost in the jungle of Panama seemed like plain sailing. Christine did just that (during a deer-hunting expedition with local guides) and lived to tell the tale at the Operation Drake exhibition held at the World Trade Centre, St Katharine's Dock, where 200 of the young explorers were reunited to greet the ship as it completed

the last leg from Mombasa. It arrived with their successors manning the yards, looking fit, happy and endearingly grubby at the end of a sometimes rough passage.

The young explorers had all, in turn, learnt how to handle the chartered sailing ship in frightening storms and how to cope with the tiring demands of watch-keeping at sea. They sailed under the direction of an expert team of seamen. During the voyage they investigated an active volcano ("which subsequently erupted", says the laconic

A new plan for Piccadilly

Last summer we reported with pleasure the restoration of Covent Garden market, already a popular success. Now, we are pleased to hear, it is the turn of Piccadilly Circus, for according to a glossy report recently published by the Greater London Council, over 20 years of argument and controversy have come to an end and work is actually under way to turn what the GLC admits has become "a shabby, neglected traffic whirlpool" back into the exciting gathering place it once was.

The Circus was designed and developed by John Nash in 1819 and by the turn of the century had become the centrepiece of London's entertainment district. It was one of the first places on every overseas visitor's list, and was even called the "hub of the empire". In recent years it has become unpleasantly tawdry and choked with traffic, all of it winding its way round Eros, the statue unveiled in 1893 in memory of the Seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, the great social reformer. It has also been the subject of endless plans and proposals, some of them spectacular in concept and all of them rejected for one reason or another, until it seemed as if everyone had decided the place could never be de-

veloped and most interested parties drifted away to other projects, such as the South Bank or Docklands.

Over the past ten years, however, the GLC and Westminster City Council have apparently been working on a plan of their own. Instead of building a grandiose new Piccadilly Circus they have decided to retain the character of the place, rehabilitate the existing buildings, and redesign the area only as much as is necessary to give greater priority to the pedestrian at the expense of the motorist. Piccadilly Circus, it is hoped, will be revitalized by 1984.

Eros, says the GLC, is no longer to be stranded in the centre, but will move a few yards to stand in a newly created piazza extending into the Circus from the Criterion Theatre. Space for walking will be increased by two thirds. Wherever possible buildings will be redeveloped behind their existing façades; the London Pavilion, for instance, is to be reconstructed in this way. Much of the activity will be underground, where the subways and stairs are to be widened and a shopping mall created. A huge entertainment complex is planned for the Trocadero site, expected to attract 3½ million visitors a year.

Readers wishing to know more should write to the GLC at County Hall for its booklet *Piccadilly, from controversy to reconstruction*, price £1.50.



The London Pavilion's façade will be preserved in the GLC's new Piccadilly Circus.

expedition report) at St Vincent Island; visited the former Scottish colony of New Caledonia in Panama; used aerial walkways, constructed by Blashford-Snell's Royal Engineers, to study the rain forest canopy in Panama, Papua New Guinea and Sulawesi; captured a rare iguana in the Galapagos; discovered the previously unknown Poggaea tribe in Papua New Guinea; found rare plants, including the jellyfish tree, in the Seychelles; trekked by camel in Kenya; uncovered the remains of an Arab trading and slave port abandoned 500 years ago; monitored pollution in the Gulf of Genoa; and more besides.

Sadly, two young members of the expedition were killed in separate road accidents in Kenya. There were 41 cases of malaria in Papua New Guinea and one scientist was bitten by a snake. "He was trying to catch it at the time so I suppose he deserved it," said Blashford-Snell. "One scientist was clobbered on the head by a lizard that fell out of a tree," he added, with some relish. On another occasion, during investigation of the wreck of a 17th-century Scottish supply ship in Panamanian waters, a diver had a brush with a shark that devoured his plastic bucket. At the time he thought it was a diving companion being unusually robust.

The voyagers returned with a wealth of information and specimens related to their archaeological, biological, geographical and other projects. They also brought back rich experience, some firm friendships and many travellers' tales.

Opening shot at Stansted

The North West Essex and East Herts Preservation Association, the organization set up in the area to oppose the plan to develop Stansted into a third London airport, is indefatigable. It has sent all those who could possibly influence the decision an impressive calendar consisting of scenes from the area. Each picture is captioned "Just part of the area shown in this calendar, a beautiful and irreplaceable part of England" and on each page are prominently printed Sir Colin Buchanan's words: "A large airport ranks as the most feared and detested form of development that could descend upon a rural area. It is an enormous development absolutely guaranteed to change completely the character of a large expanse of the area around it."

The inquiry into the plan is scheduled for later this year. The calendar is merely an opening shot in what promises to be a classic campaign. Few who witnessed the determined fight of the local people on the last occasion a major Stansted airport was proposed are willing to bet that a jumbo jet ever comes within miles of the area—unless, of course, it is flying overhead.

No safe haven for the boat people

by John Winton

Hong Kong has taken in more than 90,000 boat people since May, 1975, and this crowded country is grappling with the problem of housing and feeding them. The author, who visited the country, reports on the Hong Kong point of view.

Photographs by Richard Cooke.

"There definitely is a strong feeling in certain quarters," said a Hong Kong government spokesman, "that the UK should be doing more to take in Vietnamese refugees. We feel that Hong Kong has done its fair share and more. Now we need more help."

It is not hard to see the Hong Kong point of view. Hong Kong has taken in more of the boat people than any other south-east Asian country—over 93,000, a third of the total. But Hong Kong has been offered homes for only one in eight, about 12 per cent of its refugees. Hong Kong has turned nobody away in contrast to countries such as Malaysia, which at one time was towing boat people back out to sea.

The bill has been enormous—at least HK\$100 million (£8½ million) in the direct costs of feeding and transporting refugees and establishing and running the camps. Indirect costs of labour, land and materials, if they were ever calculated, would be very much higher.

As always in Hong Kong, the main problem is space. Everything takes place against the terrifying pressure of too many bodies trying to occupy too little space. At the same time as the boat people, Hong Kong also had to deal with the similar but unrelated problem of the illegal immigrants. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese from the mainland have crossed into Hong Kong, attracted by the good life of the colony.

The Hong Kong government realizes that the majority of the Vietnamese refugees have their eyes firmly fixed on the USA. They do not want to come to Britain, at least not permanently. Therefore, if they do come, there is a danger that they will merely be transferring from a short-term refugee camp in tropical Hong Kong to a slightly longer-term refugee camp perhaps somewhere in the cold Midlands.

In fact up to the end of 1980 the UK had already accepted some 9,250 Vietnamese refugees from Hong Kong since the emergency began in 1975. Canada has taken 11,500, West Germany 2,200 and Australia 1,800. France, which has long historical colonial links with Indochina, has taken only about 600. Most have gone to the USA—over 30,000 directly and another 4,600 through the intermediate staging camp at Bataan in the Philippines. That leaves another 27,500 Vietnamese refugees in Hong Kong

where the government and voluntary workers are still grappling with the problem that began in May, 1975 (curiously during a visit to Hong Kong by the Queen) when the Danish container ship *Clara Maersk* arrived with some 3,700 refugees she had picked up. These were all landed and eventually resettled, though it took an uneasily long time, three years, before the last of them went.

The next two years were comparatively quiet with a total of only about 1,200 refugees. In 1978 there was an ominous increase to 6,600. In 1979 the numbers exploded. By then it had become clear that the Vietnamese government was actively discriminating against the ethnic Chinese section of the Vietnamese population, forcing them to choose between exile or hard labour as second-class citizens at home. Refugee ships like the *Huey Fong* and the *Sky Luck* drifted into Hong Kong crammed to the gunwales with thousands of refugees who had paid handsomely in gold for the privilege of being packed like sardines in dark, insanitary holds.

At the same time another 65,000 were arriving in small boats of every kind and every degree of unseaworthiness. In the peak months of May to August, 1979, the boat people were arriving at an average rate of 600 a day.

In 1980 the tide at last began to turn and for the first time the number of refugees entering Hong Kong was less than the number resettled. The pattern of the refugees had also changed. At first they tended to be middle-class South Vietnamese with professions or skills: doctors, builders, lawyers, accountants, engineers. Now they are mostly North Vietnamese farmers and fishermen. In 1979 the Vietnamese government declared a moratorium on refugees and since then they have all left clandestinely.

But that does not stop them coming. On any day there will be two or three dilapidated looking craft tossing up and down in the Western Quarantine Anchorage of Hong Kong. There, secured to a large dumb barge, surrounded by dozens of container and cargo ships contrasting the prosperity of the brightly lit Hong Kong with their own plight, and guarded by a police launch which prowls round day and night, the boat people stay while they are interrogated and examined by the Hong Kong immigration authorities.

One has to admire the boat people's fortitude and optimism as well as wonder at the ferocity and inhumanity of a political régime which can drive human beings to such extremities of danger and privation. In some of those boats no sane man would venture across a Home Counties reservoir, let alone the South China Sea in typhoon season. Their masts, if they have one, slope at an unseamanlike angle, with a pitiful rag of a flag, SOS, fluttering at the top. Even quite small waves crash in over the low gunwales. Somebody can be seen constantly bailing with a cooking-pot. The men make "Got any cigarettes?" gestures to passers-by. The women dunk clothes in the harbour water and rinse them out overboard. The children wave. The very young ones lie on their backs and stare at the sky. There is a wisp of smoke from a cooking stove.

One typical boatload had a spokesman with excellent English; strangely, they often do. They had been at sea, he said, for 78 days, having left Ho Chi Minh City back in September. It was now well into December. This remark was greeted by gales of laughter and disbelief from the officers of the Royal Hong Kong Police, in the launch. Seventy-eight days? What about food and water? None of these boats could carry that amount. They had in fact called at a large, offshore island of Hainan where they were given food and water but not allowed to stay permanently.

After some days in the Quarantine Anchorage, the boat people are brought ashore and housed in various types of improvised accommodation, most of it run under the auspices of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees by such organizations as the Red Cross, the Hong Kong Christian Service, the International Rescue Committee, Caritas and the YMCA. Some are in huddled camps and reception centres, some in apartment blocks, and some are even housed in gaols.

Typical is the Sham Shui Po Transit Centre which is one of the largest and run by the Hong Kong Christian Service on the outskirts of Kowloon. Its boundary goes down to the water's edge of the bay looking out to Stonecutter Island. Ironically it was built by the Japanese during the war to house British and Canadian POWs captured when Hong Kong fell in December, 1941.



Sham Shui Po is a 10 acre site with huts housing some 6,000 refugees at any given time. Most of the original canvas buildings still survive under the dusty pines and the single frangipane by the main gate. Curiously the camp manager, Jimmy Reid, was one of the army officers who first liberated the camp in 1945; after the war he came to stay in Hong Kong permanently. His office used to be the guard room.

Hard by Sham Shui Po are the misnamed Jubilee Buildings, a grim block holding another 1,000 refugees. Both the buildings and the camp now seem destined to hold refugees of one kind or another for ever more. Yet the atmosphere is not pessimistic. It is a triple-tier existence with whole families living in layers, stacked one on top of the other, in an all-age, all-class semi-open-air dormitory where the noise is constant and shattering. Refugees are paid a personal allowance of HK\$7 (59p) a day, with slightly more for single men and in a market as hungry for labour as Hong Kong they readily find employment. The fruits of this employment can be seen in the huts, in the stacks of bedding and clothes, the suitcases and boxes, the television sets and the transistor radios. These must be some of the most consumer goods laden refugees in the world.

Yet all is not quite what it seems. They appear friendly, but deeper inside the huts, in the perpetual half-gloom behind the stacks of bedding, well away from the entrances, are closed, secretive faces, resentful of photographers. Some of these refugees have been in camps for years and may be for years to come.

The children are enchanting. On reg-



Safe in Hong Kong harbour after an arduous voyage, above, the boat people will be housed in accommodation such as the Sham Shui Po Transit Centre, left.

ular, wholesome food they rapidly put on weight and begin to thrive. At meal-times they sing and clap their hands. But even here one sees a tiny girl, four years old, a pale wall-like figure staring in front of her oblivious of everything about her. Her hunger is not for food. "Her mother was left behind in Vietnam," says the volunteer lady in charge of the crèche. "She cried for weeks when she got here. She knows life has done something not very kind to her." The older children are taught basic English and something of the way of life in the host country they are likely to go to. There are also tutoring classes and a course in motor car maintenance.

The children's experience is betrayed in the camp's 1981 calendar, one of the many ways of raising money. The children's pictures which illustrate it show what a searing mental and physical ordeal the boat trip was: the images are all of rough seas, jagged lightning and menacing great fishes, jaws agape, sliding up to engulf the boat from below.

The camp has its newspaper, *Hopes*, and certainly there is hope in the air. Every day taxis arrive at the gate and the piles of suitcases and other belongings mount up like monuments to a new life just beginning. But as Walt Schmidt, *Hopes'* editor and the camp's Lutheran American activities organizer, says, "Don't be misled. These people have had a rough deal. But the original spirit bends like bamboo. Some westerners could never take it."

Top dogs come to town

by Andrew Moncur

On the eve of the 85th Crufts Dog Show our reporter recalls last year's dog days at Earls Court and remembers some personalities, canine and human, he met there.

Photographs by Raissa Page.

At 7am on the day before Crufts Show last year a standard poodle arrived at a house in Plumstead to be groomed. For 15 hours Toby Dee Jugello at Leola was to be brushed, shampooed, clipped, trimmed and crimped ready to face the judges—who then placed him nowhere.

At the same time Brett, a flat-coated retriever, emerged from his bed under a table in a Leicestershire cottage and prepared for his daily walk and a swim in a muddy pond. He is lucky if he has three baths in a year. Within 60 hours he would be Supreme Champion, Best in Show at the most prestigious event in the dog breeders' calendar.

It is a dog's life for the owners who prepare their best friends for the annual advance on Earls Court, London. This is now the home of the world's greatest dog show, where more than 9,100 animals of 144 breeds were in with a fighting chance of becoming top dog with a place on the Crufts roll of honour. Failing that ultimate distinction, each creature, great or small, hoped to win first place in its class and a prize of £4—a fraction of the cost to the owner of taking part. A second prize is worth £2, a third prize £1. Clearly nobody is in it for the money.

They come to compete with the best, to be judged against an entry consisting exclusively of prize-winning dogs, each of which has earned its place at Crufts by qualifying at a championship show in the past year or by being acclaimed a champion. Crufts is the show to win. And if that means spending 15 hours with the brush, scissors, hair dryer and clippers—perhaps for nothing, in the end—then there are plenty of dog owners who feel that it is a worthwhile sacrifice to make.

Toby, in Plumstead, settled down for the first part of his preparation in the capable and busy hands of Mrs Yvonne Sheppard, a friend of his owner. She started by brushing him for three hours. Toby lay on his side and thought, perhaps, of England. Later he would be bathed for two hours, blown dry and trimmed. By 7pm Mrs Sheppard was prepared to call it a day, leaving another three hours' grooming to be completed at Earls Court in the morning, on the first day of the show. Another 4,647 dogs of non-sporting breeds would be there.

Meanwhile life remained comparatively calm at Miss Pat Chapman's cottage home on the edge of Coleorton, Leicestershire. At least, it was as calm as could be expected with 24 boarders out in the kennels and 15 dogs loose about the house—including Brett, who would soon come to prominence under his kennel name of Champion Shargleam Blackcap. He was not expected at Crufts until Saturday, the second day, when another 4,454 sporting dogs were due. Miss Chapman thought that he might have had a bath a week previously.

Elsewhere the dog world was already on the move, converging on London. Soon after midnight Mrs Sue McAvoy and her husband, Steve, left home in Wakefield to bring their Old English Sheepdog, Jeabour Bleu Lady Jenny of Savio, known as Jenny, to the show.

At 4am Nicholas Dore, the village policeman at Wellesbourne, Warwickshire, awoke and prepared to load into the family car his 12 stone, web-footed Newfoundland dog, Portadum Port au Port Bay, alias Saunders. There would be no chance today for PC Dore to enjoy his normal exercise routine with Saunders and his other Newfoundland, Cousteau. Usually he harnesses them to a double lead and sets off on a 3 mile run. The final mile takes him along the bank of the river Dene where the dogs take to the water and swim alongside, at their running pace. Today's outing was quite different.

At Earls Court it was raining. At 5.30am Mrs McAvoy and Jenny, the Old English Sheepdog, took shelter in the station on the far side of Warwick Road, until Mr McAvoy had parked the car. When he returned there was a problem to be solved. How was the dog to be delivered without getting wet? Mr McAvoy bent like a shepherd and draped the 41 stone animal across his back and his wife held the umbrella over Jenny as they crossed the road.

Inside the exhibition halls there was an atmosphere, and a slight odour, of the circus. There was also noise, a combination of humans barking at one another and dogs in conversation. This was the 84th Crufts and the 31st to be organized by the Kennel Club (telegraphic address: Staghound, London W1), so there was plenty to talk about. Already the benches were filling



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Top dogs come to town

up. A French Bulldog wearing a red sweater sat in one cubicle. In the next was a fat lady with spectacles. The likeness was almost unbearable. Beneath each giant Newfoundland the bench sagged.

In the brightly lit main arena the competition for the Kennel Club Obedience Championship had already started. A judge in a blazer watched every movement with terrier-like concentration. Dog and trainer were obediently following instructions: left turn, right turn, left about turn. The dog's nose seemed to be attached to his master's left knee by an invisible thread. His pink tongue lolled and then he yawned, although he had received no detectable instruction to do so.

Yvonne Sheppard had arrived from Plumstead and resumed the endless grooming of Toby. How can anybody describe that dog as non-sporting? Scissors were now flying all around the poodle benches. Their dressed hind-quarters looked like plucked turkey drumsticks. Their knuckles were white and pink. Their sidewhiskers were tied up with rubber bands. A surprising number of their handlers seemed to have frizzy, curled hair.

At Ring 15 owners were running around feverishly with their German Shepherd dogs. The crowd stood four deep. "Happiness is a German Shepherd", read the slogan on a large lady's shoulder bag.

Dog food manufacturers have stands all around the central display ring. Charles Cruft, the show's founder, started his career in 1876 by joining James Spratt and selling his new-fangled "dog cakes" at home and on the Continent. In 1878 he was invited by French breeders to promote the canine section of the Paris Exhibition. The first Crufts Show was held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, in 1891. Neither the show nor the makers of dog cakes have ever looked back.

Today's dog owners have developed an enormous appetite for goods that reflect their consuming passion. At Crufts it is possible to buy china dogs, bronze dogs, dog key rings, dog tumblers, dog paintings, even a dog in stained glass and (for £75) a sign from a pub called the Spotted Dog. One stall was selling copies of a *Tribute to a Dog*, which formed part of the toast to "The Dog" proposed at the Kennel Club's centenary banquet in 1973. Its last line says: "Through the dog we enrich our lives and in return he asks only that we give him what he gives us—friendship."

The time had come for Mrs Sheppard to turn over the fully groomed poodle, Toby, to his handler, Mrs Maureen Squires of Crayford. Then she could only stand back and watch. "I can't stand it. When I think of the hours I have lavished. Maureen, please keep his head up," she muttered to herself. Toby was called but not chosen. Others were luckier.

Every Yorkshire Terrier was carried around like a glove puppet, with his owner's right wrist emerging from the fringe of silky hair. Invariably the owner had a red box and a red lead in his other hand. When the time came to show, down went the box and the dog was placed on top of it.

"You have to be careful when you come down here. A change of water and a change of food upsets a baby's stomach—and it is the same with dogs," said Mrs Maureen Tracey, from Dewsbury, West Yorkshire, showing Moseville Petra—known as Vicky—who took a first prize. Mrs Tracey has another 13 Yorkies at home.

Brett, back in Leicestershire, seems to have a robust stomach. He starts his day with milk and Weetabix and takes a lunch of 1½ lb of meat and a similar weight of biscuit. He is groomed for about ten minutes a day, excluding Sundays. "He has a lot of character and he enjoys the show ring," says Miss Chapman, his owner. When his descent on the Crufts show ring came it was swift and triumphant. Leaving home at 5am on Saturday, in a car packed with seven dogs and four people, he might not have seemed to be a celebrity. Within 13 hours Miss Chapman, who has kept dogs since 1955, had reason to hope that he might be in with a chance for the ultimate prize. By then he had won his open dog class and his group.

The crowds had been growing around the central arena and the balcony throughout the afternoon. A Dutchman, on the upper level, said: "I think it is worse downstairs. There are two million people downstairs and only one million people up here." Upstairs women stood on chairs and children balanced on top of crush barriers. They were trying to catch a glimpse of dogs performing feats of agility in the ring.

Few people seemed unaffected by the growing excitement. On one side bench a man with his hair cut *en brosse* and a pepper-and-salt moustache threw scraps of biscuit to his Norwegian Elkhound, who rather resembled him. A Basset Hound lay on a pile of sweaters with his face screwed up like a wash leather, fast asleep. But in the main ring Crufts soon reached its climax.

No sooner had Brett won his group than he was whisked into the arena as one of the six grand finalists. One by one they were called to the red carpet in the centre to be examined by the judge, most highly honoured of the 118 appointed for the show. There were cheers from partisans of each breed in turn. It took only 12 minutes for Brett to convert his Best in Group title to the coveted Best in Show. A flood of photographers surrounded the new top dog and his mistress. The title of Champion Shargleam Blackcap suddenly seemed more appropriate.

Miss Chapman vanished into a Press conference. Outside, in the echoing exhibition halls, a woman wheeled away a pram frame bearing four blue boxes, each containing a West Highland White Terrier. You knew, for sure, that everyone would be back this year.

Prince Charles in India and Nepal

The Prince of Wales visited India between November 24 and December 6 and Nepal from December 6 to 13, 1980. On this and the following pages we present a pictorial record of his tour.

Photographs by Tim Graham.



Prince Charles was the third Prince of Wales to visit India but unlike his predecessors he will not, when he becomes King, also become Emperor of India. Right at the beginning, in New Delhi, he was confronted by protesting students and his welcome was quiet; but by the time he reached Bangalore on December 2 he was mobbed by cheering workers as he visited a plant where the Anglo-French Jaguar aircraft are to be built. Enthusiasm had started to build up as early as the third day when, during a polo match in Delhi—one of two the Prince managed to play while he was in India—the crowd roared noisily for him as he scored two goals for his side, the Taj, against the Qutab. Among more memorable moments was the visit to the Golden Temple at Amritsar, chief place of worship for the Sikhs in India, whose gilded copper finish gives it its name. The Prince toured this holy place barefoot and wearing a straw hat and a gaily coloured religious scarf. At the Taj Mahal the royal visitor's dress was a formal grey suit; and he was duly impressed at the beauty of this, India's sublime monument to a husband's devotion. In one of India's poorest states, Orissa,

the Prince met some of the Harijans—"the untouchables"—and he saw more of India's tragic side in Calcutta, at Mother Teresa's mission for orphaned children. There he was obviously moved by one 3½lb baby girl who had been found abandoned in a dustbin. The Nepalese tour began with a packed three days which included an audience with King Birendra, a reception and banquet, a morning with the Gurkhas, a sight of the Dharan-Dhankuta road project, visits to the Martyrs Memorial and the Budhanilkantha school, and a Press reception. The last three days, though physically strenuous, must have proved something of a relief, for the Prince was protected from the glare of publicity; he went on a trek 30 miles into the foothills of the Himalayas, accompanied by the King's brother, Prince Dhirendra. The guide was Pertemba Sherpa, who has scaled Mount Everest twice, the first time with Chris Bonington in the British Expedition of 1975. On his return the Prince, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Gurkhas, had old soldiers and pensioners, including three VCs, presented to him at Pokhara.



The royal visit began at Delhi, where the Prince was welcomed by Vice-President Mohammed Hidayatullah, Mrs Gandhi's surviving son Rajiv, members of the Indian Cabinet and Service chiefs. He had meetings with the President, Neelam Sanjiva Reddy, above left, and was guest of honour at a banquet whose other guests included the Indian Prime Minister, Mrs Indira Gandhi, centre. He visited Delhi University on the second day, and St Stephen's College; above right, and showed himself adept at coping with a small but vociferous demonstration of about 30 students protesting at the treatment of Indians entering Britain. Besides his official duties the Prince was able to observe Delhi's colourful life—the water-carriers, the beggars, the street traders, the characteristic methods of transport and, above all, the people.

At Bharatpur Prince Charles rose early to go birdwatching at the Kcoladeo Ghana bird sanctuary, 30 miles west of Agra, for nearly a shooting preserve of the Maharajah, top. Later the same day he visited Fatehpur Sikri, a 16th-century royal city, where he received the *filak*, a mark given only to honoured guests, above. The day ended at the Taj Mahal (see page 31); the Prince said it was "a spectacularly beautiful idea to build something like this to someone you love".



November 29 was free of official engagements and the Prince took the opportunity to play some polo at Jaipur.



A welcoming party at the airport at Baroda, above left, where Prince Charles was given a garland of honour. He went on to visit the headquarters of the National Dairy Development Board, a large dairy co-operative.



At Hadgud the Prince wished a group of farmers good fortune in Gujarat.



The Hadgud villagers performed ceremonial—and perhaps tiring?—dances as part of their welcome to the royal visitor, top, centre and above.



There was much to see in Bombay. The artless charm of a picturesque open-air laundry, top, contrasted sharply with the faded splendour of much of the architecture, such as the Gateway of India on the harbour, centre, erected in 1911 to commemorate the state visit of George V, Emperor of India. Prince Charles's Bombay engagements included visits to the Indian Navy and to the Prince of Wales Museum, and a tour of the Rajkamal film studio, above.



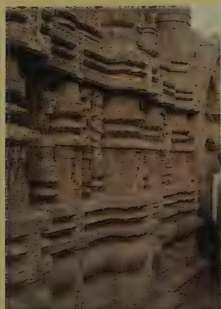
At Mahabalipuram, near Madras, the Prince saw the 7th-century Shore Temple, top, rock carvings and religious monuments and visited a 100 acre farm, above, where experiments have been carried out on different varieties and strains of rice.



The Prince stopped off at Pipli, a noted



centre of embroidered textile work.



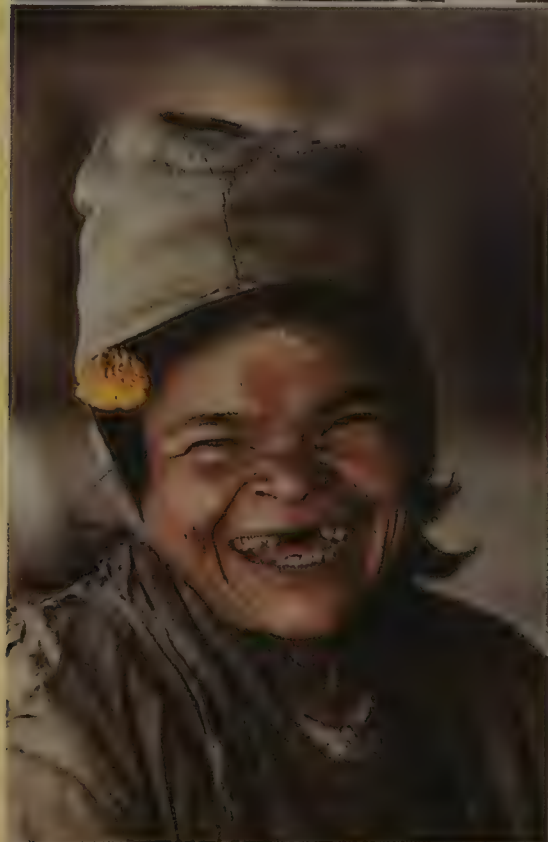
Top, part of the 13th-century Sun Temple at Konarak, built in the form of a chariot



with 12 wheels; above, a building in the temple's enclosure.



Top, people queue for food at Mother Teresa's mission in Calcutta where on the last day of his two-week tour of India the Prince visited the orphanage also run by Mother Teresa who found him "very simple . . . full of love and compassion".



The Prince began his visit to Nepal in Katmandu, site of the Pashupatinath temple, where holy men and women live, top and centre left, and the Bouddhanath stupa, top right. His host was King Birendra, centre right, and among the Prince's engage-

ments were a British embassy reception, at which the Royal Nepalese Army Band played, above left, and a visit to British Gurkhas at Dharan, above right. Prince Charles ended his tour with a trek in the foothills of the Himalayas, opposite.





Buchanan's: the Scotch of a lifetime

THE COUNTIES

Philip Purser's

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE

Photographs by John Brown



Northamptonshire is a county more often encountered on the way to somewhere else than as a destination in its own right. It is the M1 between Junctions 15 and 18, the scenery whirling past the Inter-City from Euston after it has left Bletchley and before it reaches Rugby, the slow crawl to Silverstone on Grand Prix day or waiting for the lights to change at the crossroads in Towcester where, every summer weekend, east-west holidaymakers and their caravans and boats on trailers snarl up with north-south holidaymakers and their caravans and boats.

It is where Lady Diana Spencer comes from and where Peterborough used to be, until hived off to Cambridgeshire in the local government reorganization of 1973, thereby depriving the county of a cathedral. Northampton itself, characteristically, is where the University of Cambridge once planned to re-site itself but needless to say did not. Even those of us who have settled in Northamptonshire, and come to love it, did not always mean to.

In our case we had been house-hunting around Buckingham when someone said that property was both cheaper and easier to find if you strayed across the border, Northants lacking the social cachet of Bucks. It was only when we had found our present home and become immersed in searches and surveys and solicitors' letters that I realized I was coming back to within a couple of miles of Plumpton Wood, where in the summer of 1943, between school and army, I worked in a volunteer forestry camp. We slept under canvas, subsisted on a diet of inch-thick cheese sandwiches and lukewarm cocoa and sang

dirty songs, of which a contingent from Merthyr Tydfil had an inexhaustible and learned supply.

The "forestry" proved to consist of clearing underbrush, scratchy and tedious. But when harvest time came we were released to work on a local farm, heaving straw bales hour after hour under a scorching sun until at last it dipped below the trees and the sky was shot with colour and the world was magic. Also, in the farmhouse kitchen the farmer's wife would lay on such a spread as we townies had not seen since rationing had come in nearly four years before. Thirty-five years later, when my son was working on the same farm during the school holidays, I began to feel that perhaps I belonged to this hidden, solid midriff of England.

We are in the Northampton Uplands, to use the rather grand name on physical maps for what is in fact a continuation of the ironstone ridge that gives the Cotswold scenery its ups and downs and Cotswold towns their honey-coloured charm. With us the landscape is at first sight more contained. The fields make a very English patchwork of plough and pasture, separated by hedgerows and spinneys and lines of elms, now sadly depleted. Not until you peer into the distance and see how the patchwork goes on and on, crest beyond crest, the scale ever finer, do you remember that we are 500 feet above sea level.

It is good hunting country, for those who care about hunting. Northamptonshire is one of the traditionally horsey midland counties known as The Shires. The Grafton meets round our part, the Pytchley farther north, and in pre-

mechanization days the Army's great equestrian centre was at Weedon, up the A5. When we first moved here one of the things I noticed most was the number of horsemen about, together with the flocks of yellowhammers suicidally gleaning squashed insects from the metalling of the country lanes.

The building stone varies in colour from pale fawn to dark rust, depending on its exact source and whether it was newly quarried at the time or filched, as was often the case, from some lately dissolved monastery. Sometimes courses of light and dark were laid alternately to give a striped effect. One end wall of our house has this design; a full-scale and striking example is the Bede House in Higham Ferrers, of which more in a moment. The one thing you cannot often say of the masonry is that it has charm, in the Cotswold sense. Armada House, in Weston, has massive walls and embrasure-like windows that make it look like a fortress. The farmhouse at Astwell is a fortress, or at least embodies an ancient, battlemented tower. The Elizabethan manor of Canons Ashby and its huge, attendant, empty church sink slowly into picturesque decay. Even the vernacular architecture of the villages, compared with the picture book prettiness of Bibury or Burford, has a down-to-earth, used look—or in some cases abused, by the slotting in of some hideous new development in fake stone or pallid brick. But there are a couple of nicely cosseted villages called Weekley and Warkton, just north of Kettering, which retain a high proportion of thatched roofs and give not too rosy an idea of how they must all have been half a century ago.

As for the people—well, this is where it becomes quite unrealistic to generalize about a longish county, top to bottom, and geographically much demarcated. Round us they have always been farmers. The same few surnames occur in the parish records for centuries. Their heirs today are taciturn, practical, mostly prosperous on various mixes of cereals and cattle (either milking or beef), sheep and EEC subsidies. The difference nowadays is that none of the farms employs more than a couple of hired hands where once it would have been a dozen or more, so people are collected by bus to work in packing stations or the Plessey electronics factory in Towcester, while others commute to office jobs in Milton Keynes or Northampton.

To the north of the county, surrounding the fantastically romantic Rockingham Castle perched up on its spur of high ground, and also in the south, Silverstone way, huge forests covered the land until comparatively recent times. I am not sure about Rockingham but around Silverstone (literally, *sylvan town*) there were settlements so isolated and inward-turned that they were known as the Lost Villages. As late as the 1890s, according to the topographer Herbert Evans writing in 1918, children grew up in them "who could neither read nor write, but they made *excellent* domestic servants". Working in the saw-pits the menfolk developed prodigious muscles and a useful pugnacity. In the 18th and early 19th centuries quite a few became professional bare-knuckle fighters, and every village had its team of pugilists to take on teams from neighbouring



Northamptonshire

villages, as they do at darts today.

In the middle and eastern parts is located the chief—or anyway, traditional—industry, “Northampton,” breathed the cobbler where we previously lived when I told him we were moving. “That’s the *capital* of the footwear trade.” And so it is, just about. Barnatt’s stately Footshape Boot Works (the name picked out in the stonework of the façade) is empty now, and up for let, but Norvic and Lotus, Church & Brevitt, and the esteemed Crockett & Jones are still in Northampton, along with a score of other makers. Barkers are in Earls Barton and John White is to Higham Ferrers and Rushden as Ford is to Dagenham.

Nondescript as these little shoe towns

might seem, and indeed are when approached through a wilderness of industrial estates and mean streets and maddening roundabouts, they have a romance for me because they are where the novelist H. E. Bates was brought up, and the setting of many of the early stories of his, which I devoured as a boy. The county has its share of literary associations: a splendid John Clare collection in Northampton Library; the poet Dryden’s connexion through that decaying mansion at Canons Ashby, still in the Dryden family; at Harlestone the grounds and lake of a house, itself now demolished, which may have been the original of Jane Austen’s *Mansfield Park*. But Bates is the one who made use of the terrain and the people.

There is a neglected small masterpiece of his, *The Feast of July*, whose heroine comes walking into the

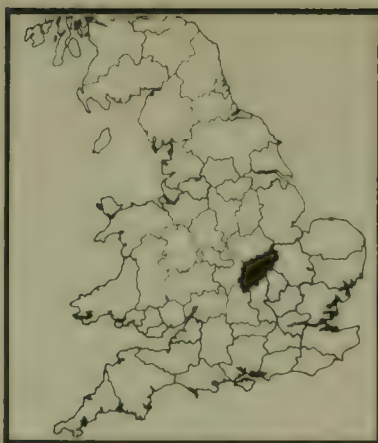


Above left, Warkton still gives an idea of what all Northamptonshire villages were like 50 years ago; left, Rockingham Castle, which was a royal castle in Norman times; top, the farmhouse at Astwell, with its battlemented tower; centre, in the south, near Silverstone; above, Stoke Bruerne, where there is a waterways museum.

Bates country as she follows the river Nene on a pilgrimage to find her faithless lover. The midwinter landscape of clay heights, wide valleys crossed by viaducts, the river reflecting the sullen sky, is marvellously sketched. She arrives at last at "Nenweald" which must be Higham Ferrers, though possibly with some elements of a larger town, say Wellingborough. The period is late Victorian; behind the terraced houses are countless little family workshops where boots and shoes come from the factories to be finished. When times are good the smell of leather and glue hangs in the air, when times are bad the children are sent "running" on ever-lengthening expeditions to beg work from manufacturers in all the towns around. Chapel and pub compete for whatever hours are not occupied by toil. Yet at least once a year there is always feasting and dancing.

If the people of the county have any common characteristic, it could be the matter-of-fact endurance which Bates details so well in this and other stories. They have all had their hard times: the foresters as the forests were enclosed, the farmworkers when wages were cut, the shoemakers when the army cut back on boots after the Boer War; and now the steelmen of Corby, attracted from Scotland during the last great depression only to fall victim to this one. Dreamers are not needed, but practical men prepared to do something about it. It is surely no accident that both political and religious dissent have always been strongly rooted in Northamptonshire. Just across the fields from us is the derelict farm called Cathanger where the Baptists used to hold clandestine services before they gained acceptance.

Stuck at the crossroads of Britain, Northamptonshire also had to learn to bear the passage of armies with stoicism. The Civil War was much fought in these parts, often setting neighbour against neighbour. Our village was Church and Royalist; Weston half a mile along the road Chapel and Roundhead. It is a county that has weathered much, that keeps itself to itself and does not much care if you do whizz through. With the exception of some stately homes which I cannot be bothered to list and the cheery little waterways museum at Stoke Bruerne, has few show places dinkied up for the coach trade. Its whole attraction lies in the way that the old and the new, the industrial and the rural, the rare and the everyday, are mixed together. In prosaic Earls Barton is the Saxon church that starred on a postage stamp a few years ago. In Higham Ferrers, I almost forgot to add, that striped Bede House (almshouse) forms a perfect little precinct with another remarkable church and what was a tiny grammar school, now chapel; and in the street beyond are the raised, railed pavements just as H. E. Bates described them.



Area

462,460 acres

Population

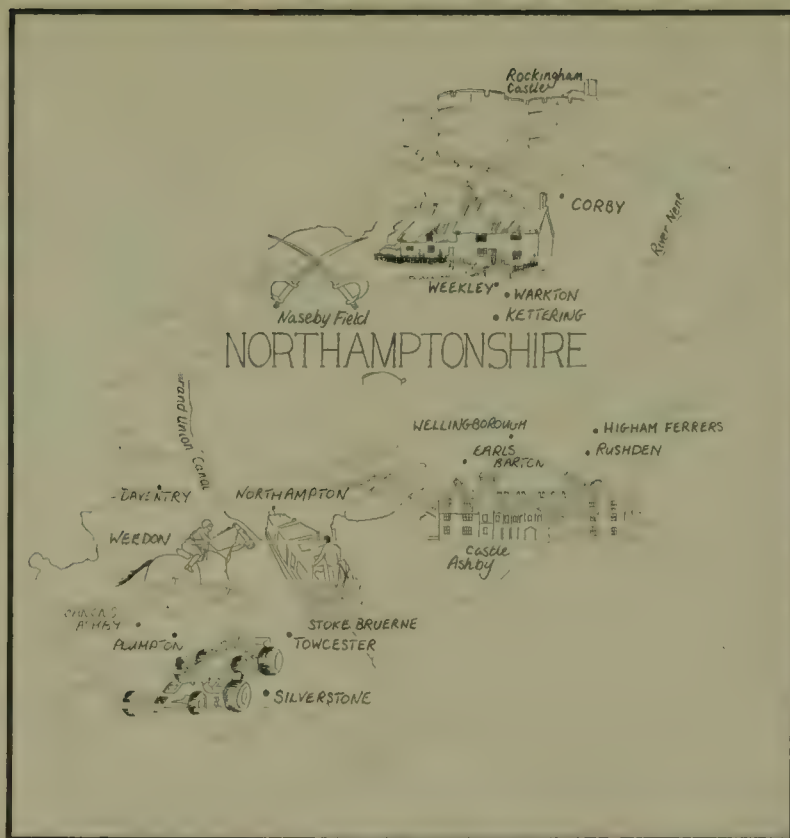
523,300

Main towns

Northampton, Corby, Rushden,
Daventry, Kettering, Wellingborough.

Main industries

Light and heavy engineering, leather and footwear, micro electronics, retail distribution centre, meat and other food processing, cosmetics manufacturing, brewing.



Centre, the village of Adstone; above, the Elizabethan manor of Canons Ashby, seat of the poet John Dryden's family.



Cloth for Men...

BY **DORMEUIL**

The year of the rooster begins

by Reg Potterton

On February 5 the Chinese community in Lower Soho will be celebrating in a carnival atmosphere the start of their New Year. There will be traditional feasting and dancing, and also exchanging of Hung Pao, good luck money.

Photographs by Kokon Chung.

Of all the arresting spectacles occasionally to be witnessed on the streets of London one of the rarest is the sight of pound notes dangling on pieces of string from upper windows. In Chinatown on the first day of the Chinese New Year, however, it is a matter of custom; on this day an incongruous display of sticks, like so many home-made fishing rods, may be seen poking out of windows above shops, restaurants, banks and other business establishments, with the money either twisted into the line at intervals, or tucked inside bright red envelopes with gold inscriptions. For reasons that will later be made not entirely clear, these cash offerings are invariably attached to a bunch of cabbage leaves, and later in the day, during an alarming procession, they are all torn

down by dragons and unicorns.

The method of display differs from house to house; for instance, the Gerard Street offices of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, the great counting house of Honkers, rightly disdains string, preferring long, red banners that are fixed to the front of the building with new notes taped to the cloth in neat rows. These are surrounded by clusters of balloons, so that the effect has a whiff of the simple pleasures of carnival.

It seems entirely suitable to make a public exhibition of money in a big city, especially if it happens to be on a Sunday (as it was on the first day of the Chinese New Year last year) because then it takes on the nature of a religious demonstration with an undertone of honest blasphemy. One cannot see the



Bank of England adopting a similar tradition on any day of the week.

The origin of this display is, as the tired phrase has it, lost in the mist of Oriental legend, which means that nobody agrees about why it is done; ask a Chinese and he or she, no doubt repressing a patient sigh at the restless curiosity of the barbarian mind, will explain that this is Hung Pao, good luck money, and it is the thing people do on the first day of the New Year because it is the thing people have always done.

Last year, in common with perhaps 900 million Chinese in other parts of the world, London's Chinatown celebrated New Year's Day on February 16; this was the first day of the year of the monkey, which is one of 12 symbolic creatures that give their names to the

Chinese lunar calendar. Between now and 1992 when the monkey returns it will be, respectively, the turn of the cock/rooster, dog, boar/pig, rat, ox, tiger, hare/rabbit, dragon, snake, horse and goat/sheep. Each represents a sign of the zodiac and each is believed to be imbued with the characteristics of its sign in Chinese astrology.

Astrology of course is not a subject fit for serious contemplation in the scientific West, despite our weakness for newspaper horoscopes and our peculiar fears about ladders, broken mirrors and saying the word "rabbit" aboard ship. We have been taught to believe that the message from the stars is entirely imaginary, the science of the ignorant, and perhaps it is; but it is questionable whether we should condemn it out of

hand. It cannot be too unreasonable to suggest that we may still have much to learn from the Chinese; they did, after all, invent almost everything that gave this country its moment in the historic spotlight, including paper, printing, the magnetic compass and gunpowder.

Be that as it may, astrology and superstition are built into the proper observance of the Chinese holiday, the celebration of which starts on New Year's Eve when the family—by tradition, the entire family clan—meets under one roof for a feast. Hung Pao envelopes change hands (the married give, the unmarried receive) and congratulations of another sort are exchanged because on the first day of the year everyone becomes a year older. It is considered good luck to bathe and have a thorough grooming to remove contamination from the old year, to wear all new clothes and to gamble; but it is bad luck to use brooms, knives and scissors, or to keep old medicines, all of which notions are practical.

The public part of these festivities is held on the first day of "the year", when the streets of Lower Soho fill with Chinese families in their new clothes, and a barricaded enclosure is set up in Newport Place to await the arrival of the dragon dancers. Lately the affair has grown considerably, as Chinatown itself has grown over the last two decades. Nobody knows how many Chinese live in London; the Home Office does not know, nor does the Office of Population Census Services, and the Department of the Environment, which carried out a housing survey in Greater London in 1971, reported only that there were then about 3,000 people in London who had been born in China.

In any event, as the Chinese so often do when making a home in a foreign city, they have set up shop in the busiest part of town, and in Lower Soho they have transformed what was until quite recently a warren of dismal streets into a bright and cheerful little community, the northern frontier of which runs along Shaftesbury Avenue between Charing Cross Road and Rupert Street.

On New Year's Day most of the access roads are cordoned off so that people can wander about in the street without having to worry about traffic. In Newport Place, which by early morning is crowded with spectators, a table shrine is laid out with candles and incense on red cloth, and offerings of a roasted suckling pig, a plucked chicken with its head on, three bowls of rice wine, a bowl of tea and a selection of fruit and vegetables. In the background there is a din of drums and cymbals from practising musicians.

A reporter from a national newspaper asked one of the officiating Chinese last year if the shrine was Buddhist. "Oh, no," he was told. "We have many religions in China. Combine them all, you know, mix them up, and add a few more if we feel like it. Buddhism, Taoism, Confucianism—Earth God, Kitchen God, City God, Justice God, Ancestor Gods. Lots of gods. You could say the Chinese concept of heav-

en is beyond human understanding."

This diverting line of theological inquiry was interrupted by the boisterous arrival of the dragon, a spectacular apparition that pranced around the enclosure in dramatic fashion, causing howls of fright among some of the smaller barbarians and making proper obeisance before the shrine and a nearby TV camera crew. Other youths, wearing the T-shirts of the Praying Mantis Kung Fu Club, tramped along in its violent wake, crashing cymbals together and beating drums. The dragon was followed by a unicorn, equally horrible, which shook its leering head like a madman shaking a fist. There was also a lion—an anti-climactic lion, possibly because lions lack the glamour of myth, but in this case because it was covered in bright yellow glossy fur of chemical origin.

The dancing gave way to speeches and awards—special banners and lucky red Hung Pao envelopes to participating dragons and unicorns, a marble plaque on a lacquered base to a man from the Hong Kong Government Office, and an inscribed memento to an officer of the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank. This gentleman expressed his thanks in a brief speech in which he reminded his listeners that it was not only the year of the monkey, it was the year of the Golden Monkey—"that high-spirited, naughty character", he said, "who always manages to come out best in the end, which leads us to hope that events bring us unexpected good fortune before the year ends". These observations having been translated into Cantonese and welcomed with shouts of the Chinese equivalent of "Hear, hear", the Kung Fu fighters demonstrated their mysterious skills with swords and staves and with what may or may not have been a carpenter's sawhorse, to an accompaniment of cymbals and drums and under the intent supervision of their black-costumed instructor. This stern figure, an older man with glittering eyes, seemed to be the embodiment of the Oriental martial arts, except that whenever he gave a dramatic signal for the percussionists to stop after each exercise they carried on banging.

At the end of the final Kung Fu display the chairman of the community association gave a well received speech which seemed to be the signal for the dragons and unicorns to take to the streets to retrieve the Hung Pao offerings. Newport Place was rapidly abandoned by the crowd, who trooped off behind the dancers on their first sortie across Shaftesbury Avenue.

The occasion was marred last year, but only slightly, when a party of English youths, believed to be marauders from the lost legion in Leicester Square, tried to steal the Hung Pao envelope from outside a tea room on Lisle Street. They were swiftly repelled by the owner, who drove them off with a ferocious burst of Cantonese death threats. In the main, however, it was a day of noisy fun and great good humour, as you would expect when everyone around you celebrates a birthday on the same day ●



The catastrophe of Majuba Hill

by Christopher Danziger

In February, 1881, a battle was fought on the Transvaal border against the Boers which should have given the British a memorable victory. Instead the fiasco at Majuba Hill is remembered as a terrible military humiliation.

A company of British soldiers fired 20,000 rounds at their enemy and made only one successful hit; a force established on top of a commanding height was completely surrounded and decimated by the enemy approaching from below; a British general so misjudged the progress of the battle that he had to be woken up (almost on the stroke of midday) in order to direct it. All this happened on February 27, 100 years ago, in southern Africa at Majuba, whose name was synonymous for many years with a terrible military humiliation.

Majuba (which, ironically, means "the hill of doves") was the highest peak in a long chain which effectively formed a boundary ridge between the British colony of Natal and the independent Dutch-speaking republic of the Transvaal. Almost immediately below it, to the east, ran the main road from Natal to the Transvaal, rising sharply as it passed between Majuba and a smaller hill—usually referred to as Table Hill—at a point called Laing's Nek (i.e. gap). The incline is so steep that when the railway was built ten years later the line had to be untangled under the ridge, thus "whisking travellers along", as a contemporary journalist put it, "at 30 miles an hour under rocks so lately watered with British blood".

Why this beautiful but unproductive place was, and is, of interest to anyone is a complicated story. In the hopes of ending the Dutch-speaking republics into a federation with the British-controlled states in southern Africa Britain annexed the Transvaal in 1877. After three years of fruitless negotiations had failed to restore their independence, the Transvaalers resorted to war. Meanwhile there had been a change of government in England and the new administration was considerably embarrassed by the situation: while on the one hand they rather sympathized with the Boers (as the Dutch farmers were called)—and had said so publicly—on the other they shared the general feeling that British authority would suffer if it seemed that they were backing down at the first show of force. Therefore, with Machiavellian cunning, they ordered the Boers to negotiate peace and the war to begin at the same time.

There were about 2,500 British troops propping up the military administration in the Transvaal but, to a man, they were immediately penned in

side some fairly makeshift forts by parties of besiegers. The only hope of relief could come from Natal, where the remnant of the army which had made such heavy weather of defeating the Zulus earlier in the year was stationed. Therefore the main body of the Transvaal army took up a position just north of Laing's Nek, where the main British assault was expected to fall.

The Commander-in-Chief of the British troops was 45-year-old Major-General Sir George Pomeroy Colley, Governor of Natal, who had had a distinguished academic career but whose only experience of action had been as second-in-command to Sir Garret Wolseley, chief of the British force during the Zulu war. If he had learned nothing else from him, he had seen how rapidly military heroes entered the hall of fame. He saw his greatest threat coming not from the Boers, whose numbers and ability he ludicrously underestimated, but from the British government's ambiguous policy, which might deprive him of a military triumph if its peace agents moved faster than he, its war agent, was able to do. Therefore Sir George—very recently married and knighted—was a man in a great hurry.

To fulfil his ambitions he had at his disposal about 1,200 men of whom 150 were mounted, though they were so raw and untrained that they could hardly be called cavalry. He had a few guns, which were expected to wreak havoc on the timorous Boers, and a couple of mysterious naval pieces known as rocket-tubes. With these he hoped to crush an enemy of 5,000 to 6,000 men and relieve doubt the number of his own troops.

When Sir George reached the Transvaal frontier he could see that the key to a quick military success lay in prizing the Boers off the upper ridges of the Nek. He first made a direct attempt, from the utter failure of which he concluded that troops on high ground have an insuperable advantage over an enemy approaching from below. He then allowed himself to be trapped into fighting another battle at the ford spanning his lines of communication, where only the over-confidence of the Boers allowed him or any of his men to escape to safety. Obviously he was not dependent on Sir George calculated that there was still time to retrieve a battered reputation by one lightning triumph before the peace negotiations bore fruit.

He was undeniably a romantic, and

the obvious—the only—venue for a face-saving operation of this kind was the pyramidal mass which dominated both the military and geographical landscape—Majuba. Once he was on top of Majuba the Boers' lines would be open and defenceless. Simply to scale it under the noses of the enemy (who thought it too steep even to consider worth defending) would be a feat equal to Wolfe's ascent of the Heights of Quebec: what was more, it might well decide the outcome of the war.

As an idea it came too late to recommend it. As carried out by Sir George, it was a fiasco. The climb was successful enough and all the more so for being made at dead of night by soldiers so heavily weighed down that they had to scramble up on their hands and knees. Two detachments were left at base camps along the way, leaving about 360 men to claw their way on to the slightly concave plateau at the summit of Majuba. There the dawn of what was to be a torrid summer's day broke to reveal the unsuspecting formations of the enemy pointing 45° away from them in the direction from which they might have been expected to attack.

The sheer one-upmanship of it was simply too much for the troops to bottle up inside. Some of them started crowing and jeering at the Boers below them, and a lieutenant, who should have known better, took a pot-shot at a patrol which was expected to break havoc on the Boers. The Boers, however, were the absolutely vital element of secrecy and surprise which presumably had been the object of the night-time manoeuvre. When the Boers had been alerted to the horrifying truth they took a flatteringly similar view of their situation. They were so sure that the initiative had been wrenched from their grasp that there began an immediate commotion to break camp, harness wagons and saddle horses. The panic was only checked when cooler heads (such as that of the Boer commander's wife, Hendrina Susanna Joubert) observed that no attempt was being made to follow up the occupation of the summit.

And none was made—in this lies the disaster and the mystery of Majuba. Mystery because Sir George never communicated a plan to anyone; what use to safety. Doubtless the triumph of scaling the mountain we shall never know. To all queries put to him he simply gave the cryptic reply, "Just hold this place for three days. That is all I ask of you."

All we can be certain of is that was



not done. Most reprehensible of all, no attempt was made to co-ordinate this success with any action by other troops left at camp. No artillery, not even the relatively light rocket tubes which would have given such a small force effective striking power against a whole army, was taken up. No survey was made of the enemy's flanks of the hill, let alone any attempt to deny them possession of it. In other words, no sign was given that Sir George regarded the position as one from which the British might launch an attack.

However, neither were any preparations made for defence. No trenches were dug, no gunnery screens erected, no consolidation of their position made at all except to dig deep enough to find water "with which to dilute our gin". A few troops were posted on three little promontories which guarded the corners of what was a triangularly shaped plateau, but most of the others were recorded, quite well on into the action, as being "very comfortable, eating, sleeping or smoking".

Meanwhile, once the Boers' initial instinct to flee had been reversed, a party of volunteers was called for to storm the

summit and raised in an instant. In their dun-coloured jackets and trousers they were not easy to pick out as the younger men (some apparently no more than 14 years old) scrambled up the west, north and east slopes while the older members covered their progress with devastating volleys of gunfire. Sir George was convinced that they were just trying to cover a retreat and telegraphed to base camp, "All very comfortable. Boers was wasting ammunition. One man wounded in foot."

After an hour or two, however, there were already signs enough that the top of a hill is not always a good place from which to resist attackers below you. If, for instance, the hilltop is approximately saucer-shaped, it follows that to see over the rim of the saucer a man has to stretch so far that he exposes himself against the skyline to anyone aiming at him from below. Even worse, it could mean that the last few yards of the ascent, though not easy to scale, might be completely out of sight of the defenders. Both these conditions applied in many places on the perimeter of Majuba and Sir George had been given warning of them when, with his three

senior officers, he peered over the edge and remarked, "There's a man trying to shoot us!" With the help of a binocular he had just dismissed the attempt as absurd on the grounds that the marksmen was 900 yards away when a bullet entered Commander Romilly's stomach (fatally wounding him) with such an impact that they were all convinced it must have been a dum-dum bullet. The loss of senior officers was particularly serious because, again for no known reason, Sir George had chosen to take companies from almost every regiment in the column rather than any one whole regiment. He thus discarded not only the normal regimental *esprit de corps*, but also the whole system of the chain of command.

In spite of this upset, Sir George was so sure no real danger existed that soon afterwards he leant up against a ridge inside the hollow and went to sleep. That was how he was found at about noon by Lieutenant Ian Hamilton, who was later to lead the even more disastrous expedition to Gallipoli in 1915. Hamilton reported that under cover of a deadly volley of cross-fire a party of Boers had reached the terrace immediately below

the promontory on the northern ridge.

Hamilton's warning came too late. A quarter of an hour later another deafening salvo pinned his party down while the first wave of Boers swept on to the summit. Once the northern perimeter was lost, so was the mountain. Some of the defenders panicked at once, running across the plateau to throw themselves screaming down the only unthreatened descent, the southern slope. Others who stayed were crowded into a smaller and smaller area to become an even easier target. They gained a brief respite by regrouping behind the ridge that had so recently been Sir George's pillow until the right flank came under such heavy pressure that the attackers could outflank the ridge. Some fought on until they had nothing left but their bare fists. Some conceded the inevitable, surrendered and were led off into captivity. Others fled down the southern slope while the Boers picked them off "like bucks".

Among those killed on the plateau was Sir George, some say in the act of surrender, some say while fleeing, some say in a trance like detachment from the battle, and some say courting death to wipe out the shame of defeat. His death

On the summit of Majuba Hill, as it was depicted in the *ILN* of April 16, 1881.

was as mysterious as his campaign. How can we rationalize, 100 years later, this catastrophe to British arms? Is it not enough to say, like Lady Colley's friend, Mrs Montague, that it came "of commanding boys instead of men", those "boys" had given very good account of themselves at the two preceding setbacks at Laing's Nek and Ingogo. It is not enough to note that many of the rifles captured by the Boers had their sights set at 400 to 500 yards. So much of the later fighting was at point-blank range that it is almost impossible to explain how, when over 20,000 rounds were fired, only one Boer was killed. It is not enough to grant, as the Duke of Cambridge did, that "we were beaten by an army of deerstalkers". Even the best marksman can only hit a target if it is offered to him.

The fact remains that a professional army was thrashed by amateurs in spite of an overwhelming geographical advantage and—most distressing of all—in the cause of a war which the politicians had already ended. ●

Backing Britain's brainwaves

by Sybil Harper

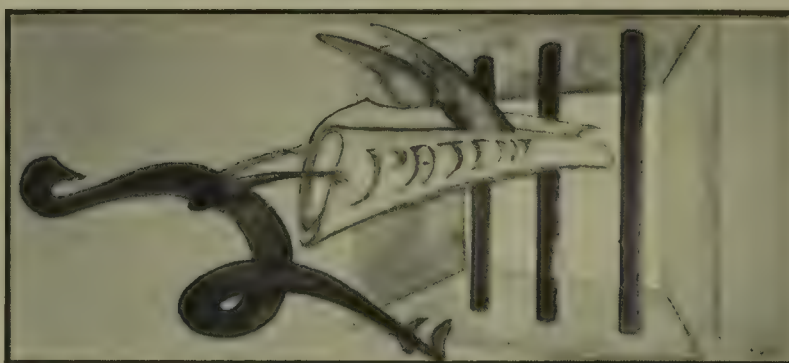
As a country Britain has always been known for good ideas, from cat's eyes to the electronic brain scanner, and there is no lack of inventive genius today. Recent inventions range through ambidextrous scissors to the design of the rising sector gates of the Thames flood barrier. However, inventors often despair of seeing their brainwaves in production and proving of benefit to everyone, including themselves, and often success comes only when the idea escapes abroad for development.

Reaction to anything new generally tends to be, "It won't work", meaning it won't sell, an almost joyous put-down. This is an old story. Way back in the late 1500s it was normal to seek patronage, and the Reverend William Lee went to the highest in the land with his simple knitting machine, but neither Queen Elizabeth I nor the City would back him. Eventually his brother persuaded a Nottingham man to go into production. Lee's invention was virtually a knitting frame and a row of hooks, which made stockings more cheaply than could be done by hand. But by the time it was in use the inventor was dead.

In 1934, when Percy Shaw designed the first cat's eye, the authorities doubted its usefulness, and it was the war that caused "50,000 cat's eyes to help fight the blackout" and brought Shaw success. Experiments with a blower feeding air into an inverted coffee tin through a hole in the base looked like the work of another cranky inventor, and even in 1958 Cockerell's first hovercraft was considered impractical. Although he received a knighthood he did not make much money from the idea. Television pictures of the 1980 Warsaw Pact manoeuvres showing giant Russian hover landing craft proved that others saw the advantages.

In the case of the Gillette throw-away blade, the steel could not be made thin enough, hard enough, flat enough or cheap enough, the experts said. Luckily the inventor persevered. Today inventors need even more perseverance and persistence to overcome the problems of finding either a company prepared to risk money on their flash of inspiration, or finance to go into business themselves.

Dunlop's first inflatable rubber tyre was ridiculed as a "pudding tyre". Recently James Dyson made virtually the first inflatable plastic tyre when he designed the Ballbarrow. He became annoyed by the sloppy performance of an ordinary wheelbarrow in his garden. The wheel frequently stuck in the mud and the barrow was clumsy. So Dyson, who had trained as a designer, thought of using a large, inflatable sphere instead of a wheel, that would spread the weight-load and be easier to push. He made his first model round a football, but when he approached ICI about plastic supplies he was told that his idea



would not work. Alarmed by this remark, but undaunted, he started production in 1975 with two workers in a barn behind his house. With the help of family loans he moved into a factory at Corsham, and today the firm of Kirk-Dyson employs around 40 in a modern building and makes around 2,000 Ballbarrows a week.

Dyson is now working on a new vacuum cleaner with no messy dust bag to empty and no filter; it is an adaptation of the industrial cyclone extractor which involves a rotating column of air like a cyclone. His prototype also jets air into the carpet to dislodge the dirt. This time Dyson is negotiating to sell the design to a European manufacturer.

The inventor of the first viable vacuum cleaner, Hubert Booth, thought up the idea for cloth filters by lying on the floor with a handkerchief over his mouth and sucking. Other inventors have gone below ground level and come up with good ideas. Most town dwellers seldom think of the sewers beneath them and assume the network of pipes will go on for ever; but some of these pipes are so old they are not even mapped. Michael Barry is an entrepreneur with closer knowledge. While running a plumbing company he was asked if he could do a pipe survey. He accepted, expecting to subcontract, but then found only two companies doing such surveys and they were fully booked. So with considerable enterprise he designed a pipe-surveying system: it uses a television camera and a photographic camera sharing the same lens. The device is lowered through a manhole by a pulley and slowly dragged through the pipe, revealing breaks and cracks on a closed circuit television monitor in a van above. At the same time the photographic camera makes a permanent record.

For five years Maurice Shaw has tried to put his musical pot on the market and vehemently echoes the inventors' common experience. His child's pot plays a tune when used; the urine completes a circuit in the base to a musical box underneath. It has been extensively tested in hospitals and nurseries and found to aid toilet training and it is especially useful with handicapped children. His persistence seems at last to be paying off, but not entirely in Britain. He has been negotiating with a

large company, but despite enormous interest he has not yet been able to work out a jointly agreeable deal. No one wants to invest until they see the invention selling and showing a profit, but this is impossible if you cannot afford to produce in large quantities. Shaw has also invented an electronic bear with spastic children in mind; it can be used for hand therapy, as several children hold hands with the bear and find by touching the paws they hear a jolly tune.

An American company interested in Shaw's electronic toys wants to make them in Taiwan and sell world wide. This may be the breakthrough he needs. He thinks that there should be a forum composed of representatives from banks and other interested bodies and inventors with marketable products, so that companies seeking additions to their range would have a centre to approach. Any inventors helped as a result would contribute a percentage of their profits to such a centre to keep it going, thus helping other inventors.

About the only organization where inventors can at present get advice is the Institute of Patentees and Inventors, a non-profit-making body which helps with information and by setting up a show-place once a year for its members' inventions. Its President is Lord Lloyd of Kilgerran, and the editor of its journal says that negotiations are in progress to try to find a permanent venue for an inventors' gallery.

Richard Hawkins, inventor of the ambidextrous scissors, began with cardboard models before he made a practical prototype of the scissors which can be used with either hand. He then visited likely manufacturers in Sheffield, but for reasons too numerous to relate no one wanted to invest, so he decided to borrow £5,000 and start on his own. After a slow beginning in 1978, due largely to faulty manufacture, his scissors have sold steadily. Even so, the Hawkinses only make as much money as they did when each of them had a job.

So it is hardly surprising that some inventors decide against the bother of going into business. Richard Raybone had the ingenious idea of a plastic extrusion to fit inside a water pipe to prevent bursting in cold weather. If the water in the pipe freezes the plastic tube partially collapses so the water expands intern-

ally rather than breaking the pipe. A Canadian firm have now taken up the idea but Raybone himself prefers to run his fish shop in Birmingham.

Goronwy Davies has invented the Neola, a new stringed musical instrument which has won a Design Council award; as it uses plastic and aluminium rather than wood it looks as if it could be produced quickly and cheaply. It should have more success than the Aerephon, a steam-driven musical instrument demonstrated at Cremone Gardens, Chelsea, in the 18th century which could be heard, it was said, as far away as Hungerford Bridge. Davies's design is in line with modern methods, but he is unable to produce in quantity in the present industrial climate.

One of the few really successful recent British inventors is Ronald Hickman, whose Workmate has been on the market some years now. Even so, he tried six companies before Black & Decker took it up. Although he has made money with Workmate, and other inventions, he has had to spend a fortune on legal battles to defend his patents. To patent your idea costs money and you can only patent a true workable invention, not just a principle. Sometimes various parts of the idea need separate patents; Workmate needed ten. In such cases you need to employ a patent agent, but that, too, costs money.

Two accountants, Nigel Chapman and Peter Moles, started an enterprise to help enterprise—a business brokerage bureau. They are conscientiously mixing and matching people with ideas and inventions and people with some money to invest. They tried this in a small way two years ago and found that it was filling a gap. Many people reaching retiring age with some money to spare are looking for an enterprise to which their expertise will contribute as well as their cash. One such successful match was made between Parkhill Designs and a newly retired backer. He was able to invest £24,000 and his expertise and became a 33½ per cent shareholder, and the company benefited without giving up too much of what its founders had striven to achieve for over 11 years.

Small businesses are one of the few sources of creating new employment. The invention starts with one person, but production entails more jobs and can also bring in wealth from exports. However, it is not just a question of making money, it is the satisfaction of creating something of your own. As Prince Charles remarked when launching his Award for Industrial Innovation and Production scheme on television, it is something that gives people a little bit of hope in the present somewhat grim climate. The inventor, designer or innovator needs encouragement—and an ability to see the lucky break and turn it to advantage.

The renaissance of real ale

by Mitch Pryce

Small, independent publican-brewers selling real ale in place of the "convenience" beer supplied by the large breweries are starting up all over the country, despite the monopoly of the Big Six.

The author talked to three of these enterprising publicans and found that business is booming.

At 11 o'clock one morning David Bruce opened the doors of his newly acquired Southwark pub for the first time. Situated under a railway bridge The Duke of York had never been popular with beer drinkers and had become a sad monument to one of London's declining areas. As the first customers drifted in, Bruce crossed the road to get some change from the bank. On his return the place was packed and it has stayed that way ever since.

The main attraction at The Goose and Firkin, as Bruce has renamed it, is the beer. It is brewed on the premises and served from traditional hand-pumps. His mixed experiences at Courage, a large brewery, and Theakston, a smaller, homelier one, whetted Bruce's appetite to branch out alone as a brewer-publican. At Courage, where he could programme a brew via a computer control room without ever seeing the product, his job satisfaction was minimal. Now, working for himself up to 15 hours a day, often in Wellington boots down a cellar, his commitment to The Goose and Firkin is immense—a £250,000 turnover in the first year of operating is testimony to that.

In the past five years dozens of similarly small, independent concerns serving local communities have sprung to life on a new wave of enthusiasm for real ale. Famous beers like Bass and Whitbread Trophy have been joined in the bars of Britain by new brews with strange names like Godson's Black Horse (GBH) and Saxon Cross Bitter.

Genuine draught beer or "real ale" can be broadly defined as beer brewed from malted barley, hops, yeast, water and in some cases sugar, served either by gravity, straight from the barrel, or drawn by pump from the cellar.

The trend towards real ale can be traced back to the widespread closure of breweries, 147 in all, during the 1960s. During that decade, and to a lesser extent in the early 70s, the balance of British brewing was tilted heavily in favour of the Big Six—Bass Charrington, Allied UK, Whitbread, Watneys, Courage, and Scottish & Newcastle—who between them owned around 75 per cent of all pubs. With Guinness, the Six were by 1974 producing 80 per cent of the nation's beer.

As rationalization was pursued with vigour, many famous regional breweries were closed. Joules of Stone, Staffordshire, where monks had first brewed back in the 12th century, and the legendary Barnsley brewery were two of the more deeply mourned victims. The economies of scale that the big brewers could bring to the industry were

a powerful argument in favour of mergers. Certainly the Monopolies Commission, which allowed the take-overs, thought so. But the concentration of production at a small number of selected sites to serve huge geographical areas meant that any steep rise in transport costs would inevitably ensure dearer beer. The oil crisis has borne this out with the Big Six breweries usually charging more than small independents like Young's of Wandsworth, who still use dray horses to deliver to some of their 138 pubs.

Even the rise in price might have been forgiven had the quality remained unaltered. But keg beers, which are chilled, filtered, pasteurized and carbonated to retain a longer life, were seen to be the ultimate convenience drink—convenient for the brewers, that is. National brands like Watney's Red, Whitbread Tankard and Double Diamond were heavily promoted and sales grew accordingly.

The tide started to turn in the early 70s. The Campaign for Real Ale, Camra, formed by disaffected drinkers from all walks of life, immediately attracted publicity with its scathing attacks on the blandness of keg beers.

The take-over boom petered out, but by 1974 there were only 155 breweries left, compared with 358 in 1960, 700 in 1945, 3,000 in 1918, and 6,000 in 1900. Since 1960 the number of pubs owned by the Big Six had risen from 16,600 to 40,000. In 1914 the number of pubs brewing on the premises was 1,447. Sixty years on, the figure had fallen to an all-time low of four: The Blue Anchor at Helston, Cornwall; The All Nations, Madeley and The Three Tuns, Bishop's Castle, Shropshire; and The Old Swan, Netherton, Dudley.

Since that darkest hour for small brewers, progress has been dramatic. A special supplement to Camra's monthly newspaper *What's Brewing* listed over 40 new independent breweries and more are planned. A new organization was launched to protect their interests—the Small Independent Brewers' Association. Its chairman is Peter Austin, formerly head brewer at the Hull brewery, and a father-figure to many of the new independents. Austin now runs the Ringwood brewery in Hampshire, supplying 35 outlets with his Ringwood Bitter and Fortyniner. He is anxious not to upset the larger Brewers' Society which is heavily influenced by representatives of the Big Six, but says: "Our commercial interests are divorced from theirs. The Brewers' Society has every intention of retaining the tied house system (which ties a landlord to serving beers of a single brewery)

whereas we have every intention of breaking it."

David Bruce recalls: "I first saw The Goose and Firkin in February, 1979. Truman's, which is part of Watneys, didn't want to renew their lease. When I took over the lead had been ripped off the roof, the windows were boarded up, there was no hot water and there was a dead rat in the food cupboard. I decided to gut the place and make it into a boozer, with lots of wood, brass and glass. I cannot stand droopy red lampshades and green dralon, button-backed, banquet seats."

It took him just seven weeks to convert the pub and install brewing equipment in the cellar. The return on his efforts was immediate. In the first fortnight of trading The Goose and Firkin had amassed a staggering 25 per cent of Truman's former annual trade. Sales are now steady at around 20 barrels, or 6,000 pints, a week. As well as Bruce's own bitters, which possess curious names like Earthstopper and Dogbolter, the pub also serves more familiar brews such as Bass and Shepherd Neame, in recognition of the loans he has received from those two breweries.

Bruce's success is being duplicated elsewhere. Four years ago exiled Scot John Payne knew nothing about the subtle skills of brewing. Today, aged 28, he is the leader of a three-man band called Smiles Brewing Company, based in Bristol, and he produces some 45 barrels a week for the local free trade.

When he opened a restaurant in November, 1976, Payne used part of the premises to brew his own beer. As the restaurant established itself, Payne asked local free houses to test the demand for a new beer in a market dominated by Courage. The landlords' response was encouraging, enough to persuade Payne to lease a draughty old building in Colston Yard and install £6,000 worth of brewing equipment, financed through a mortgage on his house. By April, 1978, Payne was brewing to the consistently high standard expected of a saleable beer.

"In the early weeks I relied heavily on a friend of my father's, 'a brewing chemist,' he remembers. "He was like a doctor. I would tell him everything I had done and when I had finished he would tell me where I had gone wrong."

Smiles Best Bitter, christened over a pint, has an original gravity of 1040 which is slightly above average strength for a bitter ale. Original gravity, or OG, is the measurement of the amount of fermentable matter added to water to make beer. Thus if water has a gravity of 1000, a beer of OG 1040 will have 40

parts of fermentable malt, hops and yeast. Payne refuses to use sugar or extracts in his Smiles beer. In November, 1978, he started brewing Smiles Champion, a stronger, sweeter ale (OG 1051) which has taken some of the ground from Courage's Directors' Bitter. One of the earliest markets to be tapped was Bristol University, where most drinkers are fairly indiscriminating about what they consume as long as there is plenty of it. The university has played a key role in Smiles's success. Payne took an extramural course there to complete his brewing education and also persuaded Harry, a cellar man, to join him at the new brewery.

For a year Payne drew no salary from his venture but he is now beginning to reap the benefits. Christmas, 1979, brought a boom in take-away sales from the back-alley brewery and his team was working up to 18 hours a day to meet the demand of 265 barrels in four weeks. The profit from that period is being stored away for future expansion.

Perhaps the doyen of small brewers is The Old Swan, Netherton, in the borough of Dudley, which in recent years has developed into a Mecca for real ale enthusiasts. In the heart of the Black Country "Mrs Pardoe's", as it is widely known, offers a unique, home-brewed, light, mild ale at a knockdown price. Last January a 2p increase boosted the price of a pint to 30p—up to 20p cheaper than you are likely to find in London.

The pub has brewed its own beer for over 60 years, since the days when over 200 home-brew-houses thrived in Dudley, eight of them serving the small community of Netherton. Sadly The Old Swan was the only one to survive the Depression and the war. When Mr Pardoe died in 1952 his wife Doris kept the business thriving until she grew too old to play an active part. Today her daughter Brenda and son-in-law, Sidney Allport, continue to bear the family standard, and have no intention of selling out to larger brewers.

Head brewer George Cooksey learned the Pardoe brewing recipe from his father, the previous head brewer. Three times a fortnight he brews enough to supply the patrons of the small Victorian pub, 75 per cent of whom come from outside Netherton for the beer.

As he nears the end of his working life George Cooksey can reflect on how he, the Pardoes and The Old Swan have remained true to their traditions. Now, after years of fighting a lonely battle, they are being joined by others, equally determined to preserve the quality of the British pint ●

Excavation in Tuscany

by Tim Tatton-Brown

The ruins of a Republican Roman villa have been uncovered 86 miles north-west of Rome. The author, who is Director of the Canterbury Archaeological Trust, reports on the finds of this continuing Anglo-Italian project.

When the fifth season of excavation at Sette Finestre finished in September, 1979, it was clear that two-thirds of a large, late Republican villa and its equally large working farm had been uncovered. What had started in 1975 as a small, Anglo-Italian project had become the largest training and research excavation on a Roman villa in Italy. Not only that but Sette Finestre is also one of the very few early Roman villas to be excavated outside the Bay of Naples area.

Sette Finestre is the modern name for a small hill set in the plain close to the west coast of Italy, about 86 miles north-west of Rome. On top of this hill, which is close to the Via Aurelia and the Roman colony of Cosa, are the ruins of a large villa which have been terraced into the hillside. Underneath the ruins are the extremely well preserved vaults of an extensive series of porticos and cryptoporticos which have never been filled up and which are still being used as stores by the modern farmer. The largest of these porticos has a series of arched openings on one side and these probably gave the villa its name, Sette Finestre, meaning Seven Windows. In front of this portico and retaining a large terrace at a lower level is a 10 to 12 foot high buttressed wall which has round towers on it. When work started with a preliminary survey in 1975 the villa's date and its total area were uncertain.

Professor Andrea Carandini, who held the chair of Roman Archaeology and Art at Siena University, suggested that a joint Anglo-Italian excavation should start on the site for a month in 1976. The invitation was quickly accepted and, with a grant from the British Academy and some other British institutions, a team under my direction set out to begin work alongside our Italian colleagues.

The excavation itself was from the first planned as a joint training and research project and has involved particularly students from the Universities in Tuscany (Siena, Pisa and Florence) and the Institute of Archaeology in London. Later students from universities all over Italy joined the excavation and British students from other universities, particularly those reading ancient history at Cambridge, have also participated. As well as the excavation, an intensive field survey project in the surrounding area has been undertaken, and this, too, has proved most rewarding.

During the first three seasons the ex-

cavations concentrated on the main central area of the villa and it soon became apparent that the plan was in the form usually found in the large houses in and around Pompeii. On the north-east side the main entrance led from an open courtyard via a vestibule to the atrium which in turn led, via the tablinum, to the peristyle and finally through another room to the great loggia which had extensive views all round. The whole is axially planned and this part of the villa is a perfect square with sides of exactly 150 feet. The loggia itself, which is L-shaped, ran the entire length of the north-west and south-west sides.

Around the atrium and peristyle were a whole series of rooms, all of which contained masses of fallen, painted wall-plaster and it was soon evident that a whole new excavation technique would have to be evolved. Many of the walls in the villa were built of mud, a sort of *pisé*, on low stone bases and when the villa was abandoned the roofs soon collapsed and the mud then dissolved in the winter rains. This meant that the wall-plaster would fall in irregular sheets which, with careful excavation, could be raised and reconstructed. Unfortunately this takes a great deal of time and the cleaning and reconstruction of all the painted walls will take many years. However, the painted scenes which are beginning to appear show that one day we shall have as fine a collection of wall-paintings as in many of the houses in Pompeii. As well as the wall-paintings almost every room, including the atrium, peristyle and loggia, had fine, polychrome mosaics which, like the wall-paintings, date from about the mid first century BC. One of the rooms, an elaborate "Corinthian oecus", even had a fine *opus sectile* (marble) floor. Immediately beneath the peristyle was a perfectly preserved cryptoportico which was lit by holes and shafts between the columns in the stylobate of the peristyle, and the two areas were connected by a stair-well just off the north-east corner of the peristyle. The stair-well also connects with other vaults which underlie the lower part of the villa, and ultimately with the main gardens on the terraces below the house. Under the atrium are two large cisterns which are still in use today.

In the north-eastern part of the main building was a large industrial area containing an oil mill and press on one side, and a row of three grape presses and a vat on the other. The area was later turned into a small bathing suite and



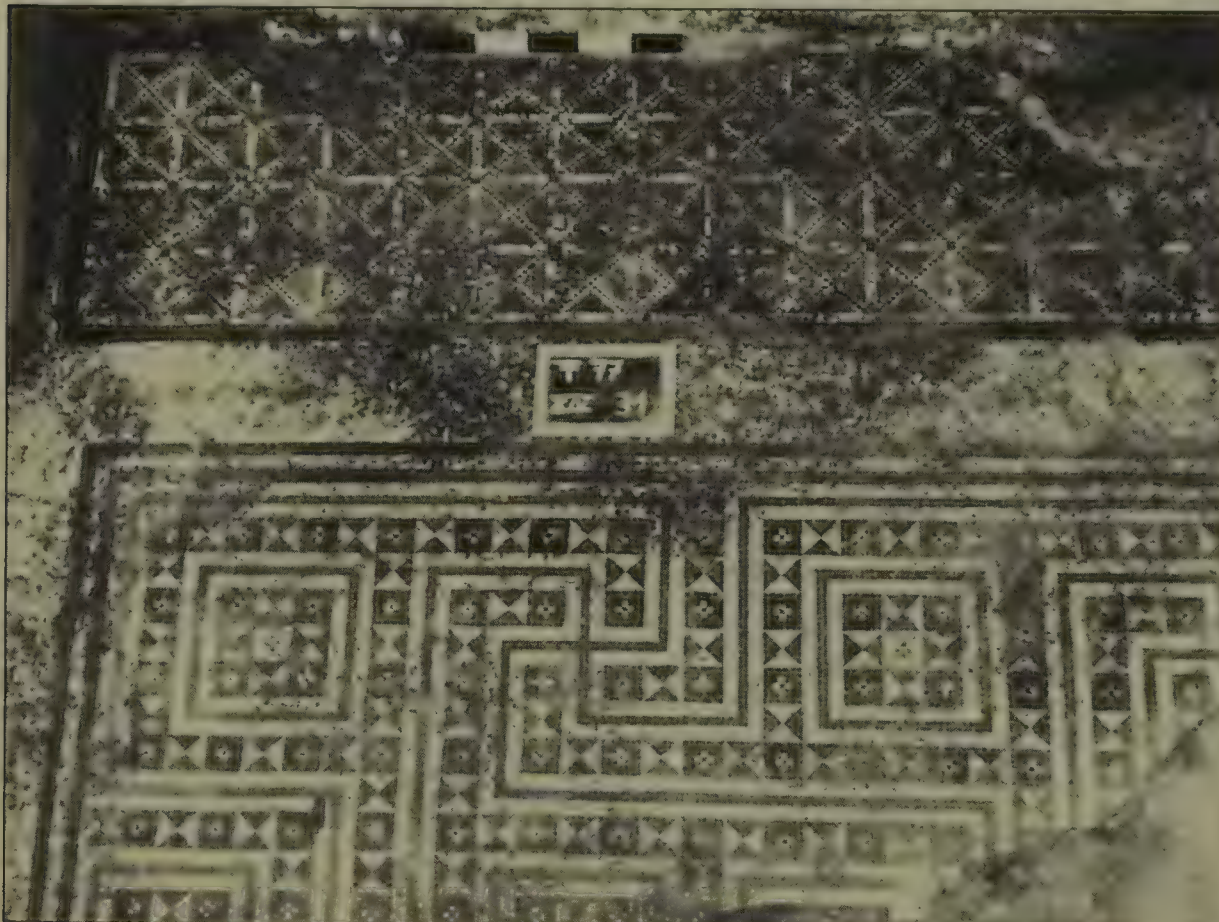
The well preserved, buttressed wall of the villa is 10 to 12 feet high and from the distance its rounded towers make it look like a city wall.



An architectural terracotta ornament in the form of a lion's head from the villa.



Twenty wooden seats would have covered the left-hand drain of the villa's main latrine discovered in the north-eastern part of the main building. Right, a skeleton from the early medieval period when the site was used as a farm.



Part of a fine, polychrome mosaic dating from about the mid first century BC found in the tablinum of the villa.

service rooms, but throughout the earlier history of the villa it was clearly an important factory area that must have been worked by slaves. The bases of all the presses were well preserved and using the ancient sources it is possible to work out how they were used. The oil mill, which stood in its own little courtyard, was clearly worked by donkeys or mules walking round in circles; a worn track was still visible in the floor. In one corner of this area there was also a large 20-seater latrine.

During the 1980 excavations we were able to look at a large area of the main farm buildings and, though more work is to be done here in the future, it is now possible to see that there was a very large working farm with a great barn and many storerooms. The most interesting discovery was of 27 pig-sties around a large open courtyard. This is the first time that they have been found at a Roman villa in Italy though we know all about them from the writings of Varro and Columella. It is clear that they were used for breeding sows and their piglets.

The villa itself was built in about the middle of the first century BC and was apparently abandoned by about the middle of the second century AD. It seems, therefore, that it had less than two centuries' existence. After this it was abandoned and allowed to fall into ruin, and only in the medieval period was the site again used as a farm ●

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Choice for the coming summer

by David Tennant

Last year well over ten million Britons took their holidays abroad—an amazing record, considering our straitened economic circumstances. What 1981 will bring is questionable. At the Association of British Travel Agents' annual convention in Florence last November the mood varied from the considerable optimism of a few to the expectation of others that foreign leisure travel would drop markedly. Sober reality, or "static at best", was the view of the majority.

It is all the more surprising, therefore, that the number of holidays offered by the travel trade—and especially the inclusive tour companies—is up on last year by an average of 20 per cent. Competition is keen and it is unquestionably a buyers' market. No doubt a number of holidays now being promoted will have been either cancelled or "consolidated"—the travel industry's euphemism for altered—by the time the main summer season comes. With this in mind I have been going through brochures on the coming summer's foreign holidays and have selected a handful which I consider worth while and know are operated by reliable companies.

One of these is the Golden Age Wine Tour starting from London on May 24. It includes an Alitalia scheduled flight to Pisa and a *de luxe* coach ride to that magnificent small city, Siena, where the group stays in the first-class Hotel Jolly Excelsior for a week and makes leisurely excursions to San Gimignano with its many towers, to Orvieto and Chianti, names synonymous with wine, and to superb Florence. Calls will be made at several leading vineyards and there will also be a full day in Siena itself. A professional courier will accompany the tour in Italy and all meals excluding one lunch are included in the price of £379, with a single room supplement of £36. This is not the cheapest holiday in Italy by any means but I am sure it is one of the best, and there is another departure on September 6.

These holidays are arranged by CIT, the Italian specialists, who are also promoting art and architectural tours in Umbria, Tuscany and Veneto, and a special gourmet tour based on Bassano del Grappa, in addition to a wide selection of more conventional holidays all over Italy. The cost of all their holidays includes second-class return rail travel from your nearest home station to London or Gatwick at no extra charge.

For those seeking an out-of-the-ordinary touring holiday I can recommend an easy-going itinerary in Spain around some of those unique top-quality hotels called *paradores*. Owned and operated by the Ministry of Tourism, many have been superbly converted from former palaces, castles, monasteries and mansions while others have been specially built. All are very



Top, the cathedral in Siena; above, the spa town of Baden Baden in the Black Forest.

comfortable and have the finest furnishings including in many cases valuable works of art. And whether you are in a medieval castle or a contemporary structure, high standards apply.

It has not always been easy to find a room in the *paradores*, so popular are they, but Mundi Color, an associate company of the Spanish national airline Iberia, have been able to secure fixed allocations of rooms in about 15 of them in the two Castilles and Andalucia. Around them they have planned a series of three 11- or 12-day holidays with a fixed but easy-going itinerary using a hired car picked up at the airport on arrival. Two of these, covering Old Castille and New Castille, start and finish at Madrid, the third at Malaga.

Based on Malaga, participants fly by scheduled Iberia flight from Heathrow and drive along the coast to Nerja for a two-night stay. The route continues through Almeria to Mojacar, a delightful Moorish-style, hill-top village, for three nights and then on for an overnight stop in the attractive *parador* at Puerto Lumberras. The next stop is Jaen in the heart of Andalucia, where the *parador* is an ancient castle, and the final two or three nights (depending on itinerary) are spent in Granada, the beautiful city of the Alhambra.

Departures are on Tuesdays and Saturdays from April to October and the cost for each person with two sharing is between £326 and £374 inclusive of half board, hire of car on an unlimited mileage basis and flights. The Castille tours are approximately £8 to

£10 cheaper.

Of the many thousands of miles I have travelled by train in the past 25 years the mere 12 miles from Flåm on the Sognefjord in western Norway to Myrdal on the main Bergen to Oslo line are particularly memorable. An engineering marvel, this railway rises over 2,800 feet from sea level, passes over deep ravines and cascading waterfalls and through short tunnels, and clings to the precipitous mountainsides.

I am particularly pleased that this spectacular ride is included in a week-long holiday in Norway planned by Travel Time, part of the Fred Olsen shipping group. It starts with a scheduled flight on Scandinavian Airlines from Heathrow to Bergen for two nights in this attractive city, spent in the first-class Hotel Orion. On the third day you travel by steamer to the Sognefjord and thence by bus to Sogndal for three nights at a fjord-side hotel. On the sixth day the route goes by bus, ferry and train via Flåm and Myrdal to Oslo for two nights in a first-class hotel. On the final day there is the flight home to London. The cost, which includes all travel, bed and breakfast in Bergen and Oslo, and full board in Sogndal, is £289, with departures every Sunday from mid May to mid September. There are numerous other Norwegian holidays either by air or sea in this company's programme.

American Express, that long-established company with branches all over the world, has in recent years moved into the villa renting business.

One of its areas of operation is the Côte d'Azur which, in spite of many competitors and many changes, remains one of the most attractive holiday regions in Europe. The properties range from studio apartments sleeping two or four to luxurious villas accommodating up to eight or ten (and 14 in one case). Some are on the coast, others inland, and all are of an exceptionally high standard. Rent is not cheap, ranging from £209 for an apartment sleeping two to £1,087 in high season for a magnificent villa at Cap Ferrat accommodating up to ten in considerable luxury. These prices are for one week and do not include travel and full details of these properties, and others in Portugal, Italy, Spain and Greece, are in the company's brochure *The Villa Book*.

Lastly, two short recommendations. In the late autumn of 1979 I spent a few days in the Black Forest area of Germany, staying for part of the time in Baden Baden, one of Europe's finest spas, opulent and nostalgic, and with an elegant kursaal and casino. I travelled there via the overnight ferry from Harwich to the Hook of Holland and by train through the Rhine valley. The German Railways tours division, DER Travel, is promoting Baden Baden in its inclusive holidays programme for the coming summer. A week's stay there in a choice of hotels of various grades costs from London between £149 and £228 for bed and breakfast with second-class rail and sea travel; in first class it is around £25 extra.

With the increased and continuing strength of the pound holidays in Switzerland are staging a substantial comeback. It is the vacation country *par excellence*, whether you choose a *de luxe* hotel in a grand resort like Montreux or Lugano or a simple *gasthaus* in a mountain village. Now well into its third decade, the Swiss Travel Service continues to offer the greatest variety of holidays travelling by air, rail or car. The range of accommodation is one of the widest of any inclusive tour programme and the arrangements provide considerable flexibility. For example, in Lucerne and around its beautiful lake they can provide eight-, 11-, 12- and 15-day holidays in seven hotels with flights from London, Birmingham and Manchester or by rail via Calais or Ostend to Basle. The cost with travel starts at just under £200 for a week to around £500 for two weeks, all with *demi-pension* ●

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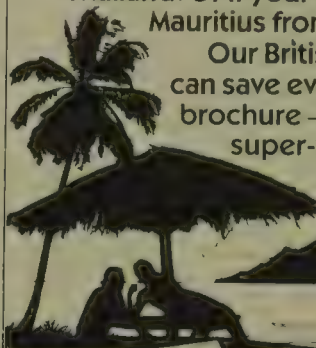
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Cruising in the Caribbean

by Andrew Moncur

When a first-class hotel detaches itself from the Miami waterfront and heads for the open sea its occupants, including those up on the sixth floor, are inclined to celebrate. They are all in the same boat, after all. Everybody is embarking on holiday—in this case a Caribbean cruise—and everybody shares the serious intention of enjoying unrelenting fun. The crew of their hotel, the cruise ship *Nordic Prince*, seriously intend that everybody should succeed in that aim (without going overboard). In that spirit the passengers on the boat deck are encouraged to throw paper streamers as the ship departs from the Port of Miami.

Two things are clear from the start. First, that they mean to take good care of you and, second, that this is a pleasant way of leaving the conglomerate city of Miami. Miami Beach has been described, unkindly, as God's waiting room. Certainly its residents are reminded of their mortality by signs like one in a shop window on Collins Avenue announcing "Blood pressure taken here". The cruise lines whose ships depart from the nearby port prefer to think of Miami as the embarkation point for paradise—of an entirely different kind. Their passengers are attracted by the prospect of sunshine and sea, interspersed with visits to more or less exotic islands where orchids grow on trees, birds hum, beaches are white, musicians are black, dollars are welcome and where, from time to time, it is possible to see shop window signs with a simpler message, such as "English and American spoken here". In between the islands there is the inviting, romantic and distinctly spoiling experience of life at sea in a mobile five-star hotel.

American might be expected to be the first language of the ships operating out of Miami, but increasingly there is the hum of English spoken in the British manner. The Norwegian-owned Royal Caribbean Cruise Line has been steadily increasing its passengers from Europe who embark on fly-cruise Caribbean holidays. The line operates three ships based at the Port of Miami making one- and two-week cruises. A fourth is due to come into service in 1982. Every Friday RCCL passengers leave London by scheduled British Airways flights to Miami. I joined the recently "stretched" *Nordic Prince*, which last year had a new 85 foot long mid-section inserted, increasing its complement of passenger cabins from 357 to 520 and raising its capacity from 724 to 1,040 people. It is a one-class ship in which every cabin is called a state-room and every meal resembles a state banquet.

On our first day at sea we sailed—in our one-class symbol of western creature comfort—the length of one-class Cuba. We were bound for Ocho Rios



Top, Dunn's River Falls, Jamaica. Above, Willemstad Harbour, Curaçao.

on the northern coast of Jamaica, where if the orchids, bougainvillea and scented juniper cedars do not overwhelm you the rushing waters of the Dunn's River Falls certainly will.

At these waterfalls visitors are invited to take part in a guided wade through pools and torrents and around boulders—an exercise that rather resembles an assault course. One member of our party emerged with a battered toe and I lost my shirt with a wrist watch in the pocket. Retrieval of lost property is a thriving local industry and I was later re-united with shirt and watch (for a price). The flowers in the Shaw Park Gardens are priceless.

We sailed—and sunned—our way to Curaçao, an integral if remote part of the Kingdom of the Netherlands, which was celebrating a royal visit by its queen on the day we arrived at the capital, the strikingly Dutch-looking town of Willemstad. The commercial centre is noted for its smart shops stocked with jewelry and fashions. Away from the main shopping streets it feels more like the Caribbean. There is a floating market, where boat-loads of fruit are offered for sale beneath flapping sail-cloth awnings, and nearby are cool bars and cafés selling sugar-coated buns.

From Curaçao it is only 150 nautical miles to La Guaira, the port for Car-

acas, capital of Venezuela, described in its own literature as a "fine-faceted jewel mounted at the rim of the Caribbean". The jewel is set among shanty slums, perched on the green and red, clouded hills. It is a city of fine squares, grand buildings and occasional beggars.

Barbados is 640 nautical miles and a world away. It is peaceful, ordered and neat. The beaches are beautiful and fanned by refreshing trade winds. Cricket, the national sport and preoccupation, is played everywhere. It takes almost exactly the same length of time to conduct a game (spread over three Saturdays) as it takes for the *Nordic Prince* to sail the Caribbean. I left the ship at Bridgetown but for most of the passengers the cruise was to go on for another week, taking them to Martinique, the Virgin Islands, the Dominican Republic and Haiti.

The cost of this two-week cruise, operated by Royal Caribbean Cruise Line, 35 Piccadilly, London W1V 9PB, including the return air fare from London to Miami and an overnight stay in Miami, ranges from £945 (for an inside cabin on B deck) to £1,400 (for an outside luxury state-room on the promenade deck) ●

From the many cruises available for the coming months our Travel Editor has selected the following.

An early season spectacular—*Canberra* (P & O) from Southampton to Gibraltar, Messina, Haifa (for Jerusalem), Limassol (Cyprus), Piraeus (for Athens), Palma, Southampton. April 20-May 2. 20 nights £733-£2,299.

North to Finland—*Uganda* (BI Line) from Tilbury to Travemünde (for Lübeck), Stockholm, Turku (Finland), Copenhagen, Amsterdam, Tilbury. June 7-20. 13 nights £556-£1,171.

A Summer Shortie—*Queen Elizabeth 2* (Cunard) from Southampton to Madeira, Las Palmas, Vigo (for Santiago de Compostela), Southampton. August 29-September 6. Seven nights £485-£1,665.

Alaskan Special—*Rotterdam* (Holland-America) from San Francisco to Vancouver, Prince Rupert, Ketchikan, Juneau (Alaska's capital), Glacier Bay cruise, Sitka, Victoria (BC), San Francisco. Six 11-night cruises, first departure June 29, last August 28, £798-£1,722 from San Francisco, tips included. Air passage can be arranged.

On Top of the World—(Fred Olsen Cruises). Round voyage from Bergen along the fjords calling at numerous ports on the way to Hammerfest and then over to Spitzbergen for two nights, returning via the fjords to Bergen. 12 days in all, several ships all quite small but very comfortable on the service. Five departures from Bergen, first June 14, last August 16, £713-£786 to include flights from Gatwick to Bergen; also available by sea from Newcastle (two nights extra) £679-£835.

Full details from travel agents.



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MUSEUMS

Concern for Kerry life

by Kenneth Hudson

Muckcross House with its 11,000 acre estate on the outskirts of Killarney was given to the nation in 1932. It has been functioning as a museum for 15 eventful years, though the gardens have been open to the public for much longer. As a commercial enterprise it is doing well with more than 120,000 visitors a year and an income from entrance fees and from the profits of the shop and cafeteria of nearly £250,000 Irish.

What is important and different about Muckcross, however, is not the money itself—other museums make money—but the use to which it is put. Once salaries, wages and other routine bills have been paid, the surplus is devoted to a large and wide-ranging programme of research into the traditional life of the region. Muckcross does not, indeed, describe itself as a museum and prefers to be known as the Centre of Kerry Folk-Life and History. It exists, in the opinion of its trustees, primarily to make the county aware and proud of its past, and all its extramural work in this field is paid for by the people who come to the museum, mostly without their realizing it. "We see the museum," says its enterprising curator and creator, Edmund Myers, "primarily as the source of finance for our other activities," which is a most interesting and original approach.

What, first of all, are the 120,000 visitors getting for their money? They see a 25-bedroomed, early 19th-century house, faced with stone brought all the way from Portland, and good gardens; and perhaps the best mountain and lake views in Ireland. Then they have the opportunity to wander through the house and see the furnishings and portraits of the Vincent and Bourn families, and to marvel at the standard of living maintained throughout a period of great poverty and hardship in Ireland. The boiler room, pantry, scullery, laundry and other parts of the basement give a good impression of the domestic organization that was needed to keep a large, wealthy household operating at the appropriate standard. One can easily understand why there were 22 indoor servants in Victorian times.

Many of the rooms have been converted into exhibition areas with displays and sometimes demonstrations of blacksmithing, weaving, pottery, butter-making and other crafts once important in the district. The history of building, agriculture, sport, music and local government all receive their share of attention and, all in all, the visitor has good value for his 70p. He may, it is true, find some of the presentation a little quaint and unsophisticated but that is one of the pleasures of Ireland.

With a clear conscience, knowing that their 120,000 visitors have not been short-changed, Mr Myers and the

trustees have felt free to turn their attention to what they have always regarded as their principal duty—recording and documenting the past of Kerry and developing a public concern for it. They carry out this task in many ways. First, and possibly the most important, is the network of 40 first-line contacts strategically distributed throughout the county who report on anything likely to be of interest to the Centre: an old person with a story to tell; a tool or a piece of domestic equipment; an unsuspected piece of historical evidence; an item of clothing. The members of this invaluable intelligence system—teachers, policemen, priests, retired people—are carefully cultivated and encouraged. They help to bring a constant stream of objects into the museum collections and to enrich its records, and they make life much easier for the second line of research troops who come into Kerry from the two academic institutions with which Muckcross maintains especially close liaison, the Department of Irish Folk Lore at University College, Dublin, and the Department of European Studies at the National Institute of Higher Education in Limerick. Each of these has students working on regular attachment.

"We see ourselves at the museum," Edmund Myers told me, "as the catalyst, co-ordinator and pivot of folk-life studies in this part of Ireland." He defines "studies" in a rather special way. To him it means not only collecting, preserving and interpreting, but also making the results of this activity accessible to as wide a range of people as possible. The main vehicle for this is a well produced, newspaper-type publication, *ROS*, which is by any standard a notable achievement. Some 3,000 copies of each issue are printed and distributed to individuals and institutions likely to be interested, and a special effort is made with schools. Six copies go to every primary and secondary school in Kerry and in return school parties come regularly to Muckcross, where a special programme is arranged for them with workbooks which allow the children to tackle one part of the museum at a time in useful detail. In addition special exhibitions are sent out to secondary schools. For adults there are Thursday evening talks and discussions under the general heading "Facets of Irish Life".

None of this would be possible without the innocently paid and gratefully received subsidy from the thousands of people from many countries who visit Muckcross each year—an ingenious system which could, perhaps, happen only in Ireland. But this year this arrangement, whereby the State pays for the building and the trustees finance the museum and its activities, comes to an end. Muckcross will become a State museum and its staff Civil Servants overnight.

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Mid Somerset sojourn

by Des Wilson

Mid Somerset tends to be bypassed by much of the recreational traffic headed for the south-west of England, a fact that may sadden the more mercenary of its traders but makes it all the happier a choice for a weekend away. The drive from London on the A30 and A303 is a treat in itself, a shop window for the scenic wares of Hampshire and Wiltshire, providing the opportunity to stop and wonder at the miracle and mystery of Stonehenge (best seen, incidentally, at dawn or dusk, when the atmosphere is heightened by shadows and silence).

If you have decided to base your weekend in the area of Glastonbury or Wells, your first sense of this exceptionally green, low-lying part of the county may come at the small town of Somerton, ancient capital of Wessex, with its particularly well preserved octagonal market cross rebuilt in 1673. Within a few minutes of Somerton (or even in the town itself) there is a variety of comfortable places to make your headquarters for the weekend, the one we chose being Shapwick House. The present manor house was built in 1630 for the then Chief Justice, Sir Henry Rolle, and is the last of a number that date back over 1,000 years to the days when the Abbot of Glastonbury owned the grounds. Its hexagonal dove house, built around 1235, is one of the oldest in the country. Shapwick House is run by Len and Sheila Rogers, he a management consultant, and she an expert on food, wine and horticulture. There are 12 bedrooms, each with private bathroom, and the emphasis is on relaxed atmosphere and high quality food (Sheila is the chef, and an outstanding one). They offer a weekend package of two nights' accommodation, with breakfast and dinner on both days, for £37 for each person.

Glastonbury, 10 miles or so distant, is signposted from miles away by the Tor, a cone-shaped hill with an imposing tower on its peak, which offers from the top a unique panoramic view east to the Wiltshire Downs, west to the Mendip Hills and the Cheddar Gorge, north to Wells, and south to the Polden Hills and the Quantocks. At its foot are the town and the ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, rich in legend. Local historians claim that it was the site of the first religious foundation in the British Isles. The first abbey was probably built in the fifth century; work on the present one started in the 13th century, but it was a victim of the Dissolution of the Monasteries by Henry VIII. There is little left now, yet the site still stirs the imagination as well as a sense of outrage at its neglect. Here, it is claimed, King Arthur and his wife Guinevere were buried; to historians Arthur is a questionable figure, but he was probably a fifth- or sixth-century Celtic leader. Camelot

is believed to have been at South Cadbury, 12 miles away, and Glastonbury is said to be the legendary Isle of Avalon. A stone in the turf in the Abbey site claims it to be the burial place.

Wells is involved in a desperate battle to save its cathedral from decay, a battle we must all hope will be won, for the cathedral alone is worth the trip to Somerset. Wells has been the seat of a Bishop since AD 909, and the cathedral was completed in the 14th century. Its west front displays many of the hundreds of statues of prophets and saints with which it was originally endowed, others having been destroyed in the 17th century. It has superb chapels and cloisters and a remarkable medieval clock, and alongside the cathedral there is an imposing walled and moated Bishop's Palace. Both are surrounded by attractive narrow streets, full of old and well maintained houses, some built at the time of the cathedral, and by a picturesque and busy market square.

If Glastonbury and Wells are the "musts" for this weekend, the remaining options are many and varied. Within easy reach are Bridgwater, an impressive riverside town; Keinton Mandeville, birthplace of Sir Henry Irving; Sedgemoor, site of the last battle fought on English soil, waged between the armies of James II and the Duke of Monmouth in 1685; Street, with the 90 acre National Trust property, Ivythorn Hill, offering spectacular views of the area; Montacute House, another magnificent National Trust-owned stately home; Castle Cary, home of Parson Woodforde, author of *Diary of a Country Parson*; and this is but a brief list.

We chose to balance the historic religious buildings with some of the natural beauty of the area. This can be done by little more than a drive down any country lane that takes your fancy, but the famous Cheddar Gorge was too close to be overlooked. We encountered rain for an hour and a half on the Saturday afternoon, but saw it off comfortably by exploring the caves at Wookey Hole and the old mill near by, which has been adapted to make an intriguing museum in four sections: first, there are exhibits from the caves themselves; second, there is a demonstration of the trade of paper-making; third, there is an extensive collection of heads, busts, and bits and pieces from the workshops of Madame Tussaud's, and fourth, Lady Bangor's nostalgic collection of fair-ground gadgetry.

A further option is a 30-minute drive across the county to the coast to sample the traditional British seaside mixture of fish and chips, rock, the pier and Winter Gardens of Weston-super-Mare, or any one of a number of attractive beaches and coves farther south.

Shapwick House, Shapwick, Somerset TA7 9NL (tel: 0458 210321).



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Celtic Cornwall

From Donald R. Rawe, Bard Scryfer Lanwednok

Dear Sir,

Mr J. C. Trewin (*ILN*, December) takes a very Establishment and Tourist Board view of Cornwall. No mention of the work of the Cornish Gorsedd of Bards, of the Cornish Language Board and the amazing revival of the Cornish language (supposedly dead since 1777 when Dolly Pentreath, claimed to be the last native speaker, died); not a word about the Celtic descent of Cornish people or the growth of Cornish nationalism.

None of this may interest Mr Trewin, who is evidently very much a "county" man; but many of us on this side of the Tamar fervently believe Cornwall (or to give it its Celtic name, Kernow) to be more than a mere county of England.

It may well be incorrect to confuse the Duchy of Cornwall with the actual territory of Cornwall, but a historical study of the origins of the Duchy and its constitution (remember that the heir to the British throne is born Duke of Cornwall, not invested or created), and also the unique and significant establishment by Henry VII of the Cornish Stannary Parliament (an institution which has never been abolished) must, to any intelligent person, pose the question: why should Cornwall, of all "counties", be singled out for such status?

Cornwall, or rather Kernow, has been recognized as the sixth Celtic nation by the Celtic Congress since 1904. The old saying, "Out of Cornwall, into England"—and its reverse—holds true. Donald R. Rawe
Padstow, Cornwall

The annexation of Walvis Bay

From the Town Clerk of Walvis Bay

Dear Sir,

As your readers may know, Walvis Bay situated on the west coast of South West Africa/Namibia was formerly a British possession.

In 1795 France invaded Holland, and England, fearing that the French would also gain control of the sea route to India, despatched a naval force to the Cape under the command of Admiral Sir George Keith Elphinstone and Commodore Blankett. They occupied the Cape after a few skirmishes with the Dutch troops. Commodore Blankett, who deputized for Admiral Elphinstone while the latter was away in India, instructed Captain Alexander to proceed up the west coast, examine the bays, including Walvis Bay, and to take possession thereof on behalf of the British Crown.

Captain Alexander in his flagship *Star* duly took possession of Walvis Bay but the occupation was never officially confirmed.

After 1840 Germany began to expand her influence in Great Nama-

qualand and Damaraland and this prompted Britain to re-assert her dominion over the port and settlement of Walvis Bay. On March 1, 1878, HMS *Industry* commanded by Commander Richard Cossantine Dyer left Simonstown to perform the annexation of Walvis Bay. The *Industry* anchored in Walvis Bay on March 6, 1878, and on March 12, 1878, Commander Dyer annexed Walvis Bay in Britain's name.

The Council would like to get in touch with the descendants of Captain Alexander (unfortunately his initials are unknown) and Commander R. C. Dyer in England and it would be much appreciated if you could assist in establishing contact with them by publishing this letter in your newspaper.

J. J. J. Wilken, Town Clerk

Private Bag 5017

Walvis Bay, 9190, South West Africa

Why Reagan won

From Nicholas P. D. Smyth, MD, PC

Dear Sir,

I have read your magazine with interest and usually with enjoyment for many years, but I take strong exception to the Washington column (*ILN*, December) by Patrick Brogan entitled "Why Reagan won".

This column is both patronizing and offensive. It demonstrates to perfection the total lack of understanding of the USA by the people of England and explains why Mr Brogan, after all his years as Washington correspondent, is still on the outside looking in.

We are sick of the tired old cowboy jokes about Mr Reagan. It is absolutely preposterous that in an article purporting to be a political commentary so little space should be given to examining Mr Reagan's record as governor of California. This is dismissed in a single inaccurate sentence by Mr Brogan. Mr Brogan may not know it but the people of California and the people of the USA know that Mr Reagan was elected for two terms as governor of the state, the population of which consists of registered Democrats outnumbering Republicans two to one. He inherited the state governorship at a time when the state was virtually bankrupted by his predecessor. He then proceeded to balance the budget for eight straight years, a record probably never equalled by any other governor or indeed any president of the USA.

In the recent election the American people quite clearly demonstrated that they see Mr Reagan in this role and believe that he can return this country to its former greatness.

After what were quite probably the worst four years in the country's recent history we are looking forward to four good years. I have no doubt that during them Mr Brogan will continue to comment irrelevantly, superficially and inaccurately on the American political scene. Nicholas P. D. Smyth, MD, PC
Washington DC, USA

A runaway success

by Stuart Marshall

Let us imagine that in a few months' time a manufacturer unveils a new family hatchback with these features:

Fully powered, high-pressure hydraulic brakes almost exactly the same as those used by Rolls-Royce;

Self-levelling independent suspension that keeps the car on an even keel regardless of its load and which allows ground clearance to be increased instantly for driving on very rough roads;

A horizontally opposed, four-cylinder engine, air cooled though quiet running and with the mechanical integrity to spin up to 10,000 rpm without fear of damage;

Steering that allows a driver to retain full control in the event of a front tyre burst at motorway cruising speeds;

A body shape offering less aerodynamic drag (and thus better high speed fuel economy) than almost any other comparable car on the market;

Ride comfort, roadholding and handling that has expert commentators reaching for new superlatives;

And a price of just under £4,000.

It sounds like a recipe for a runaway win in the 1982 Car of the Year competition; yet this year a car with all these features will celebrate its 11th birthday.

The Citroën GS—for that is the name of this paragon—made its debut in the early summer of 1970. It still has no equals for a sophistication of design that is reflected in genuine performance and comfort benefits. As a company, Citroën is *avant garde* and sometimes idiosyncratic. When it knows it is right, it pursues a line that no other manufacturer would consider following.

This applies to major matters like suspension design and braking systems and to small ones like traffic indicator switches. No Citroën car has self-cancelling indicators.

And Citroën's arrangement of minor controls and instrumentation owes far more to ergonomics than to a stylist's fancies or production engineer's convenience. The GSA Special has the "satellite" system of switchgear first seen in the Visa two years ago. Instead of spreading wiper, lights, horn,

screenwash and other switches all over the fascia, or partly on the fascia, partly on the steering column, Citroën concentrates them into a pair of drums within finger tip reach of the driver's hands.

Mechanically, the GSA is hardly changed from the first GS of 1970. Carburettor modifications have improved fuel consumption substantially. The GSA's official figures are 30.1 in urban conditions, 44.8 mpg at a constant 56 mph and 34.9 mpg at a constant 75 mph. Anyone content to cruise at the legal 70 mph and accelerate sensibly will see better than 35 mpg on a run. If time is the prime consideration the GSA will cruise at considerably higher speeds. It will sustain 90 mph nicely on the autobahn, though fuel consumption will then rise into the high 20s.

Bodily, the GSA's main difference from the original car is that a large tailgate replaces the former boot which had to be loaded at the crouch.

The single-spoke steering wheel pioneered by Citroën 25 years ago on the original DS19 no longer seems unusual. The drum-type speedometer, with large illuminated numerals appearing in a window is easy to read and is still a Citroën exclusive.

The GSA's cloth-covered seats are softly supportive. They are well matched to the soft, yet non-wallowing, suspension. When I tried the GSA Special in December I had forgotten how remarkable a combination of ride comfort, cornering capability and sheer balance it offered on just about any kind of road. About the only criticism I can seriously make of the suspension is that there is a fair amount of tyre thump over expansion joints and cat's eyes and a hump-back bridge taken at speed makes the tail end kick up sharply.

The Citroën's apparent complications have undoubtedly frightened off buyers who would appreciate its extreme comfort. In fact, the high-pressure hydraulics are so reliable that Citroën offers a two-year or 65,000 mile guarantee on the entire system.

At £3,964 I rate the GSA Special as one of this year's motoring bargains; you can pay more for far less interesting and agreeable cars. In motoring, progress is not always forwards ●



The Citroën GSA Special is 11 years old but in many ways still ahead of its time.

The great Queen

by Robert Blake

The Elizabethan Deliverance
by Arthur Bryant
Collins, £8.50

The situation which the young Queen Elizabeth I inherited when she succeeded to the throne in 1558 at the age of 25 was about as unpromising as it could be. The England made by the great Norman, Angevin and early Plantagenet kings into the best-governed country in Europe had been going downhill for 200 years, ever since the mid 14th century. Henry V's victory at Agincourt was a flash in the pan. The Wars of the Roses produced a lawless anarchy unrivalled since the reign of Stephen. True, the Queen's grandfather by his policy of thrift and hard work restored a measure of prosperity—but only to have it dissipated by his son, Henry VIII, one of the most disastrous monarchs in English history.

Social revolution, religious strife, rocketing inflation characterized the brief reigns of the boy king Edward VI and his elder half-sister Mary, whose Catholic bigotry and marriage to Philip of Spain seemed likely to convert England into a Hapsburg Catholic fief. It was only Philip's hope that, after her death, he might marry and get heirs by her sister that inhibited the Catholic rulers of England from blocking Elizabeth's succession to the throne, despite her Protestant sympathies.

Yet in the course of 30 years the whole scene changed. England certainly did not become a major European power in the sense that Spain, France and the Hapsburgs' Austrian empire were, but the defeat of the Armada was nonetheless a decisive event. Whatever else happened she was not going to be the apanage of a foreign ruler. This exciting and dramatic story is vividly told by Sir Arthur Bryant. Of the historians of our time few if any have a greater power of evoking the past. His description of Elizabethan London is splendid. There was the shattering noise—wooden and iron wheels on the cobbles, the hawkers and costard mongers bawling their wares, the creaking of painted and gilded signs from every shop and ale house. There were appalling traffic jams far surpassing anything we get today and frequently leading to brawls. It was better to travel by boat on the Thames. One could at least see London Bridge, regarded as among the wonders of the world, even if one had to endure the foul language of the boatmen. There was the smell. "The sanitation of the age was oriental in its simple grandeur . . . Rivers of filth coursed down the centre of every street, and at the time of the emptying of slop pails, the passer-by nearest the wall had cause to be grateful for the overhanging storeys. Around the city stretched a halo of stinking, steaming laystalls, haunted by flies and kites."

One result of these atrocious sanitary conditions was the heavy incidence of disease: epidemics of typhus, smallpox and, most fearful of all, bubonic plague which disappeared only after its great onslaught in 1665. Despite these drawbacks people flocked to "this great and monstrous thing called London". It was the place to make one's fortune. It was the gateway to the western world, the greatest port in Europe, and the biggest city—as Sir Arthur Bryant points out, much bigger proportionately to other English towns than it is today. The nearest, Norwich, had only a twentieth of London's population of 100,000.

If Sir Arthur Bryant has a wonderful gift of panoramic description of places, he also has an admirable talent for swift-moving narrative. The drama of the story reaches its crisis with the Spanish Armada. It was a crisis which was to be repeated thrice more in English history—the attempt of a hostile power with an infinitely superior army to make the landing which must lead to total victory. Parma's soldiers would have conquered England, if they could have reached her, as conclusively as Napoleon's or Hitler's. First Gravelines and then Trafalgar saved England. By the time of the third crisis war had achieved a new dimension, and Lord Dowding deserves his meed of praise for England's deliverance, along with Drake and Nelson before him. In all three cases technological superiority played its part as well as skill and courage. The English ships might be smaller and fewer than the Spanish but their 17-pounder culverins firing from portholes had a much greater range—up to a mile—than the giant 60-pounders on the decks of the great Spanish galleons. In the whole of the Armada campaign the English lost only 100 men, and not one of their ships was sunk or boarded.

Throughout the book runs the unifying thread of the character and personality of the great Queen herself. She was one of the cleverest and most remarkable figures ever to reign over England. It would be fascinating to know what combination of genes produced her. She could be as imperious as her father, as stingy as her grandfather. Did her Boleyn blood, going back to a mercer in the City of London, give her that rapport with "the people" which stood her in such good stead? She never forgot the importance of playing the role of a popular monarch. She knew that a Tudor Queen must not just be a Queen but be seen to be a Queen. Sir Arthur Bryant has given us a notable portrait of the greatest figure of the age as well as of the age itself.

Early Views of India
by Mildred Archer
Thames & Hudson, £16

This evocative and entertaining book describes the adventures and hazardous journeys of Thomas and William Daniell from 1786 to 1794, and is illustrated by their own hand-coloured prints.

Recent fiction

by Ian Stewart

Winter Garden
by Beryl Bainbridge
Duckworth, £5.95
Birds of Prey
by Terence de Vere White
Gollancz, £5.95
Indirect Method and Other Stories
by Francis King
Hutchinson, £6.50

Beryl Bainbridge is a specialist in a blackish, sometimes macabre sort of comedy. She can be wildly funny while engaging our sympathies for her characters in whatever crisis she locates them. In *Winter Garden* farce and anguish are wisely understated, given the obvious scope for frenzied, nightmarish effects in a novel about a group of English people on an official visit to Russia.

Of the four visitors three, Enid, Nina and Bernard, are artists. The other, Ashburner, is an Admiralty lawyer, though it is some time before we learn this. The discovery is splendidly bathetic: we may have been curious and yet it tells us everything and nothing. Ashburner was on his way to Scotland for a fishing holiday when he chose Russia instead in the hope of resuming his affair with Nina, the seductive wife of an eminent surgeon. Enid has her eye on Bernard. They are whizzed about, by train, plane and car, in Moscow, to Leningrad and down to Tbilisi, on a tour subject to arbitrary and disagreeable changes. They are taken to museums and to the opera, they visit artists in their homes and are warmly received and generously (if at tedious length) entertained by Artists' Unions. Bernard, who wants chiefly to look at pictures, is cruelly contemptuous of all this. For Ashburner, on whose misadventures the novel is centred, what follows is a tale of more or less progressive disorientation. He loses his suitcase, is attacked by a dog at his bathroom window and passes out in a hospital theatre where he is mistaken for Nina's husband. Nina disappears and then reappears to him in a succession of hallucinatory experiences. He becomes uncertain of his whereabouts, is momentarily buoyed up by recollections of his childhood, and in his catatonic state swings violently between optimism and fatalism.

By the end Ashburner is not surprisingly yet another foreign visitor unlikely to get away from Russia on time. Surprise may be, overall, what this novel lacks, for the idea of the absurd excesses of Soviet bureaucracy and the arbitrary behaviour of the régime's officials are fairly well established. But in her cool, matter-of-fact style Beryl Bainbridge has devised an excellent comedy out of Ashburner's dilemma without lingering on its more tormented aspects.

It is with the shock of recognition, not merely in admiration of the art of imita-

tion, that we react to a skilled impersonator. If we respond similarly to the short stories of Terence de Vere White this is because of the uncanny authenticity with which he speaks to us through the voices of his characters. As in the title story "Birds of Prey", about snobbish resistance to new neighbours, he can make these voices sound uncomfortably unfamiliar. Cyril and Emma, an artistically sophisticated couple from London, move into a terraced cottage and tie themselves in terrible knots worrying about how much notice they should take of their neighbours, who should park their cars where, and what rights they themselves have in the lane alongside their home. Their affectations of superiority involve them in issues of appalling triviality, and when defeat stares them in the face "Emma stroked her husband's hand in mute sympathy. Never had they been so close." But they have also confronted, in mutual accusation, their self-defeating snobbery.

The same quality, in "Portrait of a Lady", destroys the pathetic Miss Mulligan's chances of getting a much needed job with the Homeworkers' Association in Dublin. She could only feel her "social virginity" safe when working for the Conservative Association, and the woman who interviews her fatally detects "gentility under siege". "Talking in the Train", about a homosexual Irishman settling in England who strikes up a friendship with a man he meets on a train, illustrates the perils of emotional over-investment. "N. B. Stephens", simple in conception but exquisitely executed, shows two men afraid of the void before them if the habits of a lifetime are suddenly changed—the narrator lunches once a year with an academic who has spent 35 years on a monumental work about Edmund Burke. Both are relieved that no one can be found to publish it: what would its author do with his life without an excuse to continue his researches, or the narrator without the luncheon ritual, whose origin lay in his supposed interest in Burke? The author brings sympathy and a delightful satiric touch to these finely written studies of human fallibility.

The unbridgeable distance between lovers who meet after a long separation is hauntingly evoked in the title story of Francis King's new collection. A middle-aged woman returns to Japan and meets her former lover. Twenty years earlier he had been her houseboy, now he is an executive with a wife and children. The sad futility of such reunions is subtly realized in a narrative in which the past is kaleidoscopically fused with the present. This, and other stories such as "Sundays", about an English grandmother who is contemptuously disregarded by her family when on holiday on Lake Como, and "The Wake", in which a grotesque comedy is fashioned out of the funeral of a *bouzouki* singer in Greece, is notable for the vividness with which Francis King has established its setting.

Centennial Hoffmann

by Margaret Davies

The Offenbach centenary celebrations, which have included revivals of a number of his vast output of operettas—*La Vie Parisienne* and *La Belle Hélène* by English National Opera, *La Périchole* by the Singers' Company and *Geneviève de Brabant* by the enterprising John Lewis Partnership—reached a climax with the Royal Opera's new production of *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. Offenbach devoted the last months of his life to the opera by which he hoped to be remembered, but he died on October 5, 1880, before being able to finish it. That task fell to Ernest Guiraud and *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* had its first performance at the Opéra-Comique on February 10, 1881, just a century ago. It remains an imperfect work—too many hands have meddled with the music Offenbach was able to complete and the score exists in various versions—but it is never long absent from the repertoire and the Royal Opera spared no effort, or expense, to turn it into a spectacular entertainment and on this level it succeeded.

This success derived largely from John Schlesinger's imaginative but rarely intrusive production which contributed brilliantly to the elements of fantasy in the story while capturing its darker side in the Prologue and Epilogue where Hoffmann was portrayed as a shambling, drunken, reluctant poet. The effectiveness of this interpretation depended entirely on Plácido Domingo's masterly assumption of the title role. He sang the long, taxing part with such whole-hearted commitment, exploring the different facets of the poet's nature, that it is regrettable his words were not more crisply articulated.

The three women whom Hoffmann loves and loses—figments of his befuddled dreams—are different personifications of the singer Stella for whom he waits in the Prologue. To allot all three to one soprano has the advantage of forging a stronger link between the acts but it is rarely achieved satisfactorily and Covent Garden's use of three singers resulted in two performances of supreme artistry. First, Luciana Serra, looking and moving like a perfect automaton, sang Olympia's coloratura with dazzling, almost mechanical, precision; last, Ileana Cotrubas, combining an appealing fragility of manner with singing of infinite sweetness, made the Antonia story the peak of the drama, as well as supplying the most idiomatic French of the evening. This is not to belittle Agnes Baltsa's fine Giulietta; the part offers fewer opportunities and the musical weakness of this act was some excuse for placing it between the other two, though dramatically it is more logical for Hoffmann to progress from the pure Antonia to the courtesan Giulietta.

A less acceptable rearrangement of the score is to deprive the Venice act of the music of its bass aria, echoes of which remain, to provide Coppélius with "J'ai des yeux". Dappertutto's substituted "Scintille, diamant" (taken from another work) is some consolation, though it was roughly delivered by Siegmund Nimsgern. But this reshuffling is all part and parcel of the traditional 1905 version which Covent Garden chose to perform, rather than the recently published Oeser edition which purports to respect, as far as they are known, Offenbach's intentions. There was, however, no excuse for giving the roles of Lindorf and his three villainous incarnations in Hoffmann's romances to four different baritones. Robert Lloyd, as a coolly sardonic, superbly sung Lindorf, Geraint Evans, a demented Coppélius, Siegmund Nimsgern a menacing Dappertutto, and Nicola Ghiuselev, a demonic Dr Miracle, certainly contributed to the lavishness of the spectacle but not to its cohesion.

Fortunately William Dudley's appropriately sinister designs supplied a vital thread of continuity. Out of Luther's tavern, situated beneath the theatre where Stella was appearing in *Don Giovanni* while Hoffmann told his tales—a nice touch was the loitering Commendatore, at a loose end for so much of the performance he whiled away the time by listening—he conjured up the black and white decor of Spalanzani's salon with its nightmarish grotesques, the sordid interior of Giulietta's palazzo and the claustrophobic shadows of Crespel's house, without allowing the image of the cellar to fade from memory.

Hoffmann's companion, Nicklaus, was rather under-played and -sung by Claire Powell, though her transformation into his muse in the Epilogue was effectively done. Mention must also be made of Robert Tear's smooth-tongued Spalanzani, Philip Gelling's ghostly Schlemil, and Gwynne Howell's movingly sung Crespel; Phyllis Cannan as the voice of Antonia's mother made a notable contribution to the great trio. George Prêtre's competent conducting showed no special insight into the work, unlike Mr Schlesinger's production.

If it lasts as long as Zeffirelli's *Tosca* there will be little cause for complaint. Mounted in 1964 for Callas and Gobbi, it has served as a vehicle for innumerable singers, and most recently introduced Shirley Verrett and Kari Nurmela in the roles of Tosca and Scarpia. Miss Verrett, a mezzo turned soprano, was not in her most alluring voice but she made much of her words and gave a convincing display of the violent emotions which motivate Tosca. Kari Nurmela, making his Covent Garden debut as Scarpia, played the corrupt police chief with restraint, the better to suggest his sadistic intentions towards Tosca through his darkly inflected singing.

Royal report

by Ursula Robertshaw

The Royal Ballet at Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet at Rosebery Avenue have both embarked on their winter seasons with new works and/or new additions to their repertoires.

The big new ballet for the Covent Garden company was Glen Tetley's *Dances of Albion: Dark Night Glad Day*, set to Serenade for tenor, horn and strings and Sinfonia da Requiem, both by Britten. The designs, consisting of shiny body tights for the dancers and a huge suspended golden ring giving the effect of the sun in almost total eclipse, were by Santo Loquasto and proved simple and effective.

The choreography, as we have come to expect from Tetley, magnificently exploits the talents of his dancers, in particular Stephen Jefferies who is at last being recognized as the star he is. Here are the clear, athletic moments, sweeping and bold, contrasting with close intertwining and highly original couplings similar to those we have seen before in *Laborintus* and *Field Figures*. Tetley has used Jefferies superbly, exhibiting his strength and brooding intensity; and he has found much effective work also for Lesley Collier's speed and flexibility.

Tetley has acknowledged Blake as one of his inspirations for this work and there are many times when this is evident to the audience: Jefferies crouched, his arms spread wide with the hands down-curved, recalling the brooding form of Blake's Creator viewing the world he has made; the twisting, falling figures, caught as they are hurled headlong. The work is powerful and at all times watchable.

But it is overlong—it runs for 45 minutes—and falling as it does so clearly into two parts, divided both by the music and by the dramatic shape, one wonders why Tetley felt he had to present it as an entity. The first section, danced to the Serenade, is a thing perfect in itself, with Jefferies beginning and ending the ballet solus as the singer initially sings of the day declining, and at the last of sleep sealing "the hushed casket of my soul". When we get to that point we are completely satisfied, and uplifted; so that the second section, effective as it is with its stalking, menacing figures (Stephen Beagley and Ashley Page as bright angels of death or retribution) seems an intrusion.

It was also a mistake to follow *Dances of Albion* with *Dark Elegies*, another work with a sung accompaniment. This ballet, by Antony Tudor, danced to Mahler's Kindertotenlieder, deals with a village afflicted by the loss of its children in some unnamed disaster and it has for many years been a favourite with Ballet Rambert audiences. Now it has been taken into the Royal's repertory with scenery and

costumes by Roland Svensson.

Partly no doubt because of the need to open it out for a larger stage, the work has lost the intimacy and the feeling of shared grief among the inmates of a small community that was so moving when Rambert performed it; and though it was meticulously danced the tragic impact of the first scene and the poignancy of the resignation at the end was missing.

The Sadler's Wells Royal Ballet's new ballet was a work-out for the boys called *Polonia* by David Bintley, made to accompany his *Homage to Chopin*; both have music by Andrzej Panufnik. The new piece provides a complete contrast to the quiet poetry of the first, "white" ballet. The score is percussive and aggressive and the dancing matches it, with leaping, strutting, stamping groups of men which reminded me of the machismo cavorting of the Red Army Ensemble. There was little for the girls: a rather odd little interlude called "Village Madonnas", with three maidens (Jennifer Mills, Clare French and Chenna Williams) in a sober-sided *pas de trois* rather marred by unfortunate costumes consisting of tights and navel-length veils which made them look like the fake emanations conjured up by a phoney medium; and an effective *pas de trois* in which Jennifer Mills was supported by Derek Purnell and Stephen Wicks. But on the whole this was Bintley doodling.

I much preferred Michael Corder's *Day into Night*, receiving its first London performance. The attractive music, Sinfonietta La Jolla, is by Bohuslav Martinu and the ballet, from its opening tableau of two entwined couples whose arm positions echo the crescent moon which here forms the focus for Lazaro Prince's effective set, is sheer delight. No plot, though the costume colours, light and dark, echo the ballet's title; just sheer, joyful dancing, fluent, not striving after effect and charming to watch.

SWRB has also acquired Cranko's *The Taming of the Shrew*. This is something of a curate's egg of a ballet: against it is its score, a scampering, noisy, acerbic interpretation of Scariatti by Kurt-Heinz Stolze—a kind of Domenico cocktail with far too much bitters; and the tedious jokiness of its crowd scenes—the gesticulating, nightcapped neighbours, the fall-about wedding guests and that unending procession of carnival dancers. For it are the fine chances it offers for fireworks from Katherina and Petruchio, finely taken by Marion Tait and Stephen Jefferies; for that soppy pair Bianca and Lucentio (Margaret Barbieri and David Ashmole); and for the farcical suitors Gremio and Hortensio. Stephen Wicks made a creditable shot at the rheumy dotard Gremio and Alain Dubreuil created a real character in Hortensio, obviously one of life's losers, at once acidulated and resigned.

A rural paradox

by Michael Billington

When is a film not a film? Seemingly when it is shown on television. Far and away the best film I have seen in the past month is Ken Loach's *The Gamekeeper*. It was financed by the ATV Network, shown in New York as part of the British Film Now programme and later at the London Film Festival. It then appeared on the television just before Christmas and seems to have little chance of cinematic distribution—which is a pity since it is a modest but excellent movie.

Adapted by Barry Hines from his own novel, it is about a young man who has given up the drudgery of a Sheffield steelworks to become a gamekeeper on a ducal estate in south Yorkshire. The hours are long, the pay poor, the holidays few, yet he himself is happy. The film shows, however, with a nice oblique irony the way the gamekeeper is caught between two systems. He owes an almost feudal loyalty to his employer for whom he traps rabbits, raises pheasants and catches poachers. At the same time he has a residual sympathy with his fellow-workers. The paradox is beautifully caught in a grouse shooting sequence where the gamekeeper urges the beaters to up their daily rate while himself accepting a discreet hand-out from the boss for organizing the day.

Loach, as he showed in *Kes* and numerous other films, has a matchless way with actors, mixing amateurs and professionals so that you cannot tell which is which. But what makes this film so good is the way a close observation of rural life (the rabbit catching sequence contains some of the best nature photography since Arne Sucksdorff's *The Great Adventure*) is mixed with a basic respect for people and their dilemmas. When it comes to doing his job, Phil Askham's sturdy, bull-necked gamekeeper shows an entrenched regard for private property; but when it comes to passing the time of day with a neighbour he says of his wealthy employers, "We'll have to get rid of them: they won't give the land away." Loach and Hines neither condemn nor laud the gamekeeper. They simply show him in all his contradictions (deeply protective towards the pheasants in his care, tough with his son when he brings a kitten home from school) and leave it to us to draw the conclusions. In short, a wonderfully humane, beautifully shot film that proves the British cinema is alive and well and living on television.

Oddly enough a play by Peter Prince recently argued that television is full of tragic people dying to get into the movies. The real tragedy is that when they do they are often given less interesting work. Take the case of John Irvin who did a magnificent *Hard Times* for Granada and *Tinker, Tailor, Soldier,*

Spy for the BBC. The first feature film he has landed is *The Dogs of War* adapted by Gary DeVore and George Malko from the best-selling novel by Frederick Forsyth. It is a perfectly competent and decent study of a mercenary at work recruiting a team to stage a coup in a fictional state on the west coast of Africa. But its values are those of pulp-fiction: it has some lively action and a fast-moving story but it does not leave you with any new insight into the motivations of a mercenary.

The one thing it does tell you is that its hero, Shannon, leads a pretty bleak life. He lives alone (his wife has left him) in a drab, grimy New York apartment where the television is always silently running and where he sits at night playing chess against himself; his only friend is a local, black kid to whom he leaves his loot in case of sudden death. But the film's main interest seems to be in the mechanics of staging a coup: the planning meetings in second-rate hotels, the arms deals with City entrepreneurs, the occasional encounters with shady, camel-coated businessmen. The technical detail is there but the film lacks any political perspective and any real human colour. Christopher Walken's Shannon is rather mute, blond and inexpressive; and one sighs with regret when Colin Blakely as a nosy television reporter gets bumped off. He alone brings a touch of chunky individuality to a skilful but hollow film.

My gorge tends to rise, however, at something like *Flash Gordon*, directed by Mike Hodges who again has graduated (if that is quite the word) from television. Here is another multimillion dollar extravaganza celebrating comic-strip junk: the Saturday morning movie, you might say, raised to epic proportions. My objection is that a lot of skill is lavished on something pretty worthless and that the square, good-versus-evil contest of the original 30s strip is now treated as pure camp. Tongues are kept firmly in cheeks as, for instance, Timothy Dalton's Flynn-like Baron is chained to a wall and merrily quips to his captive companion, "Tell me about this man Houdini." All one can say is that Sam Jones plays the quarter-back hero with the right ox-like virility, that the women are ravishingly pretty and that Max Von Sydow looks suitably cracked as the Hitlerian villain, Ming.

As for Woody Allen's *Stardust Memories*, one is confronted by a rather gloomy, misanthropic film in which Mr Allen seems to be getting his revenge on all the people who want him to be ceaselessly funny, on all the fans who clamour for his undivided attention, on the buffs who analyse him to death and on the moguls who tamper with his movies. No one escapes Mr Allen's filigree lash. But for my part I infinitely prefer the quiet humanism of *The Gamekeeper* to the self-centred pessimism of *Stardust Memories* ●

Back to the Wells

by J. C. Trewin

"Ever of thee I'm fondly dreaming" is a kind of theme-song in *Trelawny of the Wells* (Old Vic). Arthur Pinero was fondly dreaming when in 1898 he wrote his mid-Victorian "comedieta" that remembers a dying race of actors at the onset of the new cup-and-saucer "naturalism", the type of play that James Telfer, redoubtably histrionic to the last, found so "very line-y". It is strange to imagine Pinero writing this piece. In his *Tanqueray* vein he was the most ornate of dramatists, yet in *Trelawny* he discovered a rare sympathy and simplicity that have kept the play alive through more than 80 years. Though it celebrates the coming of T. W. Robertson—for undoubtedly Tom Wrench is Robertson himself and "Life", being rehearsed in the last act, probably stands for *Society*—we are especially conscious of a lost world, of the Telfers and Gadds of so many stages.

The arrival of *Trelawny* at the Vic is appropriate. It marks the centenary of Emma Cons's arrival at the Royal Victoria Hall less than 20 years before Pinero was writing, and the half-centenary of Lilian Baylis's resurrection of Sadler's Wells in January, 1931. Emma and Lilian were aunt and niece. We know one better than the other, but each has an important place in stage history: certainly this was recognized at the opening of *Trelawny*, a gala performance attended by Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother.

Possibly that night we had to think first of the Wells. For once *Trelawny's* theatre was acknowledged explicitly as Sadler's Wells, whereas Pinero tried to conceal it as "Bagnigge Wells"—used in a Vic revival during Lilian Baylis's time, 1925. The narrative is simple: the young actress Rose Trelawny's engagement to the grandson of an alarmingly conventional Vice-Chancellor, Sir William Gower, and, after midway alarums, the happiest of endings—the young man becomes an actor himself and appears in Tom Wrench's "Life" that Sir William has, remarkably, helped to subsidize in the West End. A lovable anecdote, but the people matter most, particularly Rose's colleagues who represent the end of an era. And there is an unashamedly sentimental scene that never fails in which the old man is suddenly moved by his youthful recollections of that "splendid gipsy", Edmund Kean.

Timothy West has directed *Trelawny* with an affection that matches Pinero's. Lynne Miller and Robert Lindsay are Rose and Tom Wrench, the new dramatist who rises from scorned "general utility". In remembrance I may return to three performances especially: Bill Fraser re-creates the intolerance and the softening of Sir William without a hint of parody in a part that could so

easily become routine; Yvonne Coulette has a touching dignity as the veteran actress of 13 tragedy queens who finds herself diminished to wardrobe mistress; and Neil McCaul has the precise vocal quality, like an energetic midnight bell, as the romantic lead who agrees at last to play Demon of Discontent in the pantomime—a sacrifice, but, after all, the part has such a couplet as "I'm Discontent! From Orkney's isle to Dover

To make men's bile bile-over I endover." Who would have suspected Pinero of rising to that?

Whereas *Trelawny* speaks warmly for the theatre, *Television Times* (Warehouse) is hardly a salute to our own day's triumphant medium. Peter Prince, who knows it well, offers something that seems to be an exercise in the satirical-cynical. It has various workable scenes, especially the last; but it is on the whole a rather tiring exposure of some exceptionally tiresome people. They are engaged on a historical series called "United Kingdom" that appears to us—though we have only snatches from an episode on Hereward the Wake—to be abysmal nonsense; even so, at the end it is awarded a prize at one of those weird gatherings which is so amusingly burlesqued that we wish the author had kept this note throughout.

The plot is as incredible as the personages are unpleasant. Still, in the theatre, the piece is fortified by a group of loyal performances: for example, Karl Johnson as a scriptwriter so hack that we begin to understand the horrors of "United Kingdom", and Ron Cook as a wild director.

Though I cannot see Sir Ralph Richardson in any part in *Television Times*, he would be perfectly cast as Sir William in *Trelawny*. He has an unexampled gift for acting idiosyncratic old men, and he proves it again in David Storey's *Early Days* (Comedy). He is a former Cabinet Minister, now nearing death, whose political career had suddenly petered out. Very difficult in a variety of ways, he is being cared for by an unsympathetic family; what we hear are his fragmentary musings on the past and his incidental and baffling response to the present. The text is thin; but Sir Ralph, embellishing it vocally and physically as if he were considering it for the first time, is an indubitable master.

It is a pleasure to find Peter Bridge back as a West End impresario. For his return he has chosen J. B. Priestley's examination of truth, *Dangerous Corner* (Ambassadors), that renowned piece constructed on a theory that at certain moments there are many different possibilities: a casual remark may lead to misery. It is an extraordinary feat of geometrical construction, the more ingenious the more often one meets it, even if Pinero's Telfer would have called it "very line-y". Robert Gillespie directs it now at the right hurtling pace ●

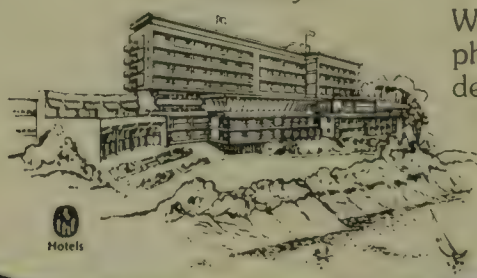
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WINE

Unique quality

by Peta Fordham

There is no substitute for champagne. There are alternatives, good, bad and indifferent, some light and pleasant in their aftermath and some which produce a lamentable hangover. But champagne is unique; clean and happy, a wine whose quality is assured and protected by nature and rigorous control.

Nature comes first because it is the inimitable factor which automatically protects against substitution. Whenever one is studying the vine, the subsoil is the first consideration. Here it is that the roots pierce down and here they acquire the nourishment that will determine the character of their grapes. But, as we are now discovering, unknown factors always play a part. Wild yeasts, which can be helpful or harmful, occur throughout the world: there is increasing reason to suspect that, as in Cognac, the Champagne area has its share, affecting the whole making of the wine and contributing to its unique quality.

The vine is a hardy plant which loves best to be on a chalky base. In Champagne the base is limestone; the best areas, covered mostly by some scree or debris from the Tertiary period, are composed mainly of fossils, and then overlaid with fertile earth between 8 and 20 inches in depth. Cold will not harm the vine, though the Champagne region is dangerously northern, but damp will and the virtue of the chalky subsoil is its ability to drain away excess water while retaining some humidity, and to store up vital heat. The local woods help to stabilize temperature and give some protection from the bitter winds from Central Europe; they also create humidity above ground level, to strengthen and nourish the vines. Thus, although the latitude is risky, heat can be stored and fertile conditions preserved for the production of the world's most famous drink.

But nature can be capricious. Sunshine is essential if grapes are to be produced at all; and rainfall must not be excessive at the wrong time. In general, the climate of the Marne fits well enough into the vital cycle but recently it has played the growers false. The most important period in the cycle of production is the time of the vine's flowering, and cold, wet or fog during this time can ruin, in a few hours, the whole of the year's efforts. In 1978 a warm early spring gave promise of abundant flowering: then came weather which killed cruelly—I well remember the small "currants" on the vines at vintage time. In 1980 the flowering was late due to lack of sun, and there was a very wet June and late July. Flowering went on for a month (this long period aborts the nascent grape) and heavy rain, little sun and temperatures of 5°-15°C produced the worst diseases of the vine. There were no pips—a sign of no

fecundation—and only good weather a few weeks before the delayed vintage saved the crop at all, with a yield of barely 50 per cent of fairish quality.

And here is the crux of the matter. Champagne is a blended wine, produced by man's skill and his stocks. Now stocks are seriously low though demand continues. If one is inclined to grumble about the high price of champagne, it must be realized that only about half the normal vintage was obtained in 1978. There followed a year of fair quality and virtually record quantity in 1979; but the disasters of 1980 coming so soon on the heels of 1978 have left stocks so low that only houses with considerable reserves can feel at all confident about the immediate future. Standards have to be maintained. Only permitted varieties of vines are used, grown in a strictly delimited district; only 2,666 litres of juice may be obtained from each 4 ton pressing of grapes (some of the most expensive in France), which is divided into 13 *pièces*; and of these, only the first ten, obtained from rapid pressing, give the *cuvée*—the juice which goes to make the great champagnes.

The *méthode champenoise*, the maturation in bottle, has been often enough explained and is used also by some of the best other sparkling wines. In champagne, however, this must be done in the region, in premises separated from all other work and where only champagne wines are kept. The wine must also be kept in bottle before shipment for at least one year, three years after harvest in the case of vintage wines—and many, especially the *grandes marques*, are kept a great deal longer. But merely to say *méthode champenoise* does not explain the skill and dedication of the great houses.

Buy while you can; champagne does not flow from a tap turned on at will. But though it has become the symbol of celebration for civilized man the world over, whether for a birth, a marriage, or even to lend some solace to Charon's boat, we have come to depend on it. Now we may well be in for a time of real restriction. Prudence demands that the great houses must care for their export markets and it will probably be the French who will feel the shortage most. If we care for quality we should lay some champagne by, be it the straightforward classics of the lesser-known houses, or those exquisite wines on champagne's roll of honour—Moët et Chandon's famous Dom Perignon, Taittinger's exquisite Comtes de Champagne, Ruinart's luscious Dom Ruinart, Roederers' Cristal, the superb regular non-vintages of Bollinger, Pol Roger, Veuve Clicquot and that great club favourite, Krug. The list is long and selection invidious.

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'GIVE TO THOSE WHO
GAVE—PLEASE'

Lessons from India

by John Morgan

If we can readily accept that music is the food of love, why not that food is the music of a love of place? Or even go further, sweeping critics aside who might suggest that here is gross materialism run wild, and assert that a love of food is a key to knowledge. And having got that far proceed quickly, in case those critics think your correspondent has lost his marbles, and conclude that perhaps, instead, the love of knowledge is the source of an enjoyment of food. These profundities entered my head, along with *le patron's* dry white wine at only £5 a bottle, at Jamshid's restaurant in Glendower Place, a place much to be recommended.

For years I had puzzled at the difference between the food I had eaten in India, and that eaten at Indian restaurants in Britain. At Jamshid's all became clear under the tutelage of the courteous head waiter there, Mr Mody. In Calcutta I had eaten the kind of food that I was being served at Jamshid's, to wit, Parsee: and there is little finer in the world. The dishes have a mildness and delicacy alien to the coarser generality of Indian food; there is no danger of fearing the heat of the palate. Consider the incomparable *biryani*: "Basmali saffron rice blended with herbs and spices cooked with tender chicken or lamb, dali, almonds, sultanas, eggs, pistachio nuts." All that at £3.59, and if that price strikes you as eccentric, then so do guavas at 96p and mangoes at 99p, Irish coffee at £1.28. If the prices are numerically curious, their true eccentricity is their value for money.

However, the point, if the reader will march like a good soldier back to the head of this column, is that Parsee means Persian and while we identify the Parsee religion, strong in West Bengal, with India, we should not, but look west from there. Jamshid was a Persian king driven from his land by the fulminating Muslims. And so food becomes knowledge. Did you, for example, know that the Parsees were followers of Zoroaster (Zarathustra to some), who founded his religion in the sixth century BC? Fire is important to it: its god is Mazda, the spirit of light. Its enemy is Ahriman, the spirit of evil and darkness. But if this was not enough to begin brooding on over the excellent samosas at 98p, Jamshid's has an extra peculiar importance, which is that it was established in 1949 and so is both one of the oldest Indian restaurants in London, and also one of those closely associated with the fall of the Raj.

Here they came, the British from India, pensioned off in Kensington from heat, duty and melancholy; I did not care to ask if this was why Omar Khayyam was so prominent in the menu: "And make the most of what we yet may spend,

Before we, too, into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singers and
sans-end."

Had Jamshid's been more crowded perhaps these sentiments would not have been so readily on the lips, and it would certainly be unfair to what I regard as so commendable a place to suggest that its quiet is part of its charm. No restaurateur will thank anyone for that kind of praise, but I do like to hear myself speak, and indeed to listen. This was more difficult at Khan's in Westbourne Grove, which appears to be the smart place in the Indian field, the tables crowded, the room long, arched and with imitation marble palm trees. Open until midnight, it has a take-away. In its way it is a fine place, busy, the service electric, the manager leading his troops by example. Moreover it is cheap, the dishes more what is generally understood by Indian food, so that there is not much of India to learn here. The chicken shahi is good value at £1.60 and, if you feel like making a splash, the king prawn speciality, mildly spiced and cooked over the charcoal flame, is £3, the vegetable curry £1.10. There is a minimum charge of £2.50.

Between these two poles comes the Tandoori of Mayfair in Curzon Street where what is conventionally understood as Indian food reaches its apogee. It is next to the Curzon cinema and so its clientele varies according to the success and particular appeal of the movies showing. Henry James's *The Europeans* was very good for business. The evening I arrived the clientele was more cosmopolitan, men who looked to be in a high class of trade. I recommend the Tandoori chicken in mint sauce at £2.60, but many were putting their money on *sada kofta*, which are mince balls seasoned with Eastern herbs and spices, cooked in curry made from onion, tomatoes and yoghurt variously flavoured. That is £2.70. The most expensive of the sundries is the aubergine, very attractively spiced and standing at £1.55. The Sancerre I thought cheap for Mayfair at £6.60. But here, too, there was something to learn. An old pal had come with me for a drink in the lush bar before dinner. He pointed out to me, his Welsh being superior to mine, that the restaurant demonstrated the common root of the Welsh and Indian languages. After all *tan* was the Welsh for fire; and tandoori cooking was fire cooking. I wish I had known about Zoroaster and fire at the time. And that he was flourishing in Glendower Place. That is learning about Wales.

Jamshid's, 6 Glendower Place, SW7 (tel: 01-584 2309).

Khan's Tandoori Restaurant, 13/15 Westbourne Grove, W2 (tel: 01-727 5420).

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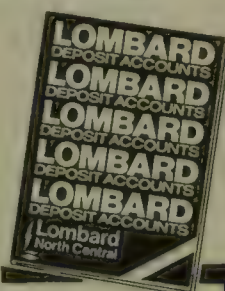
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MONEY

Forming a partnership

by John Gaselee

Every year many people give up full-time employment and decide to start their own business. Some even manage to run a business while still in full-time employment. It is easy to think that any business set up should be a limited company, which is an obvious trading business, but there are also strong arguments in favour of a husband-and-wife partnership. Often at the outset it may be easier and cheaper to start as a partnership. If the business prospers there will be plenty of time in the future in which to become incorporated.

Let us look at the advantages of each method. Most people would agree that the chief advantage of forming a limited liability company is, as its name implies, the limited liability. This is because the liability of the members or shareholders will be limited to the amount agreed to be paid up on the shares of the company. If the business runs into financial difficulties and it is decided to go into liquidation creditors, in the normal course of events, cannot sue you as a director, because in law the company is separate from yourself. This legal separation can go so far that you yourself could be listed as a creditor.

Some suppliers of small limited companies are wary. They insist that the directors provide a personal guarantee to cover their dealings with the company. It is quite usual for directors to provide a letter in which they undertake personally to indemnify the supplier in respect of any losses which it may incur through dealing with the company. Or a supplier may insist on having a guarantee from your bank; if the bank is prepared to provide it, it is likely to charge you a fee.

In the case of a partnership, the partners are liable to the full extent of their assets for the partnership's debts. It is, however, possible for a partnership to contain "limited partners" who contribute a stated amount of capital, and whose liability is limited to that amount. A husband and wife team, therefore, could form a partnership where the husband is a general partner (liable to the full extent of his assets) but his wife is a limited partner.

One advantage of being a director of a limited liability company is that it may well be possible to arrange for a higher pension than would be obtained as a partner or sole trader. That, however, may not be of any great significance in the early years when the amount available to pay to an insurance company as a pension contribution may be strictly limited. A partner can now pay up to 17½ per cent of net relevant earnings each year, free from tax, towards a personal pension policy. There is nothing to prevent the partnership being incorporated at a later date, when other arrangements can be made. The benefit

of the original contributions, as a partner, will not have been lost.

With a company there is much more "paperwork", to say nothing of cost. A company is obliged to publish the details of its management, capital and accounts at the Companies Registration Office, whereas a partnership is completely private. With a partnership there is no requirement for the filing of documents and there is not even any requirement for a partnership to produce accounts. They will, however, be required for tax purposes and, in any event, it is as well to take stock of the financial situation at least once a year.

One of the advantages of a partnership is that the profits can be shared between the partners in any reasonable way. In the case of directors' fees the Inspector of Taxes will want to be shown that the work put in by individual directors has justified those fees. Income from shares counts as investment income. Broadly speaking, with a husband-and-wife partnership the income of the partnership is totalled and from it the tax-deductible expenses are removed. What remains is the "profit", which is split in the pre-agreed proportions. For each his or her share represents earnings for tax purposes.

In the case of relatively high earnings there is advantage in a husband and wife electing for separate assessment for tax purposes. A husband thereby loses his married man's tax allowance and, in return, has only the tax allowance applicable to a single person. Instead of his wife's income being aggregated with his own for tax purposes, it is taxed separately, subject to the allowance for a single person.

Both husband and wife can pay from their gross earnings towards a pension with an insurance company, as mentioned above. Such a contribution is not obligatory, but it can be made only if there are "net relevant earnings".

There is no doubt that the limited liability aspect of a limited company has strong attractions, though these can be diluted if a number of creditors demand personal guarantees from the directors. For simplicity and confidentiality, however, a partnership has much in its favour, and there should be less to pay in professional fees than in setting up a limited company.

Even so, it is important to start off on the right foot, and thus a solicitor should be asked to draw up the partnership agreement (making provision for it to be dissolved on notice being given by either partner), and the name of the partnership will have to be registered. An accountant should be called in before trading starts so that the right form of book-keeping can be adopted. Also, an accountant will be helpful in giving advice on whether it is advisable to register voluntarily for VAT if, in the early stages, turnover is below the limit where registration becomes a requirement ●

A NIGHT OUT WITH THE STARS. LAMBERT & BUTLER STYLE.

MAP 4. 7.

FEBRUARY.

DESCRIPTION

N the North, the bright star Vega will be exactly North, and above Hercules. U to assume a horizontal position. The overhead and the horizon, the tail is right of the Great Bear's Tail is Can constellation is called Cor Caroli. Virgo is just beginning to make its East will be seen the winding con 'solitary one.' Above Alphard is Cancer, and to Procyon is Gemini, which is the third constellation c the Greeks altered them into two children, n the horizon, will be seen the blazing Dog-star, of Sirius, part of the Ship, Argo, will now a little past the South and at beautiful and brilliant of all the 'Manilius, the a

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A new spirit in painting?

by Edward Lucie-Smith

The Royal Academy's major winter exhibition this year, *Painting: A New Spirit*, is an attempt to alter our perspectives on contemporary art, or, to be more precise, on contemporary painting. The organizers, the Academy's Exhibitions Secretary Norman Rosenthal, the Director of the Whitechapel Art Gallery Nicholas Serota and the German artist Christo Jochimsides, want to make the point that "art" is now a word used much too loosely. Almost anything can be art; painting, by contrast, is a strictly professional activity.

In order to illustrate this point—and several other points as well—they have chosen the work of 41 artists, all still living with the exception of Picasso, who is represented by some of the work he did at the very end of his life. The aim is to provide an equivalent of the 54/64 exhibition held at the Tate 16 years ago: an international survey containing both familiar and unfamiliar work. It is a deliberately didactic choice.

The artists who have been included can be split into three groups: Grand Old Men, Expressionists and Minimalists. Sometimes the categories overlap. Picasso, for example, has been included because the organizers feel that he is exceptionally bold, even harsh, paintings he produced at the end of his life have been seriously underrated by critics. The organizers want to make us see that once again Picasso had succeeded in outstripping the taste of his contemporaries, and that it has taken us nearly a decade to catch up with these final works, which are prophetic of what is happening now.

The Grand Old Men make an interesting group. Among them are Balthus, too seldom seen in England, with a series of paintings done since his memorable retrospective exhibition at the Tate; the academic Cubist Jean Hélion, an extraordinary survivor from the days of the Section d'Or; and the veteran American Abstract Expressionists Willem de Kooning and Philip Guston. The only American Pop artist to be included is Andy Warhol, which is the more surprising because one would have thought that Warhol, with his contempt for *facture*, his ironic hostility to the personal touch, would undermine the whole thesis of the exhibition. But he still in some way, so we are told, sums up the spirit of the age.

The American "big" names who have been omitted make up a considerable list. The West Coast art based on Los Angeles is also omitted. Any anthology exhibition of this type can be criticized simply by making a list of omissions, but the treatment of American art does seem a little unbalanced. In addition to the Grand Old Men I have already listed there are two or three Minimalists—Robert Ryman and Brice

Marden—and a scattering of virtual unknowns. And finally there is Frank Stella, once the most puritan of Minimalists and now making swirling baroque compositions, all twists and turns of colour, which are as deliberately tacky in their own way as Warhol's recent portraits.

The European part of the show is heavily weighted towards the West Germans and the British. Some of the West German artists, Georg Baselitz and Markus Lüpertz, for example, have recently been at the Whitechapel, which also frequently plays host to the kind of Minimal Art which has been selected from America. But the majority of the artists are unfamiliar. For example, there are none of the Berlin Neo-Realists, offspring of the Weimer Neue Sachlichkeit, who have recently been attracting attention. Instead there is a revival of the Expressionism which flourished before the First World War.

Contemporary French art fares badly. Balthus, Hélion and Matta (Chilean-born and with strong connections with America) are the only living representatives of the formerly all-powerful Ecole de Paris, and it needs the presence of Picasso to remind us that its influence was once universal.

This brings me finally to artists who are either British-born or who work in England. There is a goodly scattering of them and they are very much the expected names: Bacon bats for the Grand Old Men; Auerbach and Howard Hodgkin for the Expressionists; Hockney is left in because you could not give this kind of party without him. There is one Minimalist, Alan Charlton, to show that the British can do that kind of thing, too; and one total surprise, Bruce McClean, whose paintings are generally thought of as a kind of stage-setting for the art-vents he puts on.

Looking more closely at the British section, however, one begins to notice things which are not so obvious. Hockney is a case in point. Most of the work he is showing is in an unfamiliar idiom. He has never been thought of either as a painterly painter, or as a colourist. These canvases show that he is trying to be both. Malcolm Morley is a less familiar name in England, simply because he has lived for so long in America where he was closely connected with the rise of Super-Realism. In fact his work is usually spoken of as the transition-point between Pop Art and its successor. The pictures on show at the Academy reveal him in an entirely new guise—as a very skilful handler of paint, more nearly an Expressionist than anything else.

What is the significance of the show taken as a whole? For all the criticisms I have voiced above, I hope immense numbers of people go to see it, for I believe that its basic premise is a right and necessary one. Art is largely about skill in handling paint and creating images. It

is about a special relationship with the medium. By emphasizing that painters are professionals, and very special professionals at that, and by daring to say that art is hostile to many of the most cherished notions of socialist democracy, this show performs a service.

It is also an immensely informative exhibition. Every artist is allowed room to spread his wings a little. There are five paintings by Bacon and no fewer than six by Balthus. People who do not have time to go round the commercial art galleries regularly, or who do not even have time to get out to the Whitechapel, will be able to catch up on all sorts of things they may have missed. They will also be confronted with many artists who have scarcely been exhibited in London at all.

Nevertheless I think the view given of what is happening in contemporary art, or even in contemporary painting, is curiously naive. Though the organizers claim that their affections are divided between Minimalism on the one hand and Expressionism on the other, it is clear that their real preference lies with Expressionism.

Expressionism marks a return to the personal, to the figurative, and in this context also to Europe. Though I am almost certain that the decision has not been a conscious one, the choice suggests gently, *sotto voce*, that the School of New York has already begun to go the way of the Ecole de Paris. The best painters are the very senior ones, de Kooning and Guston. Warhol and Stella stand for the malaise which is now at the heart of American art. But the refusal to look beyond New York is a mark of the provincialism of those who have organized the show.

The decision to put so much emphasis on the figurative art being produced by West Germany has a good deal of historical logic behind it. German culture has at long last recovered from the ravages of Nazism and the war. It has a new self-confidence and also a new coherence despite the fact that no one metropolitan centre is dominant. German painting has started to explore its own modernist roots. Yet these explorations are not always as convincing as they ought to be. Painters such as Lüpertz and Baselitz invite unfavourable comparisons with the art of the heroic age of modernism.

The exhibition wrongly suggests that change in the visual arts is really a matter of simple substitution—Paris belongs to the past, New York is about to follow, put Germany in its place. The eclectic British will be content to learn from whatever new set of masters is presented to them. One test of the show's failure, indeed, is that the British exhibitors, separated from the context, are such a strange and motley band. There is more to contemporary British painting than celebrities and eccentrics, which is what this choice amounts to. ●



Top left, *Nu allongé* by Pablo Picasso, 1971; oil on canvas, 51½ by 76½ inches. Top right, *Blue Nude with Sword* by Julian Schnabel, 1979-80; mixed media, 96 by 108 inches (now replaced in the exhibition by three of Schnabel's other works).

Left: *Nichols' Canyon* by David Hockney, 1979-80; acrylic on canvas, 80 by 56 inches.

Above, detail of *Brazilian Merganser* by Frank Stella, 1977-80; lacquer on metal relief, 120 by 84 inches.

Beautiful bottles



by Ursula Robertshaw

Charles de Temple, whose exquisite and imaginative jewelry is well known to lovers of beautiful things, has since November, 1978, presented a series of exhibitions in his Jermyn Street shop in which he has shown selections of work by some of Britain's most talented craftsmen. Last year he took one of these exhibitions to Paris, showing silver, objects in wood, textiles, ceramics and glass—fields he has covered several times. He has also featured bookbinding and toys.

The most recent exhibition in these Craftsmen of Distinction series has a section devoted to perfume bottles—and de Temple is making arrangements to have his own unique perfume to go with them in the near future. The bottles were of many styles, ranging from jolly

“pop” flagons made of earthenware in the form of animals, gaily painted, by Eleanore Bartleman, to Peter Layton's iridescent containers, lovely as a butterfly's wing, some of which have silver and enamel stoppers in the form of dragonflies by Norman Grant.

We illustrate five bottles from this exhibition, four in glass, one in silver, which give some idea of the variety to be found there.

The silver bottle is by Jane Short. She uses enamelling on silver to produce the most delicate and subtle effects and takes her inspiration from leaves, flowers and grasses. This bottle has a satin-finished silver base holding a container enamelled in a pearly mist colour overlaid by waving golden and blue grass-like forms.

Eric White, who made the small clear

glass flask next to it, has designed nearly 100 perfume bottles and has been given a major exhibition at the Victoria and Albert Museum. This example is decorated with trailed glass bands and has a most attractive stopper in the form of a prominently veined leaf.

Catherine Hough's impressive tall flask, which to my eye has much of the feel of Art Deco about it, combines the glassblower's art with that of the silversmith. She has developed two techniques which she uses on her bottles. In one she blows glass into a silver case which has a cut-out pattern through which the glass projects—rather like a stencil; in the other she uses electroplating to deposit gold or silver on to the glass, which may be cut and etched or sand-blasted.

Fleur Tookey is one of the directors

of The Glasshouse in Covent Garden. Her elegant mulberry-coloured glass bottle is ornamented with applied textured leaves of strap form.

David Taylor is also a director of The Glasshouse. His frosted glass flask, a subtly eccentric ellipse in form, is enlivened solely by a patch of chevron patterning in bands of blue and yellow, and it has a contrasting clear glass stopper



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A choice of camellias

by Nancy-Mary Goodall

For many years I gardened on lime soil and could not grow camellias which, like rhododendrons, are calcifuge woodland plants from Asia. Now I have soil that suits them I am a convert to these marvellous evergreen shrubs. They are glossy and sophisticated, their oval, pointed leaves shine like polished leather; the flowers, reminiscent of roses, may measure anything from 1½ to 5 inches across—some greenhouse varieties reach 7 inches, but this is too much for me. The colour range is through pale and rose pinks, coral and cherry, crimson and white but no yellow or orange—yet.

The ideal soil for camellias is moderately acid, pH 5.0-6.5. You can add peat to neutral soil or magnesium limestone to an over-acid one. If you must grow them on lime put them in tubs or raised beds with the correct soil, not John Innes which has lime in it, as has tap water—so use only rain water.

Camellias bloom when very young. The buds begin to form in late summer and if the plants have been watered and fed there should be plenty of them. They enjoy a peat, leaf-mould or bark mulch and benefit from foliar feeds in early summer. Some flower in winter and they are among the best of spring and early summer flowers. They look at home in town gardens or near buildings and architectural features; when they are grown in wild gardens they seem to need the company of man-made objects, or at least the solidity of tree trunks and other evergreens. To my eye they are out of place jumbled among deciduous shrubs. Shrub roses might stand between a kitchen garden and a field—not camellias. The last thing you can call them is simple country flowers.

Their story includes romance as well as history. This comes from poor Marie Duplessis, immortalized by Alexandre Dumas as Marguerite Gautier, La Dame aux Camélias, who liked them because they had no scent to irritate her lungs. There is a painting of Ellen Terry by Watts in the possession of the Royal Academy in which she appears to be smelling a camellia, but is perhaps holding the cool petals against her cheek.

The first introduction of the camellia to European gardens arose largely from the search for the tea plant, *Camellia sinensis*, which has small white flowers and is too tender to grow in any but the warmest parts of Britain. Ornamental camellias had been cultivated in China and Japan since time immemorial. The plants were named after Georg Joseph Kamel (1661-1706), a Jesuit missionary and botanist who may have sent seeds back to Europe from Chinese gardens. All the early Oriental plant collectors must have tried to send camellias home and thousands of plants must have perished on the long voyage. The first

camellia flowered in England in 1737 in the greenhouse of Robert James, Lord Petre, a brilliant plant enthusiast whose death at the age of 29 was a tragedy for horticulture.

The exotic appearance of camellias led gardeners to keep them in greenhouses and many were lost through overheating and lack of ventilation. Some do need greenhouse protection, mainly varieties of large-flowered *C. reticulata* and a few cultivars of *C. japonica* which bloom better given warmth and a longer growing season. But most of the many *C. japonica* cultivars are hardy and flower April-June. I have Miss Universe, an introduction from the USA, a late, white double of superb shape. *C. japonica* often forms a rounded bush which comes down to the ground, making its own ground cover. *C. saluenensis*, with narrower leaves and lighter habit, flowers early and comes from China. It has magenta, trumpet-shaped flowers and narrow leaves and can be protected by a wall in cold areas. These two are the parents of the famous hybrids first raised by J. C. Williams at Caerhayes in Cornwall and named *C. x williamsii*. Most are of upright, branching habit. They include, among many others, the original J. C. Williams, the famous netted pink Donation, and November Pink which begins to flower in November and goes on till May. I chose a New Zealand raised formal pink double, Waterlily, that is settling down well and on which I lavish used tea leaves in true cottage style.

C. sasanqua, an autumn- and winter-flowering species from China, is exceptional in being fragrant. Among available hybrids are Showgirl, Dreamgirl and Flowergirl, all pink and suitable for gardens in the south west. Cornish Snow is a hybrid of *C. saluenensis* and *C. cuspidata* and is an ideal winter-flowering shrub with graceful sprays of long, pointed leaves and white flowers.

Over 200 varieties of camellia are listed in the catalogue of James Trehane & Sons, Staplehill Road, Hampreston, Wimborne, Dorset BH21 7NE who can supply either the *International Camellia Society's Beginners' Guide* by John Tooby or the *RHS Handbook* by David Trehane, which covers every aspect of camellia cultivation. David Trehane told me that, since it has been possible to visit China, the International Camellia Society have obtained grafting material of a yellow camellia, thought to be the tender *C. chrysantha*, from which we may hope to obtain hardy hybrids in years ahead.

I, too, will myself be visiting Chinese gardens on a 19-day tour from April 24 to May 13. If you would like to join me please write to: China Parks and Gardens Tour, 1981, *The Illustrated London News*, 4 Bloomsbury Square, London WC1A 2RL. We shall certainly see camellias and who knows what else as well? ●

Seasons of the planets

by Patrick Moore

Spring, summer, autumn, winter . . . the seasons are so much part of our lives that it never occurs to us to question them. Yet how many people pause to reflect on just what causes them? The Earth's orbit round the Sun is not a perfect circle. The distance between the two ranges from 91½ million miles in December to 94½ million miles in June so that, considered as a whole, the Earth receives slightly more solar energy during our winter. The seasons are due not to the changing distance but to the tilt of the Earth's axis, which is inclined to the perpendicular by 23½° if we reckon from the orbital plane.

Of course, not all summers are alike. That of 1980 was particularly bad with much more cloud and rain than usual, while people still remember somewhat wistfully the magnificent summer of 1976. Unquestionably there are long-term cycles which affect the climate, and it is hard to doubt that the basic cause is a slight alteration in the output of solar energy, though it is impossible to be sure. Certainly we cannot put the bad summer of 1980 down to nuclear experiments or volcanic activity. Looking back in the records, it seems that in the 1680s there was a period during which the Thames froze every winter; this was in the middle of the so-called "Maunder Minimum" of solar activity when there were almost no sunspots. And there is no doubt that since accurate records began the very worst summer was that of 1879. However these effects are global, not seasonal. If the tilt of the Earth's axis were different our seasons also would be different.

It is interesting to consider the case of Mars, which is farther away from the Sun than we are. It has an orbital period or year of 687 Earth-days, but this is equivalent to only 669 Martian days or "sols", because Mars spins rather more slowly: its rotation period is 24 hours 37½ minutes. The axial tilt is 24°, again slightly greater than that of the Earth, but the two inclinations are so nearly the same that we would expect the Martian seasons to be of the same type. It is true that they are, but there are some complicating factors.

First, the Martian orbit is much more eccentric than that of the Earth. The distance between the Sun ranges between 128½ million miles at closest approach (perihelion) and 154½ million miles at farthest recession (aphelion). All planets move at their quickest when near perihelion and since Mars, like the Earth, has its south pole turned sunward at perihelion, the southern summers must be shorter and hotter than those of the northern hemisphere, while the winters are longer and colder.

On Earth there is much more ocean in the southern hemisphere than in the northern, which stabilizes the tempera-

ture; this is not so for Mars where there is no sea at all (in fact the land surfaces of the two planets are just about equal). On Mars the lack of water, plus the greater orbital eccentricity, means that southern climates are considerably more extreme than those in the north.

There are clear indications of past running water on Mars; the features shown on the Mariner 9 and Viking pictures, obtained from close range, look so much like dry river-beds that few people doubt that they are just that. Yet there can be no liquid water on the Martian surface now because the atmospheric pressure is too low, less than 10 millibars everywhere. Therefore, when running water existed, the atmosphere must have been much denser than it is today, and there could be a clue here in the changing tilt of the axis, which ranges between 35° and only 13° over a period of around 100,000 years. There may be times when a polar cap disappears, releasing its frozen volatiles and thickening the atmosphere for a time. If so, then Mars may be subject to very marked long-term climatic changes, and we may be seeing the planet at a period when it is at its most inhospitable.

Venus is as different from Mars as it could possibly be. Here the orbit is practically circular with a mean distance from the Sun of 67 million miles, and a revolution period of 224½ days. But Venus is a slow spinner; the planet itself turns round only once in 243 Earth-days (though the upper clouds take a mere four days) and the axial inclination is 178°—so that if we take the Earth as a standard Venus spins in a wrong-way or retrograde direction: the Sun would rise in a westerly direction and set towards the east, while the interval between successive sunrises would be 118 Earth-days. Yet from the surface of Venus the Sun would never be seen; it would be hidden by the dense, carbon-dioxide atmosphere.

Seasonal effects would be almost absent on Venus, and the temperature is much the same over the whole of the planet. We cannot imagine that any terrestrial-type life can exist there, with a temperature of around 900°F, an atmospheric pressure 90 to 100 times that of the Earth's air at sea level, and clouds rich in sulphuric acid.

Mercury, the innermost planet, is different again. It is much smaller than Venus or the Earth and has practically no atmosphere. The revolution period is 88 days, and the rotation period 58½ days or two-thirds of a Mercurian "year". The axial inclination is much less than that of the Earth, but there are complications due to the relatively high orbital eccentricity: at aphelion Mercury is 43½ million miles from the Sun, at perihelion only 28½ million miles.

When we come to the giant outer planets, we can more or less neglect seasonal effects, because the surfaces are always so cold ●

Psychic bidding

by Jack Marx

Even for those players who never practise it psychic bidding has always had its fascination and from time to time certain aspects of it come up for discussion. Does it pay, is it fair, does it spoil the game, should it be closely regulated by authority? To the first question there is no real answer; nobody has ever kept statistics. Probably even the most astute "psychers" can only just break even, for if triumph is not to become disaster they must pick their moments, their opponents and their partners, and such a well matched trinity will not crop up frequently. Intemperate and indiscriminate "psyching" is likely to be ruinous, for in the absence of real surprise and deception nothing will become so stale, flat and unprofitable.

As for its fairness, nothing can be said against it provided there is no collusion between the partners on the circumstances in which it is likely to be made. At its face value the bid should mean the same to the partner as to the opponents. Whether it is sporting is not quite the same question. Against weaker players it is apt to cause a sense of being swindled; moreover it is unnecessary as they are quite capable of muddling themselves into the wrong contract with no outside assistance. However, there can be no logical objection to acting on a knowledge of partner's foibles or on sensitiveness to atmosphere round the table.

♠ A K Q 10 7 Dealer East
♥ Q 9 8 2 North-South
♦ J Game
♣ 7 5 4

♠ 3 2 ♠ 5 4
♥ J 10 3 ♥ 6 4
♦ Q 8 6 2 ♦ A K 10 9 7 4
♣ Q 9 8 6 ♣ A J 3

♠ J 9 8 6
♥ A K 7 5
♦ 5 3
♣ K 10 2

East-West monopolized a brief auction:

East 1♦ 3♦
West 1♠ No

West felt there had been a momentary flicker of interest by South after East's opening. His risk in bidding a non-existent suit was lessened by his experience of his partner's bidding habits; East rarely supported partner directly if there was a conceivable alternative. Though East's rebid was a lubberly overstatement, it was successful in silencing the table and lost a mere 50 points in exchange for a vulnerable game.

A psychic bid has been defined as "a deliberate and gross mis-statement of high-card values or suit lengths", so that refusal to accept such mis-statements as the truth is bound to give rise to suspicion of illicit understanding. Sometimes governing bodies have banned certain bids absolutely. The American Contract

Bridge League once forbade the use of psychic opening game demand bids. Later they required tournament players to state their psychic bidding habits on their convention cards, using such terms as frequent, occasional, rare, never. This measure has not been taken up on this side of the Atlantic, though there is much to be said in its favour. In England some organizations now keep a record of all psychic bids made, though the immense labour of doing this has been rewarded with little evidence of any pattern of impropriety.

♠ J Dealer North
♥ K 3 East-West
♦ A Q 10 8 6 4 Game
♣ A 8 6 4

♠ K Q 8 ♠ A 7 5 4 3 2
♥ A Q J 7 5 ♥ 9 4 2
♦ K ♦ J
♣ K 10 9 7 ♣ Q 5 2

♠ 10 9 6
♥ 10 8 6
♦ 9 7 5 3 2
♣ J 3

North	East	South	West
1♦	No	1♠	DBL
2♦	No	No	2♥
3♣	No	No	DBL
No	No	3♦	DBL
No	No	No	

South took full account of the personal factors. East was a well known stick-in-the-mud, totally out of tune with the aggressive West. South's pass of Three Clubs was masterly. His return to Three Diamonds, apparently wrung from him as a reluctant show of preference, persuaded West to believe that East was overloaded with them. As East could not be relied upon to take the necessary action, West decided to do it for him. North-South scored 570 at this table in a team match and East-West a normal 620 at the other.

On this hand from rubber bridge, West's rather naive manoeuvre converted a potential loss of 1,370 from Six Diamonds to a gain of 800 from Four Spades Doubled.

♠ A K Dealer East
♥ K 8 4 Game All
♦ Q 8 7 5 4 2 East-West 40
♣ A 6

♠ Q J 9 ♠ 6 5 3 2
♥ 9 6 5 3 2 ♥ A Q J 10 7
♦ void ♦ A 10 9
♣ J 10 9 5 2 ♣ 3

♠ 10 8 7 4
♥ void
♦ K J 6 3
♣ K Q 8 7 4

West	North	East	South
		1♥	No
2♦!	DBL	3♦	4♣
DBL	No	No	4♠
DBL	No	No	No

North's first-round double suggested fine support for the two unbid suits and as such was a sitting target for criticism. But nobody sounded very convincing in their advice that he should have been content to wait and see ●

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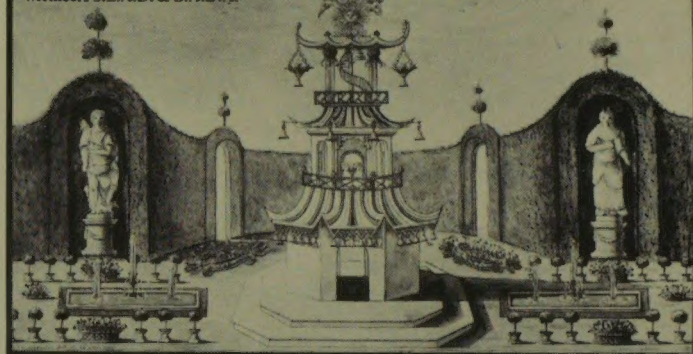
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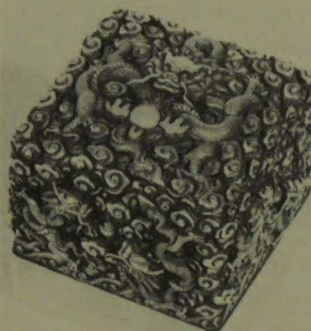
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Also in the March issue

John Winton

describes the extraordinary new mass transit railway system built in Hong Kong

John Morgan

looks back at the life and achievements of Lloyd George

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continues our series on Britain's counties with a personal view of Kent

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CHESS

An incisive win

by John Nunn

Although there are a good many tournaments in the south of England, international events in the north are few. The Bénédictine International, held in Manchester during September and now in its third year, is by far the strongest of these. The 1980 event attracted two grandmasters and 16 international masters to Allen Hall, part of the University of Manchester. The cuisine and friendly atmosphere at Allen Hall are doubtless largely responsible for this popularity, and Richard Furness, together with his fellow organizers, has done a good job in building up this event over the past few years.

The tournament ended in a tie between Sax and myself on seven points out of nine. I won on tie-break but the only difference this made was that I received a decanter for my Bénédictine, whereas Sax will presumably have to pour his straight from the bottle. Other leading scores were Ledermann 6½, Fuller, Davies, Andreasson, Morris and Zilber 6. Four players made international master norms, namely Lev Gutman, Max Fuller and the young English players Andrew Martin and Nigel Davies.

Here is an incisive win by Sax.

	Sax <i>White</i>	Pein <i>Black</i>
	Pirc Defence	
1	P-K4	P-Q3
2	P-Q4	N-KB3
3	N-QB3	P-KN3
4	P-B4	B-N2
5	N-B3	P-B4

This move has been undergoing a crisis over the last few years as a result of the forcing variation Sax adopts in this game, so more and more players have been adopting the safer alternative 5...0-0.

6	B-N5ch	B-Q2
7	P-K5	N-N5
8	P-K6	BxB
9	PxPch	K-Q2
10	NxB	Q-R4ch
11	N-B3	PxP
12	NxP	BxN
13	OxB	N-OB3

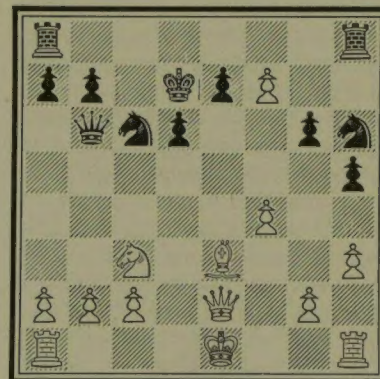
White is temporarily a pawn up but Black can generally pick up the pawn on KB7 to restore material equality. Somewhat more serious for Black is the exposed position of his king in the centre of the board, since if White can avoid the exchange of queens he will have good attacking chances. Round about 1975 it was discovered that 14 Q-B4! was the best way to avoid the exchange and since then White's results from this position have been very good.

14 Q-B4! Q-N3

Black has also tried 14...KR-KB1, 14...QR-KB1, 14...QR-QB1, 14...Q-KB4, 14...Q-R3 and 14...N-N5 in the search for a good move, but in each case practice has indicated that White

has the advantage. 14...Q-N3 was the only move which had a reasonable reputation, so this game represents another nail in the coffin for 5...P-B4.

15	Q-K2	P-KR4
16	P-KR3	N-R3
17	B-K3!	



In fact this is not the first time 17 B-K3 has been played, since the young English player Byron Jacobs used it over a year ago, but a new move is generally only noticed when a well known player adopts it.

17 ...N-05

After 17...QxP 18 K-Q2 (threatening 19 P-QR3 and 20 KR-QN1 trapping the queen) Q-R6 19 QR-QN1 P-N3 20 R-N3 Q-R4 21 R-N5 Q-R6 22 R-K1. White has a very dangerous attack, for example 22...NxP 23 B-B5! NpXB 24 R-N7ch K-B1 25 R-B7ch! K-O1 26 RxN and White wins.

18	BxN	QxB
19	R-Q1	O-B4?

Black had to try 19...QxP 20 R-KB1 Q-QN5 when although White has a terrifying initiative the position of his king in the centre gives Black some counterchances.

20	R-Q5	Q-N3
21	R-QN5	Q-B3
22	0-0	OR-KB1

22...N_xP 23 R-K1 is crushing, but now Black loses his KNP.

23 R-N5! N-B4
24 R_xP

Not only is Black two pawns down, his king is still exposed. The finish was

24		...N-Q5
25	Q-B2	N-B4
26	Q-K2	N-Q5
27	Q-K3	Q-B4
28	N-K4	Q-N3
29	K-R1	N-K3
30	Q-QB3	N-Q5
31	R-Q1	N-N4
32	N-B5ch	K-B1
33	QxR!	Resigns

The British championship play-off match between myself and Bill Hartston is being played this month at the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall. The playing days are February 13, 14, 15, 17, 18 and 20 and spectators are welcome to watch the match, which takes place in the afternoon. With luck there should be some interesting games produced in this, the first play-off for the title since 1974. ●



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